THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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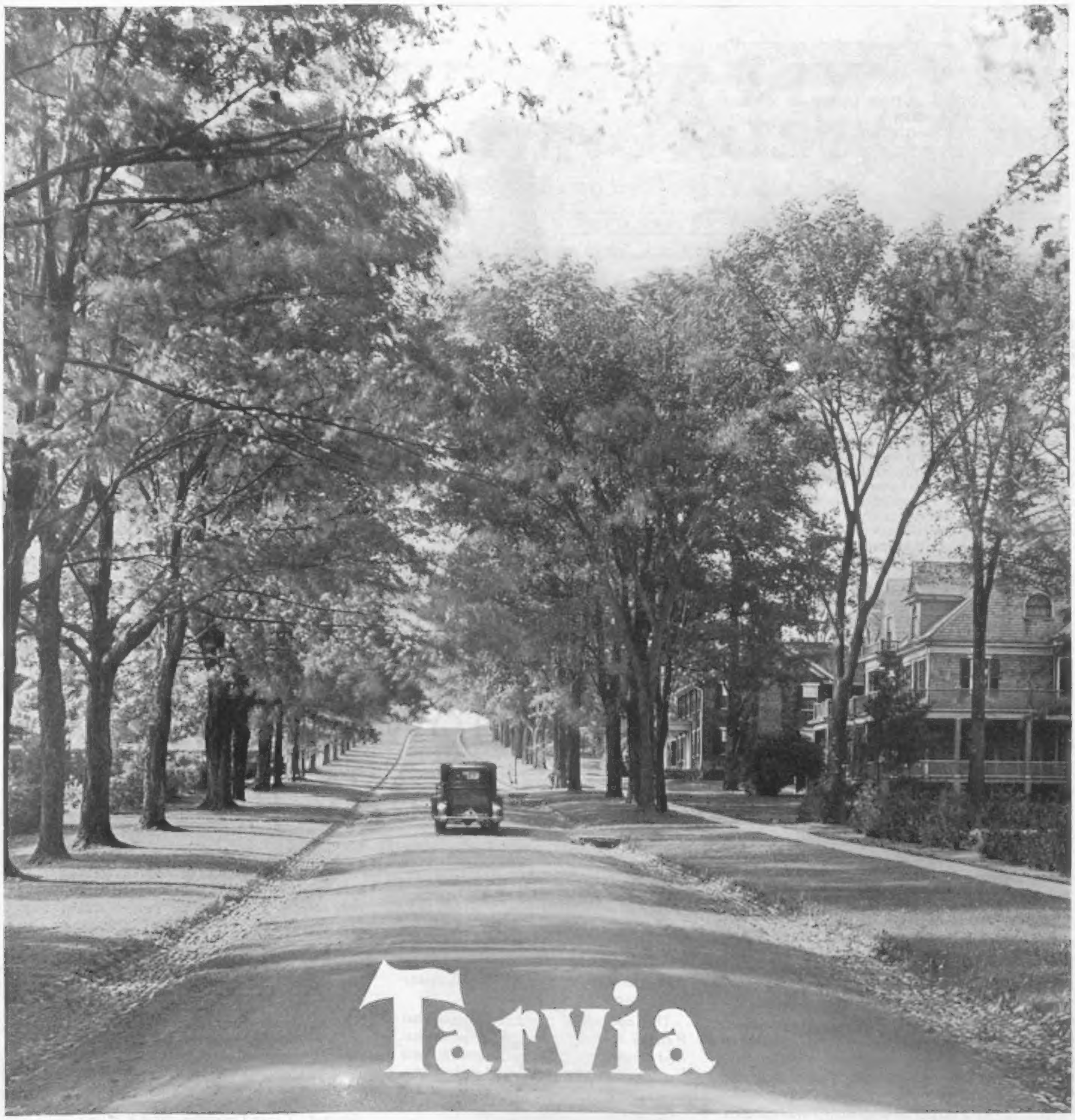

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WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO WAR

By Garet Garrett

DECORATIONS BY WYNCIE KING

MAN has lifted his story by steps of device. The principal four have been superstition, tyranny, slavery, war. From superstition we arrived at God-fearing, the oath, religion, the humanities. Through tyranny we came to discipline in the wild horde, government, order, law. Out of slavery appeared works.

Of this first rude stone ladder only war remains. The three steps above it have been cast down, not, as may be supposed, simply because they were judged and condemned, but because, as the necessity for any great expedient begins to pass, the evil inherent in it becomes intolerable. Until then, although the evil is universal, or precisely for the reason that it is, none will be aware of it as such. It is accepted as a condition of existence.

Yet no device that has long worked will fall without a struggle. This is basically the conflict between stability and change, between what is and what is becoming. There is no reckoning what it cost to overthrow superstition, tyranny and slavery, nor have they been destroyed out of the world. The victory is of principle and degree, and for those only who have found higher working solutions. In every case the better solution is a more difficult one. Faith as a refuge from the terrors of superstition is for a mentality not yet capable of achieving faith by reason. Tyranny is for people who cannot manage self-government. Industry sustained by an ideal of progressive social well-being is extremely more complex than the economic system that rested on slavery.

Thus it must be, first, that a way without war will be more difficult than the way of war; secondly, that the way without, like liberty and self-government, will belong only to those who deserve it; and, thirdly, that the fierce challenge to war now sweeping all conscious civilization is the portent of some change taking place at the root of necessity.

If that last be not true—if, in the modern situation, war is still, as immemorially it has been, the sovereign, ultimate expedient—then a false sign has appeared in Nature.

So the question: What is it, if anything, that has happened to war as an instrument of policy in the dealings of the great powers of the world with one another?

An Enormity or an Expedient?

IT IS important to keep the question clear. What does one mean by war? Certainly one cannot say that any use of armed force whatever is war, any more than one may say that all killing is murder. As an instrument of private policy, murder has been abolished. Yet two facts will be noted. You cannot imagine how society may be so organized as absolutely to prevent the occurrence of murder as crime; secondly, there is such a thing, for example, as lawful killing in self-defense. So neither can you imagine a state of international society in which the possibility of war as an enormity will not be present, nor one in which the use of force will not in certain circumstances be morally justified, as it may be an exercise of police power or a means of dealing with those who decline to accept the peaceable solution, in the same way that force is reserved for him who may refuse to be bound by a decree of justice.

The question, therefore, refers only to war as an instrument of national policy among the great powers. It is useless to say that war in this definition is a crime. It never was. Saying it is will not cause it to be so regarded, except in time of peace. Let the occasion arise, and if there is no expedient that works better, people will resort again to war, making believe it is forced upon them and their cause is righteous. But if war should become an offense also to the reason, as an expedient that does not work, a solution that solves nothing, then it would be truly a crime, commonly abhorred. In that light has anything happened to war—to war as an expedient, making it an offense to reason—to war as an instrument of policy among great nations? If so, a momentous change is taking place. One might think it the most significant since the discovery of law as an instrument of justice, superseding the rule of personal judgment.

Where first does one look for the cause of such change? Not in the heart, not in the passions, not in human nature at all, since these would never change if the circumstances of life were changeless and all experience repetitive. Therefore, are any of the circumstances new? Is modern experience original?

Fear That Inhibits Reason

ALMOST until now the plan of human tension on earth—believed to be the plan of God—has included the fact that a people, purely as an act of will, might put forth their strength in war for conquest, for advantage, for wanton aggrandizement, on any pretext whatever. It was enough that you disliked another people's color or manners or their way of standing in the sun; and it was no crime, for there was no law higher than this manifestation of will. The same plan included the fact, as experience, that a people who had built better than another and had more things of use and desire would have to defend their possessions and might perish on account of them. Thus the longest and deepest memory in the tissue of life is fear of foreign aggression. It is a fear inhibiting reason. People are afraid who have no sense of guilt in their possessions; they are still afraid to this day who could not possibly rationalize the dread of losing their possessions. The habit of fear is in them, born there, an unconscious and hitherto vital mechanism.

How this fear does inhibit the reason may be illustrated by a singular psychic disturbance in this country a few years ago, easily forgotten, not to be remembered without chagrin, and yet very significant. To someone walking up Fifth Avenue the thought occurred suddenly: "How rich we are! No people ever before were so rich. What a temptation this American spectacle must be to the rest of the world! Surely something will happen. It is not safe to be so rich. Historically it is not safe."

Then he said it out loud, and because a great many people had been silently thinking the same thing the thought passed back and forth through the country like a shudder. You heard it at dinner tables, in public speeches, in the streets; it appeared, ring fashion, in newspaper editorials. A people so rich had better look to their defense. Anything might happen. The world was envious and the world hated us for our wealth. Could it be trusted to withstand such temptation? This anything that might happen meant, of course, only one thing: A combination of foreign nations by some pretext or other to get their hand on America's wealth.

Here all that is acting is the habit of fear. What is lacking is the common sense to distinguish between old and modern forms of wealth. For what is it in all this American wealth that could be transferred under a sign of war from those who possess it to those who might covet it? Could they take the skyscrapers, the railroads, the chains of mass production, the ideas and ideals that keep industry going at high speed? Gold, perhaps. But all the gold would not be a sufficient reward for the trouble of taking it. Gold is no longer wealth. There is no king, as of old, who would build him a house of gold. Gold now is simply an instrument whereby credit is measured and insured. In place of gold

another instrument would do; with no gold at all we might still be quite as rich as we are. Modern wealth is not portable; it exists in forms that cannot be transferred by war.

Yet access to this immense reservoir of American wealth lies open to everyone. The same foreign powers that could not take our gold by force, or, if they could, would find it not worth the effort, are free to borrow American wealth, and do borrow it up to many times the value of all the measuring gold we possess. There is no limit to the amount they can borrow, reborrow and have to use as it were their own, provided only they will pay interest on it. And it is not only that the cost of interest is much less than the cost of war. The power of interest to command the use and benefit of wealth is enormously greater than the power of war to the same end.

This conclusion, wherein it is not obvious, has the character of assertion. To arrive at it rationally, as anyone may, it is needful first of all to make away with the literary delusion that the historical process is repetitive, that the world is old and changeless, that everything that can happen has sometime happened before. This dogged puerility may still seem true on some Mediterranean island or in a Persian monastery. Everywhere else it is easily discovered that much now is happening to the human race that could never have happened before.

The Age of Science and of Change

IT IS a new world. In a physical sense it is new, since every time and space relation upon it has suddenly changed. When our grandfathers were born, London was four weeks from New York in time and space. Now it is hardly more than four days in space and four minutes in time by telephone. Politically it is a new world, since a race of machine slaves has been substituted for human slaves, and the importance of man has been raised from his sinews to his brain centers. Economically it is a new world, since, on the western side of it, half the human race is industrial, serving a new power, hitherto nonexistent and unimaginable, yet without which life in its present magnitude simply could not proceed.

All these modern circumstances are original. The age of science is a century and a quarter. In that time, which is as one minute on the dial of human experience, the conditions of life have changed more than in perhaps all previous time. More, the rate at which change takes place is an accelerating rate. Change itself is a condition hourly to be reckoned with, whereas formerly, during thousands of years, change was so slow as to be invisible to the individual. Life in the earth now is dynamic and finds its equilibrium in change, whereas before it had been relatively static, repetitive, fearful of change.

All at once in the plan of life such ancient designs as Cæsarism, magic, portable treasure, warrior caste and slavery are changed to economic motive, science, credit, machine industry and free labor. The swift unexpectedness of this alteration, totally unpremeditated, no one foreseeing it, no one able from year to year to predict its course or consequences, produces in history an effect like that produced in geological formations by volcanic upheaval—a fault, that is to say; a sudden discontinuity of experience. No stranger thing outside of myth ever befell the race. It finds itself, by no intention of its own, projected bodily into a present that has no contact with the past.

As an adaptive organism man sooner accommodates himself to new ways of living than to new ways of thinking and feeling. There is a large body of thought and emotion holding with the past, taking that to be real and the present unreal. This is one of the singular problems of our time, affecting morals, æsthetics, politics—all manner of behavior.

Much more than we know, our mental behavior is influenced or controlled by ancient and worshipful images of which the living truth is extinct. The images have not changed. Nothing they represent has changed. It is, as we say, the world that has changed, meaning its dimensions in time and space, the artificial environment, the forms suitable to that environment, the materials with which such forms are created.

The most powerful of all the ancient images is that of war. We have no way of thinking of world politics but in terms of war. We think of peace in terms of war—that is, peace as an equilibrium produced by war, as in fact it has been hitherto, or of peace merely as an absence of war. Or we think of peace as a blessing to be won by war, as when we say with a kind of ecstasy, "a war to end war." If the thought of war were taboo, we should be at a loss for figures of speech to signify glory, valor, heroism, achievement, overcoming, love of country, even devotional zeal. The hymn books would have to be rewritten.

Yet when one thinks of the World War—the first to occur with full benefit of machine industry and science in the new circumstances of life—the emotions appropriate to the war image do not arise—not at once. No manifestation of the spirit's grandeur was wanting. Common heroism, amazing valor, zeal for self-sacrifice—all of that one remembers. But what one thinks of at first is the horrible futility. Not one individual hero symbol emerged. The monuments to which people turn with unutterable feeling are those that have been raised to the unknown dead. For what did the unknown soldier die? Ask that question. Ask it anywhere, even at the base of his altar where the perpetual light burns, and you will learn that nobody knows. The answers will be separately as many as the number of those whom you ask. The reason for this is that in the World War force as an instrument of policy met the principle of its own frustration.

What that principle is may not, perhaps, be simply stated. It is so strange that we have no familiar way of conceiving it, no one word or phrase to suggest it. Therefore, it requires to be illustrated; and one way of illustrating it will be to look backward into history, across that geological fault, with intent, first, to see what war was like when it worked, and, secondly, how impossible it would be for it to work now in the same way.

For example, sometime B.C., it was thus that the great King Darius went to war:

At the head of the camp is the king's pavilion, covered with precious cashmere shawls, supported by silver pillars, surmounted by a ball of burnished gold set in crystal. As the golden ball takes fire from the rising sun, a trumpet screams, the king rises and the march is resumed. First a chariot bearing an altar on which burns the sacred flame. This is drawn by many white horses; the charioteers, walking, carry golden wands. Then the king himself, with his personal army of immortals, his wives in cages on camel back, and his golden throne. Behind him the army, the uproar, the crack of the lash on human backs.

When a battle is to be fought the king is first seated on his throne, surrounded by secretaries ready to take down every word that falls from his lips, their own mouths screened with gauze lest their breath pollute his air. The spectacle is for sated eyes. Every vassal part of the Persian Empire has been levied on for warriors. Egyptian troops with their long coffin-like shields, Ethiopians clad in lion hides, Tartars wearing furs, Berbers in four-horse combat chariots, the Arabian camel cavalry with two archers back to back on each animal, wild horsemen with lassos, war elephants in armor with towers on their backs for archers, and Hindus in white muslin sitting on their necks to steer them. The elephants are trained in several ways—to trample the enemy, to seize him one by one and hand him up to their riders or to cut him down in swaths with long knives fixed to their trunks. There are falcons trained to fly at the enemy and pluck out his eyes, also packs of bloodhounds to track down fugitives. Besides that it has the form of a fabulous circus, that one small company of machine gunners could have stopped the whole show, and that it is conducted with degrees of impunity, cruelty and disregard of human life such as we have entirely forgotten, what is so strange in this picture that you cannot possibly transpose it out of the past into the present? The most singular important fact is that millions of people then inhabiting the earth, barbarous, rude and civilized, knew nothing about it. For all it concerned them it might as well have happened on the moon. Nor did the Persian king know anything about these other millions, not even that they existed. He was under the delusion of extending his empire to the four corners of the earth, supposing the earth to be flat. No one had ever exactly located the four corners of it, but the boundaries, or edges, in all common sense were the water horizons, which were final, and otherwise those deserts and gloomy forests beyond which there was no reason to suspect the existence of booty—that is to say, war spoils in the form of treasure, tribute or slaves.

In the Days When War Worked

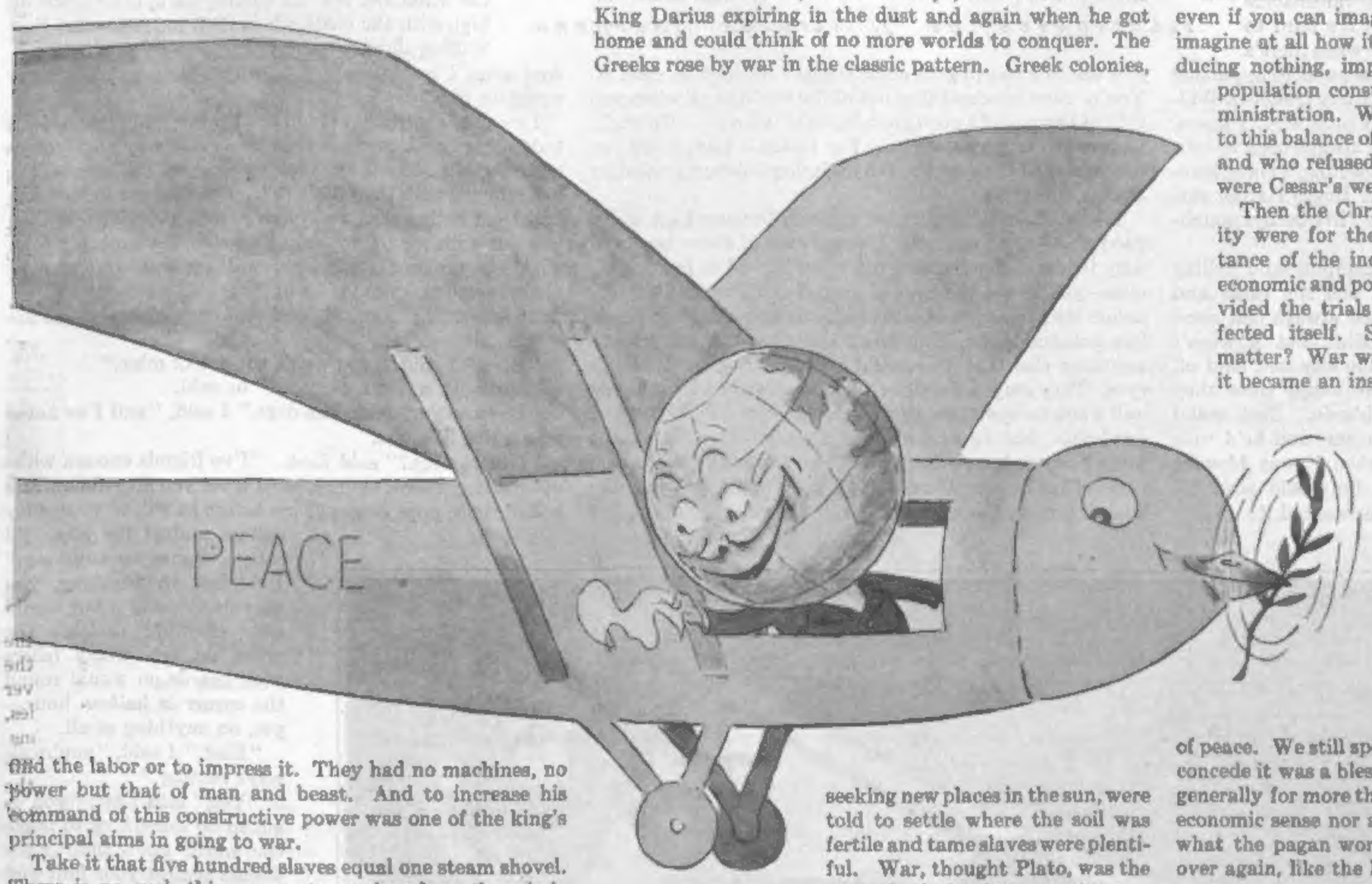
NEVERTHELESS, in that twilight of civilization war worked. Not only was it the decisive instrument of national policy; it was a creative force, culturally and economically. The ancient historian is dazzled by the wasteful glamour of it and tells how the king's couch was overspread by a golden vine with clusters of precious stones to represent grapes. He thought very little about the economics of it. Production, the creation of wealth by labor, was the part of slaves and beneath the dignity of a writer's comment. Yet all the time prodigious works were going on. The king said "A city here," and a city appeared, or: "Destroy this city and build a better one over there," and it was so done. That is all the historian says about it. If he mentions roads and canals and irrigation works, it is in the same way. The king

thought of them and commanded them to appear. Yet now as we uncover the ruins of these ancient civilizations we are lost in amazement at the extent of their physical works and the incredible amount of human labor required to perform them. These old kings were mighty builders; it was their saving passion.

We of this modern age could not reproduce their achievements without machines; we should be unable either to find the labor or to impress it. They had no machines, no power but that of man and beast. And to increase his command of this constructive power was one of the king's principal aims in going to war.

Take it that five hundred slaves equal one steam shovel. There is no such thing as a steam shovel on the whole earth. But the king sees that by building a great reservoir to impound flood waters and then a system of canals and ditches through which to spread them equably over fertile areas, the food supply will be increased and made constant. To see that is rare vision in his time. He cannot be expected also to invent finance, bonds, a science of capital and interest, a wage system and machine power. All he needs is the power to command surplus food, materials and labor. The materials belong to him; the food he will take as tribute from subjugated provinces; the labor he will capture. Hence war, by means of which the rule was that willful, enterprising, imaginative people enslaved inferiors and made them work. There was probably then no other way. Be that the case or not, no other way had been discovered, and that way worked. An empire could be founded on it and become very rich at the top and endure so long as it did not rot at the core from the abuse of high-caste leisure and luxury.

Such was the fate of the Persian Empire. When it was dry at the heart and ready to fall, Alexander marched to the end of it and back, and twice wept, once when he found King Darius expiring in the dust and again when he got home and could think of no more worlds to conquer. The Greeks rose by war in the classic pattern. Greek colonies, seeking new places in the sun, were told to settle where the soil was fertile and tame slaves were plentiful. War, thought Plato, was the natural relation between states.



The Roman era followed. Numa, the second king, turned those fierce people to peace and employed for that purpose the powers of superstition. To keep their minds off war he held them in a state of ecstasy, filling their hours with ritual, sacrifice and religious dances. But the Romans were conceived in war and war was their destiny. The idea of peace was a novelty of their adolescence. It endured only forty-three years, and died with Numa. No sooner had he been put away than the temple of the two doors, called the Gates of War, was thrown wide open again and the Romans went their way.

Plutarch, viewing with sadness the collapse of the spell Numa had cast upon them, wrote:

> "What, then?" someone will say. "Was not Rome advanced and bettered by her wars?" That is a question which will need a long answer if I am to satisfy men who hold that betterment consists in wealth, luxury and empire, rather than in safety, gentleness and that independence which is attended by righteousness.

Observe that in Plutarch's mind the choice between peace and war is a choice between two ways of national life. War is the way to wealth, luxury and grandeur. In that time of the world it would not have occurred to anyone to doubt that a nation could live in a grand manner by war, since in fact it could if it were strong enough, and Rome did. The true foreign policy of Rome was to destroy all rivals in order to be able herself, exclusively for her own aggrandizement, to lay the world under tribute.

Economic Sense in the Pagan World

THE sole instrument of that policy was war, and it was an instrument that worked. Not destructively in all senses, not primarily in fact. The creative force was always present. The world was still flat and of four corners, but the boundaries of it were pushed back, even into the gloomy northern forests as far as the Rhine, and economic wealth, though by this bad motive, was enormously increased. The Cæsars still were mighty builders—perhaps of all the most prodigal. Even Nero, the playful monster, under the accusation of having set fire to Rome, was said, of course, to have done it in order to build it again on a better plan. He had been wanting for a long time to do this and was hindered by so many absurd old temples and sacred buildings the people would not permit him to tear down. His general, Vespasian, putting down the insurrection in Judea, sends him a trophy of six thousand slaves to dig the canal with which he means to pierce the Isthmus of Corinth. This was perhaps all that would be needed just then, for it is recorded that besides these six thousand for Nero, the victorious general turned the remainder of the healthy population into cash, selling it into slavery. And as for food, though the soil slaves of Egypt were starving, they dared not touch the mountains of grain piled up in the harbors for shipment to Rome.

The obsoleacence of the Roman design is so radical that even if you can imagine that it once worked, you cannot imagine at all how it could ever be repeated. Rome, producing nothing, imported everything her ravenous, idle population consumed. She exported garbage and administration. Who among the tribute payers objected to this balance of trade were chastised with the sword; and who refused to render unto Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's were destroyed.

Then the Christian era. The anxieties of Christianity were for the soul and its hereafter. The importance of the individual was not here; the wretched economic and political conditions surrounding him provided the trials and ordeals whereby the spirit perfected itself. Slavery was accepted. What did it matter? War was endured as a scourge until, by fate, it became an instrument of the church militant—witness the Crusades, which were holy wars against the infidel, and some centuries later the Thirty Years' War within Christendom, between Catholic and Protestant princes. Religious wars, however, illustrate a different thesis. Here the subject is war as an instrument of practical policy.

In the pagan world, after all, there was a great deal of economic sense. The use of order was understood, and order, even though it is imposed by war, is the beginning of peace. We still speak of the Roman peace and rationally concede it was a blessing at the price. In Christian Europe generally for more than a thousand years there was neither economic sense nor any conception of order. It was as if what the pagan world had learned had all to be learned over again, like the knowledge written in its books.

A Closed Season on War

AS THE pagan world fell into lethargy and Europe gathered vitality, there was a millennium of confusion, disorder, violence, anarchy and private war as a high-caste profession. To this day it will strike you, in going about Europe, that the architecture everywhere is reminiscent of perpetual war. Towers, battlements, parapets—forms now unconsciously repeated for ornamental purposes because the eye had been so long accustomed to them. Against the sky, on high places, are still standing the castles from which the robber barons issued to fall upon the hip of passing commerce and take toll of it. There was war among rival lords, barons and princes, and between these, on one side and on the other, the rising authority of kingship under which people began to take refuge from feudal oppression. There was incessant war between the cities and the great predatory aristocracy of the land.

About the year 1000 the church began in a cautious manner, a little at a time, to exercise its spiritual authority against private war among local magnates. It established at length what is historically called the Truce of God. From Wednesday to Monday acts of war were forbidden, also during Lent. And at last, says history in its quaint manner, hardly more than one-quarter of the year remained for war.

Life survived. That to us seems an amazing fact. It survived because it was agricultural, clinging to the earth; or, if you like, for the same reason that vegetation survives. The amount of devastation it will overcome, so long as it keeps refuge with Nature, simply cannot be calculated. Dramatic events of which so much history is the ballad—conquest, battles, princes, the rise and fall of personalities, even great movements of the will and spirit—may be as brilliant fungi upon it. Beneath all that is life itself, irresistibly taking place, the common resource stuff of successive civilizations. History leaves Italy for a thousand years because there are no more Cæsars and nothing is transacting there; the theater is elsewhere. Then it returns to Italy and finds it overrunning with life.

But this, remember, will be true only while human life exists in a state of simple reliance upon Nature, indigenous, repetitive, in due proportion. Now multiply the actual quantity of it enormously, as has happened since the appearance of machines, and make it to be dependent for its existence not upon the seasons any more but upon the

(Continued on Page 84)

AYE, IN THE CATALOGUE

By John P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

IT'S East Willing that I'm telling you about, one of the restless Willings, as we call them sometimes, who have always had the ramshackle farm near Purchase Meadow, though it's hard to know why there's any Willings left; for when there's trouble it seems like there's always been a Willing putting his nose into it. And when there isn't any trouble a Willing's always willing to look for it. That's why, I guess, when the gunning season opens there always used to be a gay crowd of city fellers down to East Willing's place, leaving as handsome a line of cars as ever Boggs Harbor saw standing in the barnyard, with all East's live decoys marching in and out around the wheels.

That's why you used to hear a stamping and yelling in the kitchen of an autumn night and spy cards and chips on the table of a morning. East always had some mighty powerful cider down the cellar, but it wasn't only East's cider those sports from the city laid hold of. It took more than cider to keep them happy when they set out in the morning for the blinds. East could match 'em at cards in anything you like, and he'd take 'em into the middle of the ocean when it was blowing a gale if they said the word, and he would send his dogs straight to hell if his parties ever wanted it.

"My dog," says East, "'ll do it if I tell him. Ain't that what dogs are for?"

"I'll bet you four hundred even he won't. He knows too much. He doesn't want to die."

"The devil he won't!" says East. Yes, sir, I can hear him now. "My dogs do what I tell 'em—and this one likes it. Hey, Bendigo!"

Bendigo his name was, one of those retrievers here—not much for looks, but they can swim as good as East could shoot, and Bendigo's the one I'm telling you about, because he stuck by East, honest, the Lord alone knows why.

Yes, sir, East Willing was a good shot; and I may not be as pert as I was, but it may mean something when I say it, because lots of fellers still allow I'm pretty sweet with a twelve-gauge gun. I may be a mite stiff working up on ducks in a sneak float, but just get me in among 'em and I don't have to get 'em sitting in the water—no, not yet. Give me a good dog now, lying quiet in the straw, with his nose wiggling and sniffling—you know how—and not too much wind kicking up a sea and enough light to look along a barrel by, and I can get my birds. I can get 'em as a sportsman should, what is more—on the wing and moving with a chance to scale off free—not like a pothunter.

It isn't the killing. Often as not I hate to see birds dead, all limp and yet as clean and smooth as the air they came from, as clean as the woods and water are up North, and a sight finer creatures than lots of gunners that have brought 'em down. It is the sport of it which is all that matters. The morning and the evening mist and the coldness of the autumn and all those hidden noises that make you feel somehow there is another world not half a shot away; and there is always the sea pounding—pounding on the beach beyond the marsh, and the tide swirling through Boggs Inlet out to meet it. You're close to something not of the world at all when you get out there, and a good gunner ought to love it. He ought to love it the way dogs do. For instance now, have you ever watched their eyes? Why is it dogs' always are sadder than a human's?

I'll bet East Willing never noticed, because East was a good shot—that was all. He was one of those lean and wiry fellers and quick as a cat when he had to be, and his eyes—you know, the eyes of an A-1 shot, cold as the sky before the sun comes up and steady as a church and shining like polished stone. But what I say is—there never was anything else that you could see behind East Willing's eyes. They stayed the same when he saw the birds coming and when he saw them tumble down. Yes, sir, East was a good shot, but he never was a gunner. He killed those birds like you knock down pipes in a shooting gallery, and none of the rest mattered. You know what I mean—the cold, the mist, the whispering and the noise. No, sir, not even the dogs mattered—and what is gunning without the dogs? It's more than half to see 'em take the water and see 'em coming back, their heads up high with the birds safe in their mouths. But East Willing didn't care for 'em any more than that. And what I want to know is, why should any dog have cared for him?

I recall the puppies were in the big box stall, just able to toddle here and there in that uncertain way that comes with puppies, like they were walking on the clouds, the little devils, with their little tails quivering out behind 'em and their little necks and forelegs shaking. East Willing was out with me to see 'em; he was in his shooting coat, with his gun under his arm, walking soft, the way he always walked, even in hip boots.

"George," he said, "I need another dog. My two are getting slow as hell."

"East," I said, "you won't get one of mine."

"And why won't I, George?" he said.

"Because you don't like dogs," I said, "and I've never seen a dog like you."

"Not like me?" said East. "I've friends enough without making friends of dogs, but I'll bet you fifty dollars any one of those pups comes to me before he will to you—fifty dollars against the pup. I'll take a chance on anything." He'd bet on anything, you see—on the way a bug would take crawling through the grass, on how many fellers with beards on would round the corner in half an hour—yes, on anything at all.

"East," I said, "you're always betting."

"Yes," said East, "you've got to do something to make the world go round. Fifty dollars against your best pup that he comes to me before he comes to you. Let him out, George, on the stable floor."

Maybe you know our Boggs Harbor dogs; they are not on a kennel registry, but they do what they are bred for—bring the ducks out of the water. Partly Newfoundland and partly water spaniel is the way they run, with maybe a bit of mongrel thrown in to make things better. Yes, sir, they are thick-legged, ugly little devils, but they do the work. I went into the box stall and took the best one out. He was a little brown feller with a coat as thick as a lady's muff and bright little twinkling eyes. I set him down on the stable floor and took maybe six steps back, and there he stood, waggling his trembly little tail, unsteady on his pins.

"Is that your best one?"

"What do you want better?" I said. "Look at the distance between his eyes. Look at the feet on him."

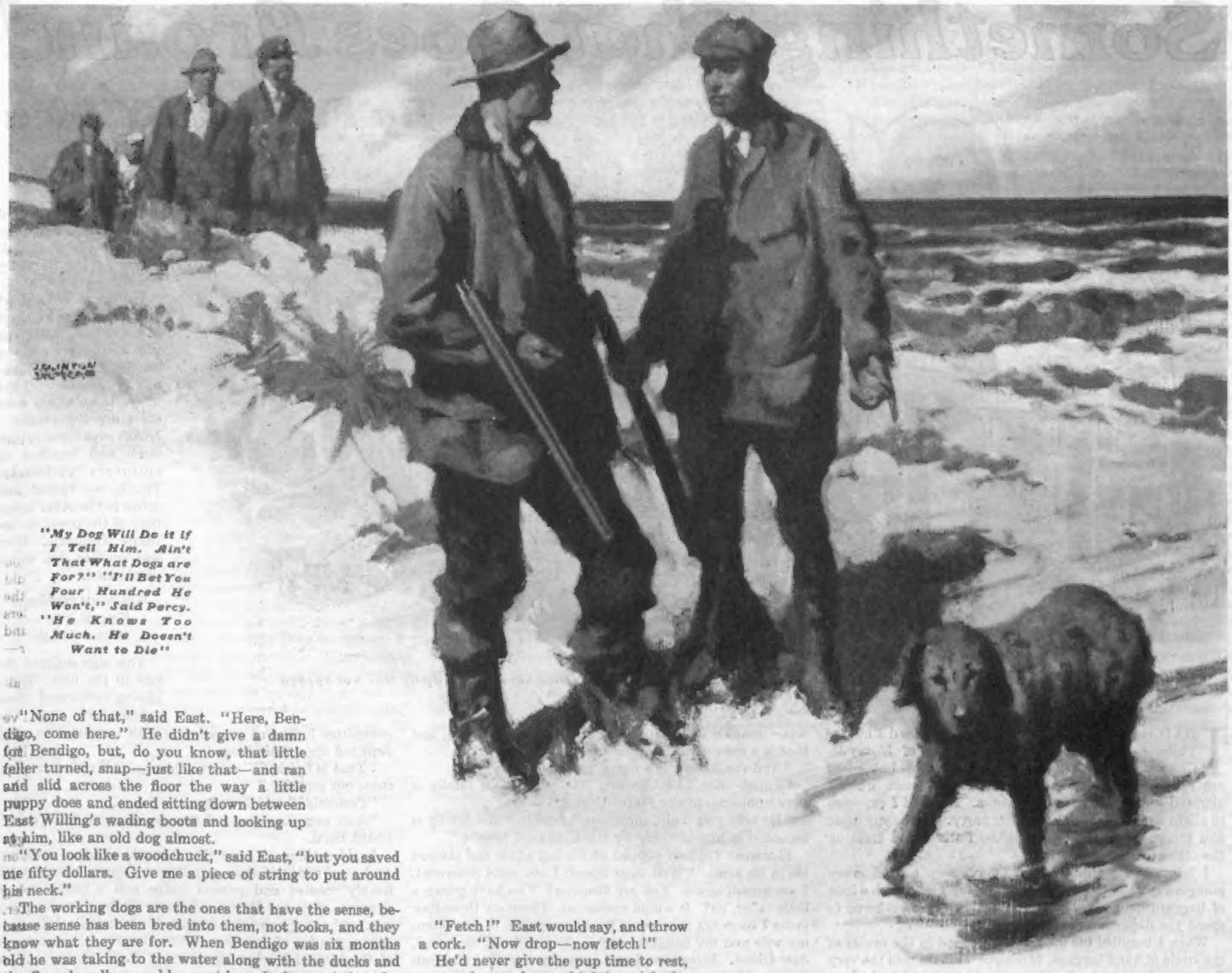
"All right," said East, "I'll take your word. What's his name?"

"His name," I said, "is Bendigo, and my father's had the strain, and my grandfather—you know that."

"All right," said East, "you think the little blankety-blank will come to you first? He won't! You call him and I call him. Does he know his name?"

"Of course he knows. Here, Bendigo!" I said. The little feller turned and looked at me and sniffed.

East Was the Only One Who Knew That Sally Wouldn't Stand Him. Because East—He Took It Hard When Sally Swung the Gate



"My Dog Will Do it if I Tell Him. Ain't That What Dogs are For?" "I'll Bet You Four Hundred He Won't," Said Percy. "He Knows Too Much. He Doesn't Want to Die"

"None of that," said East. "Here, Bendigo, come here." He didn't give a damn for Bendigo, but, do you know, that little feller turned, snap—just like that—and ran and slid across the floor the way a little puppy does and ended sitting down between East Willing's wading boots and looking up at him, like an old dog almost.

"You look like a woodchuck," said East, "but you saved me fifty dollars. Give me a piece of string to put around his neck."

The working dogs are the ones that have the sense, because sense has been bred into them, not looks, and they know what they are for. When Bendigo was six months old he was taking to the water along with the ducks and the Canada callers, and he must have had a good time, for where is there a finer place for dogs than marshes and muddy shores? Bendigo would run out first with Spot, one of East's older dogs, who knew the creeks and inlets in the reeds for miles and miles along. The things he must have seen there among those grasses are enough to make you think. For a dog sees a sight more than ever a human sees. He sees the green heron fishing by his pool. He knows the angle that the little terns take diving in the creeks. He sees the crabs and all the little crawling things going along their ways and tracking up the mud until the tide comes in to wash it black and flat. He sees the eel grass and those green weeds like lettuce leaves waving in the water, when the current is going out to sea. A good retriever always knows the water and the mud. He's covered half the time with mud cakes, but what's the difference? Send him for a stick when the tide comes up and the mud will wash away.

The water hasn't ever scared a good Boggs Harbor dog. As soon as he was six weeks old, Bendigo would strike right out as hearty as another, with the fur of him like a water-soaked rug, lapping around his shoulders as he paddled. In a week he could go as far as East's long motor dory when the tide was high, and then scramble up to the shore by East's back door and shake himself till he looked like one of those watering machines you set out on the lawn. Carrying was as natural to Bendigo as swimming; he had the retriever's mouth, that's as controlled and delicate as any jockey's fingers. East taught him to fetch an egg without breaking it, when Bendy still was lapping milk; and East had Bendy going after sticks before he was big enough—yes, quite a sight before. But what did East care? His dogs were just machines.

East would stand at his back door along toward evening with a couple of corks from a fish net, and you bet Bendigo knew what they were for. He would look at East with his bright brown eyes and commence to wag his tail and to jump around East's rubber boots.

"Fetch!" East would say, and throw a cork. "Now drop—now fetch!"

He'd never give the pup time to rest, you understand, nor think he might be throwing too far for such a little feller. But Bendigo went after it, because he knew what he was for.

"Don't you ever say good dog, or give him a bone, nor nothing?"

Abner Drew was the one who asked that, once when East was standing by his back door. Abner was on the Coast Guard, you understand, a nice easy-spoken feller. He and East had been going with Sally Snow, you understand, who used to run the store down by the post office, and maybe East was surprised to see him call, if what gossip said was right. In Boggs Harbor you can hear about what you want about anybody almost, provided what you want is not too good. That's how folks are made, maybe, and people said that East and Abner had words once over Sally Snow, though neither of them would tell the right of it, that anyone has heard.

East threw another cork for Bendigo and said, "Good morning, Ab," without troubling to turn around.

"I want to know," said Abner, "how'd you guess it was me coming around the house?"

East turned then and looked at him with his hands on his thin hips and smiled like he was tired.

"Because when someone sneaks, it's a Coast Guard," said East. "What's that you say about my dog?"

"Don't you never say a kind word to him?" said Abner.

"Since when," said East, "have the Coast Guards been scouting for the S. P. C. A.?"

Bendigo came out of the water and lay down between East's boots, just as an old dog might, and commenced to wag his little tail and cock his head over to one side.

"Get on with you!" said East. "Well, is there anything else you want to know?"

Abner was looking at East's power boat anchored at her moorings, and he looked at her for quite a while.

"No," said Abner; "no—I just stopped in for a social chat."

"Oh, social, is it?" said East. "Did the captain send you?"

"No," said Abner; "no." Abner smiled kind of slow and looked very hard at East. "Was there ever a Willing," he said, "that wasn't looking for trouble?"

"Was there ever a Drew that wasn't a sneak?" said East.

"East," said Abner, "I'd be more careful if I were you."

"The same goes for you," said East.

"And kinder to that pup," said Abner. "You haven't so many friends."

"Maybe you'd tell me," said East, "who gets the most gunning parties in the autumn. I've got friends enough."

"But no good company for a poor feller, East. East, you're gettin' powerful wild. You ought to ease the sheet a mite or else you'll drift to le'ward."

"Ab," said East, "since I was a little shaver I done my own sailing, and I guess I'll keep right on."

"You'll do it without a mate," said Abner, "if you keep to the wind so close."

"My boat's big enough to carry a mate, which is bigger than some," said East.

"Yes," said Abner—"yes, that's so. And all the city sports are coming to see you whether it's gunning time or not—now I wonder why? And there's always card games in the kitchen Saturday nights—for money, I hear tell. Where do you get the money to ship along with sports like that?"

"I wouldn't worry yourself," said East. "It'll take more than you to stop me gettin' it, I wouldn't wonder."

"Yes," said Abner, "but that's not what I'm wondering. . . . Now that's a mighty speedy power boat you've got out there."

"I don't wonder you think so," said East, "if you judge her by the scows you fellers run."

(Continued on Page 111)

Something That Goes Around

By Freeman Tilden

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

"'I Shall Certainly Not Shake Hands With That Monsieur,' Said Monsieur Bouchard. 'My Family Has Not Spoken With His Family for Three Hundred Years'"

I HAD come a long way to see my old friend Philippe Thibaut, mayor and principal citizen of Nozay-le-Château, in the department of Vaucluse; but I had not expected to see him at the railway station when I alighted from the Vintimille express. Nor had I expected to alight in the midst of a wedding party. The happy bride and groom were just boarding the Paris-bound train on the other track.

I felt a tense atmosphere. I have seen a good many going-away celebrations, but never have I seen such a look of haggard delight on the faces of those who gathered to speed the departing couple.

When I bundled off the train and stood in the center of my circle of hand luggage, Monsieur Thibaut was the very first man I recognized. He saw me, too, and rushed up with a cry of pleasure. He embraced me warmly and patted me on the shoulders.

"You amaze me, dear friend! You fall from the clouds! A few moments, until this affair is finished, and I shall be all at your service. *Mon Dieu*, I am like a man in a vertigo, with this excitement!"

I saw, also, Monsieur Rayneval, the ironmonger, and the plump Doctor Faucher and Hilaire Rivet, the innkeeper, and Étienne Beauveau, the chemist—and they all had this unaccountable worried glare in their eyes. It was as though they were hungry for the complete obliteration of the wedding party from their minds.

At last the Paris express tooted softly and moved slowly out of the station yard. There were a few cheers, given with about the same degree of enthusiasm that would greet a raise in taxes. A dainty handkerchief fluttered from a compartment window and the ceremony was over. Happy groom! Happy bride! And—I could not help observing to myself—even happier citizens of Nozay-le-Château! It puzzled me no end. I felt that Monsieur Thibaut would have a good story to tell me that evening. He did, rather.

But first, as soon as the train had disappeared, my old friend the mayor sought me out, hat in hand, wiping the perspiration from his brow with a handkerchief almost as large as a tea cloth.

"It is finished!" he panted. "All is over! *Mon Dieu*, I am a bundle of rags! I can now resume a normal, peaceful life. So can we all. May they be happy! Such a charming young woman! Such an honorable, well-meaning man! . . . By the way, monsieur, he is a compatriot of yours—an American."

"That is interesting," I replied. "And the bride?"

"The daughter of Henri Bardac, the vintner. I am glad for my friend Henri. Truly, she goes far away to America, and that is a severe wrench for a fond papa, but she goes away as the wife of a capable, honorable man, who was—imagine you!—too generous to demand a dot, and that is a consideration, I assure you."

"And the American's name, monsieur?"

"Smeet—S-m-i-t-h—Smeet. He tells us his family is very numerous in the States-United."

"He tells you truly, monsieur," said I. "His family is exceeded in number only by the Cohens, I believe."

Monsieur Thibaut popped on his hat again and clasped me in his arms. "Well, dear friend, I am quite recovered. I am myself again. You are *bienvenu!* You have grown a little taller, no? It would appear so. There are three-four years I have not seen you. We have spoken of you often, my wife and my daughter and I. You will rest *chez nous*, dear friend. Moreover, I still have some of that Château Delibes 1921 you liked so well formerly. You will come home with me in my automobile. Ah, yes, monsieur, I have fallen upon that great extravagance—a Citroën—very smart. It goes like the tongue of a washerwoman, and imagine you, I conduct it personally. And except for just once driving it through the window of Labrique's grocery, I learned to direct it without pain. But hold! You must first come with me to the other members of the Rotatory. We have our duties to perform."

"The members of the Rotatory, monsieur? I do not understand."

"Ah, yes, the Rotatory. I am amazed you do not know the Rotatory. Monsieur Smeet told us that the Rotatory was everywhere in the States-United."

"Can you mean the Rotary?" I asked.

"Rotary, or Rotatory—I do not know. It is a wheel with teeth in it. *Rotatoire*—that means to go around. Truly we have been going around ever since Monsieur Smeet entered our little town. My head is still going around. We meet to dissolve the Rotatory at once."

Thus saying, Monsieur Thibaut led me to three other gentlemen, two of whom I knew—Messieurs Berti and Dunoyer. After we had shaken hands we all entered the mayor's automobile and drove out of the station yard to the Route Nationale—the main highway—and so for two kilometers, without a word being spoken. Suddenly Monsieur Thibaut brought the car to a halt.

"Ah!" he said.

Instantly the other members of the party leaped out and attacked a painted sign at the side of the road, upon one side of which was the inscription—in French, of course—WELCOME TO NOZAY, and on the other side: THANK YOU—COME AGAIN.

In forty seconds the sign had been ripped from its moorings and smashed into kindling. The otherwise staid and dignified gentlemen jumped upon that sign vehemently.

"*Bon!*" they shouted when the sign had been completely wrecked. "Now for the Rotatory wheel!"

We drove on a short distance till we came to a gilt wheel, with cog teeth, hanging by a wooden arm from a Lombardy poplar. This wheel, upon which were the words ROTATOIRE—NOZAY, was likewise torn down and knocked to splinters viciously. Finally we turned and drove to the other boundary of the town, on the Route Nationale. Here was another sign which proclaimed:

WELCOME TO NOZAY
THANK YOU—
COME AGAIN

This sign suffered the fate of the first. Then, having performed these astonishing acts, the committee looked at one another with consummate relief depicted upon their faces.

"That is finished!" said the mayor. "We shall now resume our serenity."

"Perfectly!" said Dunoyer.

"And none too soon. I was becoming a trifle mad," added Berti.

I said nothing. I knew that it would all come out later. And sure enough, after a delicious dinner, topped with freshly roasted and ground coffee and a thimbleful of anisette, with the buxom Madame Thibaut making her crochet hook fly and the demure Mademoiselle Julie sewing upon a bit of lingerie—in this charming French home of the Midi, I learned the story of P. K. Smith and his disastrous gratitude.

Monsieur le Maire very deliberately removed his pince-nez and wiped the lenses with his handkerchief. Then he began:

"At first, dear monsieur, it is necessary for you to know that your *concitoyen*, Monsieur Smeet, alighted from the self-same train on which you have come to

"'Well,' Proceeded Monsieur Smeet,

arrive, except that it is now nearly fourteen months since he made his appearance. He himself remarked that he was on his way to the Côte d'Azur. But he could go no farther. He was a sick man. It was necessary for him to be lifted down from the train and placed inside the station, together with his luggage, and Doctor Faucher was sent for at once.

"So then our agreeable doctor arrives, and upon one look and a hasty examination of the dying man, he pronounces typhoid fever and gives very little hope.

"'Yet,' says the good doctor, 'all should be made as comfortable for this poor devil as possible, until his pipe is broken. Who then will accept him into his house and provide him a room?' For, as you well know, monsieur, there is no such thing as a hospital in our modest town.

"Well, then, there was the rub. For though everyone pitied the unfortunate American, and there were no feelings against him on account of the war debt, yet we were all terrified of the typhoid, which is known to be as contagious as possible. For myself, I have since been ashamed that I did not volunteer our house; but such is panic, monsieur, is it not?

"But finally the excellent Henri Bardac burst out, 'Bring him to my home then! I will risk all. My faith, he cannot die like a stray cat, among the valises of the railroad station!'

"So the American, who was perfectly unconscious, was taken over to the house of the vintner, where he was so angelically nursed by Cécile, the lovely daughter, that he is now her husband. I would not take credit from Doctor Faucher, who is highly regarded by all, and who so skillfully set my leg upon an ancient occasion that I limp scarcely perceptibly. But it is the consensus of opinion that Cécile deserves the highest approbation. There are the gossips and scandalmongers who say that Mademoiselle Bardac preserved Monsieur Smeet only for the purpose of marrying him. I do not believe it; but if it be so, it was her own affair, was it not? Perfectly, monsieur."

"Dear papa," interjected Mademoiselle Julie, looking up shyly from her needlework, "Cécile was blamed because after Monsieur Smeet was well she would not permit the other young ladies of the town to so much as talk with him."

"That saws my back—that kind of gabble!" cried the father. "After saving the stranger from the grave, why should she hand him over to someone else? No, no, *parbleu!* So would we all do. Now if this monsieur who honors us with his presence—if he were to have typhoid fever in our house ——"

"Papa!" cried Julie, in confusion. "What are you saying?"

"Very well, I say no more," replied Monsieur Thibaut. "Let us return to our sheep. What the devil was I saying? Ah, yes! It was concerning the American gentleman. For weeks, monsieur, this poor man hovered between heaven and earth, or at least between earth and his just deserts, *quelconque*, and it was a matter of great comment in our small town. Nothing else was spoken of except the American's condition. Finally, one morning, Doctor Faucher pronounced that he would live, and we were all glad. But it was weeks before the stranger left his bed, and weeks after that before he could walk so far as the acacias in front of the Bardac home. He recovered, but very slowly.

"Now when Monsieur Smeet came to Nozay-le-Château he could speak our language very little. But he was swift at learning and—what would you?—he had the advantage of hearing none of his own language; and furthermore, it is well said the way to learn any language is to have a pretty girl for *dictionnaire*. So his progress in our language was rapid, and when the townspeople began to call to see the convalescent, which they did first from curiosity and later because it was amusing to hear Monsieur Smeet talk, he was able to understand and to make himself understood *à merveille*.

"Myself, I loved to sit by the bedside of the young man and hear him talk. He was full of bonhomie and as smart as amber. How much of a liar he was I cannot say. Some of his stories were incredible. For example, he said that in the far North of the States-United it is so frigid that when people speak to each other in winter their words freeze and they cannot hear and reply until the ensuing spring. Also he said that in Californie, where he originated, earthquakes are so common that all the houses are built with the floors and ceilings interchangeable, so that if an earthquake upsets the house completely, only rearrangement of the furniture is caused."

"He was merely farcing, I believe," said I. "He was a wag."

"Possibly. But we could not always tell. Sometimes he told us extraordinary tales which, upon examination, proved to be accurate. But at least his heart was honest, and he was liked by all. Imagine you, also, how he would argue! Never did he show bad temper, even though harsh things might be uttered.

"For example, we had a heated discussion one day about the war debt to America. Naturally, we all declaimed that this debt was proper to be canceled. But Monsieur Smeet stood his ground valiantly against us all.

"'Of course you owe the money,' said he. 'Yet I do not think it will be paid. I think it will be like the young man who worked for the grocer in Los Angeles.'

"'How of the young man and the grocer?' we asked.

"'It was thus,' said Monsieur Smeet: 'The grocer was sick and the young man had charge of the shop. He wondered what share of the money he should put in his own pocket. Finally he agreed with himself that every dollar which came into his hand he would toss into the air. If the dollar came down it would belong to him. If it stayed in the air it would belong to his employer. I think,' said Monsieur Smeet, 'that all the money owed by France to the States-United which upon being submitted to this test—and remains in the air—will be paid.'

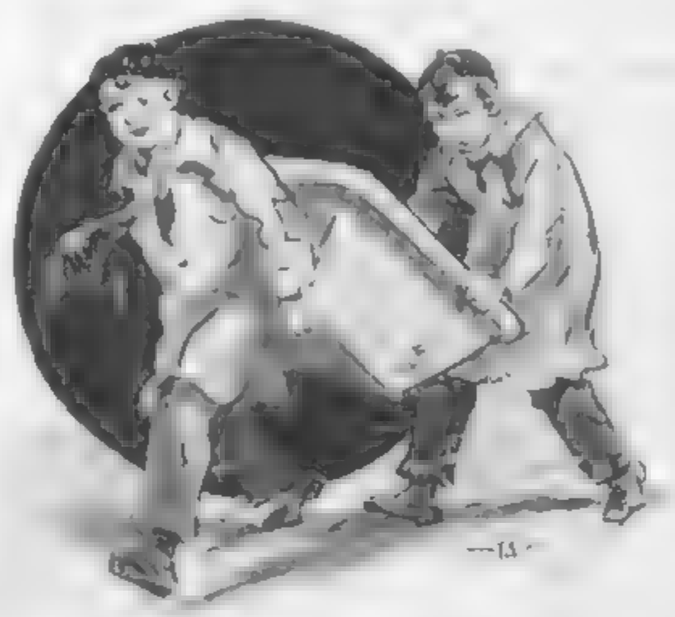
"At this we all laughed, because it was such an absurdity. Yet it made Monsieur Rayneval and Monsieur Picon and several other merchants present secretly worried, lest they should be sick some day and their apprentices should throw francs into the air likewise.

"But what I must now tell you is that Monsieur Smeet was distinguished above everything else for his gratitude. Ah, but he was grateful! How many times has he told me that never, never can he forget all that was done for him by the people of Nozay-le-Château—though, to say truth, we did no more than our duty, unless it was Mademoiselle Cécile. But always he spoke of his gratitude, and—unfortunately—he meant it."

"Unfortunately?" I repeated, probably looking amazed "No doubt it is a slip of the tongue. You mean fortunately."

"Not at all, monsieur. I mean precisely unfortunately Ah, monsieur, never did I believe that gratitude could be so devastating. This gratitude of Monsieur Smeet was terrible. I hope we shall recover from it. That remains to be seen. Another such gratitude and we would all be lunatic—my faith, yes! Figure, monsieur, that if you should happen to find a wounded camel in the desert, and should bind up the camel's wounds and make him well, what would happen if he should prove so grateful as to wish you to adopt the customs of the camels? Would it not irk you?"

"No doubt," I agreed. "But, monsieur, I do not see what the camel has to do with the young American."



"This Tub Was Wildly Imported From House to House for the Use of the English and Americans"

"And neither do I, dear papa," put in Julie.

"*Tiens!* You will understand as I proceed," said the mayor, with great satisfaction over his supposititious camel. "Monsieur, you know something of Nozay-le-Château. You know how my *concitoyens* live from day to day. You know, from being long time with us, how we work and recreate and what our customs and delights are. *Bien!* All that has been changed because of the horrible gratitude of Monsieur Smeet. We are now a people rushing thither and standing upon our heads. We have been made Rotatory. *Mon Dieu*, how we have gone around! I will tell you.

"As soon as Monsieur Smeet was able to sit up in his bed, he said to me one day when I was calling upon him, 'Monsieur le Maire, I wish to do something for this town. You have saved my life. As soon as I am able to move about I will consider this thing.'

"'A good deed is its own reward,' said I; 'and moreover you have paid well for your accommodation.'

"But when Monsieur Smeet was able to drive out in an automobile which he hired, he took note of everything. My faith, what a man he was for questions! There is, near by, as you know, an old ruin which by the fanciful is supposed to be a monastery, but which I take to have been a brickyard. Monsieur Smeet was greatly interested in that.

"'I will bring thousands of tourists to see that magnificent ruin,' he proclaimed. I smiled—but Monsieur Smeet did as he promised.

"He visited the humble inn of Hilaire Rivet. 'How many persons can you provide for in your hotel?' he asked. Hilaire replied seven—if two should be content to sleep in the stable. 'Prepare for a hundred at once!' said Monsieur Smeet to the innkeeper. It seemed a mere jest. But this Monsieur Smeet was a man who talked like a maniac but acted like a bombshell—*zoum-badaboum!*

"Next, Monsieur Smeet said to me, 'Monsieur le Maire, I am from Californie, where we know how to do things. We build cities in one night. We take a piece of ground which is merely a rendezvous for reptiles, stick a plow into it, lay down some sidewalks, and the next thing you know there is a big hotel, a cinema theater, fifteen garages and a bond issue.' He spoke like that! I do not know all the strange words he uttered, for when he was most enthusiastic he rattled like a sewing machine; but he always ended by saying 'I will make you all rich. I am going to put this town on its feet!' I do not know exactly what he meant by putting us upon our feet. No doubt it is the same as Rotatory—we were to go around very rapidly. My faith, he has done so!

"'You have the most promising town I have ever seen!' continued Monsieur Smeet.

(Continued on Page 104)

"'We Have Not Yet Started. The Great Performance, the Cirque of Three Rings, Is About to Commence'"

OLIVER'S BOOK

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

OLIVER HILLES, the brilliant young novelist, reclining on the lower and middle portions of his spine, stared sardonically from the depths of a large lawn chair at the horse show. It was the spring horse show, a sort of consolation affair with only local horses entered, arranged by the country-club crowd to soothe prides trampled in the tanbark last fall at the big show held downtown in the Coliseum. In that show horses from Chicago, Kansas City, Louisville and Oklahoma City had carried off all the blue and red ribbons.

The smart set of Oliver's town had taken up horses after the British manner very recently, and not such good horses. True, the country club's polo team had beaten Des Moines and Omaha, but a team from Lake Forest had walloped the stuffing out of the home talent, and a contemplated Eastern invasion had been discreetly canceled. All of which had caused Oliver much sardonic amusement. Oliver was extremely sardonic at all times, but this afternoon particularly so.

Numerous distressing things had occurred in the oval outdoor arena on the polo field behind the clubhouse. When the class for children's ponies was called, little Miss Jane Thompkins' Shetland kicked Master Robert DeLore's mount, and Master Robert had been disgracefully unhorsed. All the people in the boxes had clapped their hands when Master Robert, fighting back his tears, remounted—that is, all but Oliver Hilles. He had snorted.

Similarly, when Richard Dawson-Dawson's hunter balked three times at a four-foot hurdle and was disqualified, there had been polite murmurs of sympathy from the stands, and only one noticeable horse laugh. It had come from Oliver.

They were staging the potato race now, and everybody but Oliver had crowded to the white rail around the oval to see the fun. Two quartets on polo ponies and correctly attired in bright new polo outfits were endeavoring to carry potatoes on long pointed sticks from a tub at one end of the field to a tub at the other. It was up to one team to knock potatoes off the other team's sticks and vice versa.

The presence of a brilliant young American novelist on the sidelines without a worshipful coterie about him requires explanations. You see, nobody but Oliver knew that he was a novelist. All the others thought he was just Oliver Hilles, eighteen-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas O. Hilles, who lived in a huge graystone English manor on the country-club grounds. Oliver, had he been looking that way, could have seen his own rooftree above the awninged horse-show pavilion at the other side of the polo field.

But Oliver, at the moment, was watching one of the riders in the potato race with a coldly intellectual concentration. He was speculating whether some other rider would poke a stick in James Paxson's eye. He was weighing the chances of James Paxson's pony falling on him, or, better still, bucking and pitching him off. Oliver considered these possibilities from a distant and lofty perspective, as one who is writing an American epic should. He decided that an ignominious fall from his pony would be best for James Paxson. If James Paxson got an eye poked out or his pony fell with him, these mishaps would only awaken sympathy for the fellow. No. Let James Paxson tumble on his face in the tanbark right before the eyes of Miss Phyllis Milford.

Just then James Paxson made a neat dash down the field and safely deposited a potato in the box amid cheers. Oliver sighed at sight of Miss Milford waving a handkerchief at the Paxson fellow as he galloped back for another potato.

Little did James Paxson, plunging into a mêlée of thwacking sticks and slobbering ponies, realize that he was the villain of that smashing indictment of American life entitled Our Elders by Oliver Ranceforth Hilles. On Page 11 of Chapter I a character named Paxson James was described thusly:

> He had a sneering mustache perched foppishly above his lascivious mouth. Women failed to read his thoughts when his black eyes looked at them, but men who intercepted his stare accidentally instinctively doubled their fists. He was the sort who talked about conquests when he was drunk, told off-color stories in mixed company and filthy ones when with men. To those women who blindly refused to see the marks of an evil life on his face, he appeared handsome; not knowing the truth about him, such women even considered him charming.

He Saw Her Standing in a Group Near the Band Stand. It Seemed to Him She Was Always Standing in Groups When the Paxson Fellow Wasn't With Her

Nor did Miss Phyllis Milford, laughing to see such sport, dream that she was the heroine of a book which would shake the citadels of literature. On Page 2 of Chapter I a character named Phyllis Tilford had been described by Author Hilles as follows:

> You longed to touch her fair hair to see if your dream would come true between your fingers. Her eyes were the jewels of her lovely soul. They were set in firm white flesh which had a color and texture and odor of its own. When she had passed, your lungs were full of her, and your eyes were content as from a banquet set in some other world. To think of her with fleshly passion was to desecrate her tall blond beauty. Her voice stirred chords you never knew were in you, and she left her music there, a painful sweet vibration that sounded long after she had gone. . . . The irony of it all was that this girl could for a moment tolerate a man like Paxson James.

So had Oliver written of James Paxson and Phyllis Milford. The manuscript of Our Elders reposed temporarily beneath a moth-eaten Navajo rug in an attic room of the Hilles mansion. But soon it would be on its way to a publisher and eternal renown. Oliver intended to finish the final chapter this night.

In the meantime he staked his earthly hope on a broken saddle girth, as the potato race progressed without mishap. Or maybe a stroke of the sun would lay James Paxson low. But Oliver's solitary vantage place was invaded by a girl named Barbara Gardiner.

Oliver saw her coming, out of a corner of one sardonic eye, and meditated immediate though dignified escape. But he had learned long since that there was no way of dignifiedly escaping from Barbara Gardiner. The girl herself had no dignity, and didn't want anyone else to have dignity either. She came trotting toward Oliver, wide whipcord breeches swishing and enormous silver spurs jangling on her tan riding boots. She was not stately or blond or thirty like Phyllis Milford. She had black hair and brown eyes, was short and rather plump, and disgustingly content to stay seventeen all the rest of her life. Oliver noticed as she approached that perspiration had dampened her white, open-necked waist, and drops of it stood on her upper lip.

"Hullo, Oliver," she said. "What are you sitting way back here for?"

Oliver got out a handkerchief—unfortunately for his gesture, none too clean—and said, "Here, woman; wipe your face. Your nose is running."

"It is not," said the girl. "This is sweat."

She accepted the handkerchief with no show of mortification, wiped her face and extended the damp cloth to Oliver. "See?" she demanded. "It is sweat."

Oliver snatched the handkerchief and put it in his pocket. He gazed across the arena at Phyllis Milford, cool and immaculate in a black-and-white sports ensemble, and sighed another sigh.

Barbara plopped down on the grass at his feet. Her gesture was that of a frankly approving and loyal little dog. She liked Oliver very much. Most girls of his own generation did, but this did not please Oliver. He was in love with a girl of another generation. As he described himself on Page 9, Chapter II of Our Elders:

> A man of the world, yet an idealist, young in years, yet old in experience, Ronald Davidson was not without a certain attraction for women.
>
> His face had a world-weary wistfulness which many women had tried to understand. All had failed except Phyllis, and she had as yet sensed his tragedy but dimly. To most women Ronald was an enigma.

Oliver looked at Barbara and frowned.

"For Pete's sake, woman," he growled, "button up. I can see your underwear."

"Didn't you see me ride, Oliver?" she asked, fumbling obediently at the waist. "I won the high jump. Hobo saw my spurs and knew he'd get 'em if he didn't behave. But gosh, that horse is dumb! He got all balled up in the in-and-out and I placed third. I sure gave him a good cussing for it too. He always pulls up too stiff on the first jump and loses stride for the second hurdle. But he never balks. He'd better not. If he ever did I'd kick his ribs in."

"You're going to break your fool neck one of these days," Oliver observed. "You're all going to break your necks riding horses like these nags."

"They're not all nags," said Barbara. She looked at the potato race, which had reached the potato-counting stage. "Jimmy Paxson paid two thousand for that pony. It came from Meadowbrook."

Oliver snorted.

"It was a cull, prob'ly—just an old cull. Anyway, lot of good that pony will do him."

The girl looked surprised.

"Why the snootiness, Oliver? What you got against Jimmy?"

The boy got to his feet, impelled by the pent-up viciousness of his thoughts.

"Paxson is a despicable cad," he said.

Barbara asked why he thought that. What had Jimmy done? Not deigning an explanation, Oliver set off for the other side of the arena. The horse show was over and he must speak to Phyllis. Barbara tagged along at his side.

"Why don't you go and get on some decent clothes?" he said.

"I rode Hobo over from home," said Barbara, "and I've got to ride him back."

"Well, you better be starting."

"Say, you're not my boss."

A hundred steps nearer his ladylove. He saw her standing in a group near the band stand. It seemed to him she was always standing in groups when the Paxson fellow wasn't with her. Dog-gone Barbara. Dog-gone her; why did she have to come tagging along? Little pest.

"There's your horse over there," he said.

"I want to talk to you first, Oliver."

"What about?"

"You promised to come to my party tonight."

"Can't. Got to work."

"Work? You always say that. What kind of work are you doing, Oliver?"

"Never mind. It's important work. I've got no time to waste with a pack of necking kids."

Oh, she was going. He would have to hurry. There she walked, with the fading sunlight about her. Beautiful lady.

Barbara grabbed his elbow.

"Leggo! I'm in a hurry, woman."

"You promised, Oliver. You promised."

He shook off her hand and dived through a group of debutantes. Phyllis was walking alone across the lawn to the club veranda. He forgot about Barbara in his desperate hurry. Phyllis was carrying a chair cane and a cloak.

Phyllis Milford

Oliver caught up.

"Let me carry them, Miss Milford," he said breathlessly.

He felt her eyes on him, a glance amused and kindly, and more understanding than he realized.

"Why, hullo, Oliver," her throaty, glorious voice said. "These aren't a bit heavy. But"—she smiled—"you may carry them for me if you wish."

He felt the warmth of her hand on the cane and got the odor of faint perfume from the cloak. He rested the cloak on his arm; it seemed of impalpable fairy stuff quite easily crushed. He wanted to hug the cloak tightly but did not dare.

"I didn't see you riding, Oliver," she said.

Oliver was very serious and a little sad. He did not look at her, but said:

"Oh, I don't go in for that sort of thing, Miss Milford. I did when I was younger, but I've rather lost interest. I"—shyly—"I saw you across the field. That is a very becoming outfit, Miss Milford."

"Oh, do you like it, Oliver? I'm glad."

Thirty steps to the veranda. Such short steps. He thought desperately for some way to prolong this sweet agony. Some way to awaken her interest. He wanted to give her the finest treasure he had.

Abruptly, ten steps from the end:

"The reason I've not had much time for sports is ——" A gulp. "Well, I'm writing a novel."

Her brows arched.

"You are? My, that's fine. I didn't know you were literarily inclined."

"Nobody knows but you," said Oliver. "I've not told anybody."

"My, my, I feel so flattered, Oliver! Won't you let me see the book sometime?" She paused on the steps.

"I can carry these into the lounge for you, or wait with them," he said gruffly.

"Oh, no, thank you. I can carry them."

He gave her the cane and cloak. She smiled at him and climbed the steps.

"Do you really want to see my book?" he asked.

She stopped and turned about.

"Why, of course I do, Oliver," she said kindly

"I'll finish it tonight and bring it over tomorrow."

"Oh, don't hurry through on that account, Oliver. I can look at it any time."

"I'll finish it tonight," he repeated, and then, after another gulp: "I want you to be the first to read it, Miss Milford. Before I send it to—my publisher."

She conquered a smile and said gravely, "I'll be glad to, really. Thank you. Good-by, Oliver."

"Good-by, Miss Milford. And thank you."

Going into the clubhouse to wait for James Paxson, Phyllis Milford said to herself: "He's a sweet kid and very precocious. A novel! Well, I'll read it and tell him it's fine. I owe him that much for his devotion." Then she dismissed Oliver and his book from her mind. James Paxson was the problem which occupied her thoughts that evening. He had a lot of money, and should she overlook some of the things kind friends had hinted at and she herself had suspected? Or should she just go on waiting? Go on waiting at thirty?

Outside on the lawn, Oliver wandered in a magic daze. Phyllis knew about his book! She had promised to read it. Would she know he was the hero and she the heroine and James Paxson the villain? Would she see James Paxson in his true colors? Oliver's dream spread shining pinions. Phyllis would recognize his genius and know she was his inspiration. Together they would wait for the book to appear. Together they would read the reviews in the New York Times, the Saturday Review and the Bookman those reviews hailing him as the brilliant young American novelist.

He would say: "Dear Phyllis, with you as my inspiration I will write still better books." She would say: "I am glad, Oliver dear." Then they would be married and go on a wondrous honeymoon with his first royalties.

"Oliver!"

Oliver came to a halt a scant yard from the lagoon.

Continued on Page 62

"Where's My Book?" He Shouted. She Dubbed Her Drive and Turned About. "Where's My Book?" Oliver Shouted Again

LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD

By Wesley Stout

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

SPEAKING of New York, a subject that threatens to crop up in this campaign year, it is our privilege here to disclose that whomever the hairy hand may belong to, the voice of the city is phony. Upon close examination a dummy Father Knickerbocker will be discovered on the knee of a ventriloquist from Catasauqua or Wamego, while the same smokes a cigar to deceive the eye.

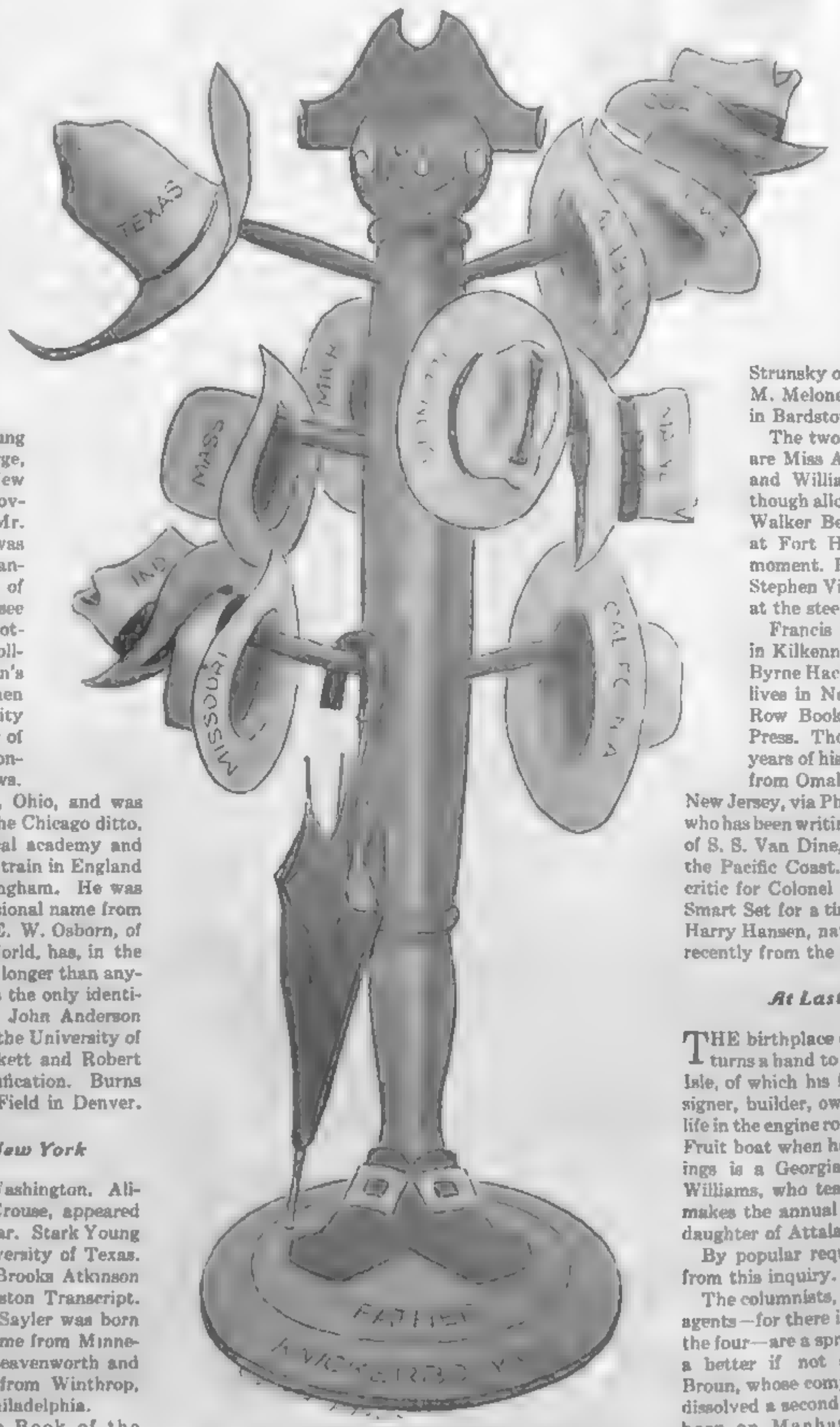
The most vocal single group of New Yorkers, the critics, those scientists of the Literary and Dramatic Bureau of Standards who so dispassionately appraise our poor stuff, are the most spurious urbans of the lot, their sophistication proceeding from the most, in many instances, unlikely sources. Let no abashed citizen of Dubuque hesitate to look any New Yorker in the eye and ask him where he comes from; he may discover the boy who used to shepherd the town herd. The exquisite perceptions of George Jean Nathan, for example, were nurtured in Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Faintly implausible as it is, Alexander Woollcott, who has left the World and flung out his shingle as a commentator at large, was cradled in the Hominy Hills of New Jersey, which is the source of the old proverb: "Thar's gold in them thar hills." Mr. Woollcott's first post-office address was Phalanx. His family moved shortly to Kansas City, where Roswell Field, brother of Eugene, took the young Alexander to see Eddie Foy, and the rest is history. As a footnote to Clio, it might be added that Woollcott later was a fellow student of Ed Wynn's at Central High School, Philadelphia; then Hamilton College, the Times, and the dignity of being described as the Seidlitz powder of Times Square by Mr. Nathan, who can control his ardor for any and all of his fellows.

Percy Hammond was born in Cadiz, Ohio, and was drafted by the New York Tribune from the Chicago ditto. The late Alan Dale, dean of the critical academy and founder of the facetious school, died on a train in England in May on his way to his native Birmingham. He was born Alfred J. Cohen and took his professional name from Robin Hood. With Mr. Dale's death, E. W. Osborn, of Winthrop, Maine, and of the Evening World, has, in the Woollcottian phrase, been going to pieces longer than anyone else. Gilbert Gabriel, of Brooklyn, is the only identifiable New Yorker in this department. John Anderson came from Pensacola, Florida, by way of the University of Virginia, in recent years. Charles Brackett and Robert Benchley will be found in another classification. Burns Mantle inherited the mantle of Eugene Field in Denver.

Out of the Everywhere into New York

LAST year Leonard Hall arrived from Washington. Alison Smith, otherwise Mrs. Russel Crouse, appeared from Berkeley, California, just after the war. Stark Young is from Como, Mississippi, and the University of Texas. James S. Metcalfe is from Buffalo. J. Brooks Atkinson was drafted by the Times from the Boston Transcript. John Corbin is a Chicagoan. Oliver M. Sayler was born in Huntington, Indiana. Bide Dudley came from Minneapolis by way of St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth and Kansas City. Kenneth MacGowan is from Winthrop, Massachusetts, by way of Boston and Philadelphia.



Let No Abashed Citizen of Dubuque Hesitate to Look Any New Yorker in the Eye and Ask Him Where He Comes From

The Book of the Month Club, whose accolade insures an author of a sale of upward of 100,000 copies, and therefore is not precisely to be despised, is headed by Dr. Henry Seidel Canby, of Wilmington, Delaware. Among his associates is one child of New York's sidewalks, Heywood Broun Thetwoothers, Dorothy Canfield and Christopher Morley, were born, respectively, in Lawrence, Kansas, and Haverford, Pennsylvania.

The rival Literary Guild has as editor in chief Carl Van Doren, who, with his brother Mark of the Nation, was born in Hope, Illinois. Mrs. Irita Van Doren, wife of the former, of the Herald-Tribune book section, comes from Tallahassee, Florida. Philadelphia and Washington both claim Elinor Wylie. Dr. Joseph Wood Krutch is a native of Knoxville, Tennessee.

Burton Rascoe, who started the new Bookman off with a flourish last September and quit in the spring after a disagreement with Seward Collins, the publisher, is Fulton, Kentucky's, gift to New York. I remember him on the Shawnee, Oklahoma, Herald fifteen years ago; later on the Chicago Tribune, where he was beating the big bass drum for James Branch Cabell, then not yet generally accepted by the cognoscenti. The venerable Brander Matthews was born in New Orleans before the war. John Macy is from Detroit by way of Boston and Schenectady, having been secretary to the Socialist mayor in the latter city and—of all things—associate editor of the Youth's Companion in the former.

Dr. John Dewey, philosopher and critic, is a Vermonter from Burlington, and so, by coincidence, is John Farrar, former Bookman editor. Carl Van Vechten was born in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, a brother of the late Ralph Van Vechten, a power in the great Continental and Commercial Bank of Chicago. The urbane Simeon Strunsky of the Times is a native of Russia. Marie M. Meloney of the Tribune book section was born in Bardstown, Kentucky.

The two New Yorkers among the literary critics are Miss Amy Loveman, of the Saturday Review, and William Rose Benet. The latter's claim, though allowed, is technical. His father, Col. James Walker Benet, U. S. A., chanced to be stationed at Fort Hamilton in New York Harbor at the moment. By the time Mr. Benet's younger brother, Stephen Vincent, was born, the father was on duty at the steelworks at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.

Francis Hackett of the New Republic was born in Kilkenny, Ireland, and followed his brother, E. Byrne Hackett, to America in 1900. The latter now lives in New Haven, where he founded the Brick Row Bookshop and directs the Yale University Press. Thomas Beer was born and spent the first years of his Mauve Decade in Council Bluffs, across from Omaha. Gilbert Seldes came from Ailiance, New Jersey, via Philadelphia. Willard Huntington Wright, who has been writing detective stories lately under the name of S. S. Van Dine, traces to Charlottesville, Virginia, and the Pacific Coast. He used to be literary and dramatic critic for Colonel Mann's droll Town Topics, and edited Smart Set for a time under the Mencken-Nathan régime. Harry Hansen, native of Davenport, Iowa, was imported recently from the Chicago Daily News.

At Last a Man From Manhattan

THE birthplace of William McFee, who not infrequently turns a hand to criticism, was the sea, on the ship Erin's Isle, of which his father, a New Brunswick man, was designer, builder, owner and master. He spent much of his life in the engine rooms of steamers and was chief of a United Fruit boat when he swallowed the anchor. Laurence Stallings is a Georgian from Macon. Dr. Blanche Colton Williams, who teaches the short story at Columbia and makes the annual O. Henry selection of best stories, is a daughter of Attala County, Mississippi.

By popular request authors, as such, will be omitted from this inquiry. Their bucolic origins are notorious.

The columnists, the wits, the wise-crackers and the press agents—for there is more or less interchangeability among the four—are a sprightly group, and here New York makes a better if not an overwhelming showing. Heywood Broun, whose companionate marriage with the World was dissolved a second time recently, was the first white child born on Manhattan Island—or so it seems sometimes. The Telegram now is giving him his head and $26,000 a year. Dorothy Parker was born in West End, New Jersey, in the hinterlands of Hoboken, but when the wind was in the east the sound of Bow Bells carried to her cradle.

Walter Winchell, who writes Your Broadway and Mine in the

Graphic and is the darling at the moment of what he calls the Hot Artery, is a native of Harlem. At the age of thirteen he sang ballads in a movie house on One Hundred and Sixteenth Street near Lenox Avenue, together with Eddie Cantor and George Jessel. Gus Edwards engaged the three for his first song revue. Cantor and Jessel are still of the theater, and very much so, but after some years as a vaudeville hoofer, Winchell went to work on the Keith-Albee circuit house organ under Glenn Condon, of Tulsa, who, as Walter puts it, taught him a-plenty. Mark Hellinger, who does for the Daily News much what Winchell does for the Graphic, is a native son, and so is Edward Hope of the Herald Tribune.

But observe the face cards in the other hand. Franklin Pierce Adams, who pioneered the column in New York on the old Mail, is a Chicagoan who sold life insurance and contributed bits to the late Bert Leston Taylor's Line o' Type column in the Chicago Tribune. Among his various claims to fame, he used to live in the same block with little Fannie Kesner, who grew up to be Mrs. John D. Hertz, owner of the Derby winner, Reigh Count. Bugs Baer took the nine o'clock express from Broad Street, Philadelphia, one morning and never returned. Don Marquis was born in Walnut, Illinois, and is pleasantly remembered in Atlanta and points east and west. Harry Phillips of the Sun migrated from New Haven. Russel McKinley Crouse of the Evening Post is a Toledo blade, first unsheathed on the Kansas City Star, after some tempering in Enid, Oklahoma.

According to the census reports, both Frank Sullivan of the World and Charles Brackett of the New Yorker were born in Saratoga Springs. This appearing to be a topographical error, inquiry was made of Mr. Sullivan, who explained that—as is not generally known—he and Mr. Brackett are the same person. Mr. Brackett, Mr. Sullivan divulges, is his baser self.

New Yorker Than a Native

THE Evening Post man, Nunnally Johnson, is a postwar arrival from Columbus, Georgia, via Savannah and the Brooklyn Eagle. Robert Benchley is one of the Benchleys of Worcester, Massachusetts. Ring Lardner's pasts in Niles, Michigan, South Bend, St. Louis, Boston and Chicago are notorious. Donald Ogden Stewart got that way in Columbus, Ohio, watching the legislature.

Robert Garland of the Telegram is a Baltimore Sun graduate. Grantland Rice was born in Murfreesboro, Tennessee. Oscar Odd McIntyre goes home periodically with his pearl-gray derby and some Ritz Carlton stationery to Plattsburg, Missouri. Wilson Mizner, now in Hollywood on sabbatical leave, the first wit of his Times Square, was born in Benicia, California, and speaks Spanish with a Guatemalan accent, his father having been the United States minister to that republic.

To Neal O'Hara of the Evening World goes the distinction of having cut New York dead on meeting it on Park Row. Born in Middleboro, Massachusetts, and reared in Boston, he returned there this year. His column being syndicated nationally, he may write it where he pleases, and he pleases not to write it in Pandemonium.

The other day Anne Nichols took Bernard Sobel away from Florenz Ziegfeld at a salary—so it is reported, and not implausibly—of $30,000 yearly, which suggests a revision of the press-agent stencil. Mr. Sobel, who was born in Attica, Indiana, is a bachelor of science from Purdue, a bachelor of philosophy from Chicago and a master of arts from Wisconsin, and was assistant professor of English at Purdue when Will Hays snared him away to do publicity for the Republican Party.

The bereft Ziegfeld forthwith hired Walter Kingsley away from the Keith-Albee circuit. Mr. Kingsley, who frequently is pointed out to tourists and peasants as the typical New Yorker, and who grows misty-eyed at mention of the least hat-cleaning shop on Broadway, was born on the banks of the Erie Canal between Brockport and Holley, in Western New York State. For the past ten years, however, he has lived at the corner of Seventh Avenue and Fifty-fourth Street, and it is his wish that he die there and have "my ashes sprinkled over the magnificence of my city from an aeroplane." Kingsley once suggested to Mayor Walker that he declare an Old Home Week for all native New York citizens. The mayor objected that the town would be too lonesome that week.

Samuel Hoffenstein, who made the already famous Al Woods more so, was born in Lithuania, reared in Wilkes-Barre and is the author of a new book of verse, Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing, in its sixth edition when last reported—five more editions than the most sanguine publisher ever hopes for. Bob Sisk, press agent for the Theater Guild, came from the Baltimore Sun, and so is Terry Turner of Loew's a Baltimore man. Jerome Beatty of First National used to be a cub reporter in his native Lawrence, Kansas. Paul Gulick of Universal is from Hancock, New Hampshire. Harry Reichenbach, whose publicity coups are famous, if that is the word, is a native of Cumberland, Maryland. Ivy Ledbetter Lee, in a somewhat different field of effort, voiced his first counsel on public relations in Cedartown, Georgia. Edward L. Bernays is from Vienna, a nephew of the good doctor, Sigmund Freud.

Until the recent rise of the portentous Theater Guild, New York was virtually unrepresented in the industry which is Broadway. We will ignore actors for once—it being common knowledge that most of them were born in Centerville, Iowa, anyway—and confine this survey to producers, dramatists, and the like.

Five of the six heads of the Guild, Theresa Helburn, Helen Westley, Philip Moeller, Lee Simonson and Maurice Wertheim, are New Yorkers. The other, Lawrence Langner, was born in Swansea, Wales. Sam H. Harris is a native son and so is Gilbert Miller. John Golden was born in the city, though his family moved to Wauseon, Ohio, when he was a year old. And that concludes the list.

Where the Producers Were Produced

THOUGH he may have forgotten it, George M. Cohan was born in Providence. Belasco is a San Franciscan, of course; Ziegfeld is from Chicago, the Shuberts from Syracuse. Marc Klaw is Paducah's other famous son. Abraham Lincoln Erlanger was born in Buffalo. Arthur Hopkins is from Cleveland, Winthrop Ames from North Easton, Massachusetts. George C. Tyler, like Ted Lewis, was born in Circleville, Ohio. Edgar Selwyn and his brothers, Archie and Mike, whose name was changed from Simon, are Cincinnatians. Al Woods came from Budapest, Morris Gest from Vilna, Lithuania, and Jed Harris, who changed his name from Jacob Horowitz, was born in Vienna. William Harris, Jr., is a Bostonian, William A. Brady another San Franciscan. Brock Pemberton used to be a reporter on William Allen White's Emporia Gazette. Gene Buck is from Detroit, Earl Carroll from Pittsburgh.

Anne Nichols, whose Abie's Irish Rose is going again, this time as a picture, is the wealthiest woman ever born in Dales Mills, Georgia. Winchell Smith and Charles Dillingham are from Hartford. Peoria, Illinois, was the birthplace of Harry Frazee. Hassard Short is an Englishman. John Murray Anderson, who used to be an art dealer, was born in St. Johns, Newfoundland. Oliver Morosco was born in Logan, Utah; F. Ray Comstock in Buffalo. E. F. Albee is from Machias, Maine, via Boston. Edgar B. Davis, who has been running the Ladder free to all comers for more than a year because it expounds

(Continued on Page 126)

The Voice of the City is Phony

PARDON MY GLOVES

"Listen," I Said. "You're Butting In. Butt Out"

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY MARGE

I WAS sitting on the piazza of the Flatts House. I was sitting on a chair on the piazza of the Flatts House, when out of the sun parlor bursts Miss Mamie Cronin, and as soon as I saw her I was sunk.

I said to her, "Pardon me, but it is some fine day we are having, is it not?"

She said to me, seeing I was a gentleman, "Yes."

I said to her, "It is some fine weather we are having, is it not?"

She said "Yes."

I said, arising and bowing, "Will you take my chair?"

She said, "I am much obliged to you just the same, but there are plenty others."

I said, "Some fine color the water is in Bermuda, is it not?"

She looked over the railing at this water and said, "Yes, it is like a sort of a water color."

So that broke the ice and I gave her one of my calling cards.

"Mr. Llewellyn M'Cool," she read.

"Pleased to meet you," I said, arising and bowing. "And who is it, I may inquire, I have the honor not to be acquainted with?"

So she told me, and that was all right. And I said to her: "My attention is called to races at Shelly Bay this after. What is the matter with you and I grabbing a hack and taking these races in, Miss Cronin? May I have the honor to offer to escort you?"

"Let's," she said. So we grabbed a hack and got in. She got in first.

It was Darby Day. They mean Derby Day, like the hat, but they are mostly colored fellows. Everybody closes his souvenir store and goes to the track. They ride bikes and in hacks. If you are on a bike you better keep in the middle, because there are no traffic cops and everybody but you will be on the wrong side of the road. They will run into you, and their argument is that is how they do in Bermuda. Well, that is no argument and does not make wrong right. It is the same with buying anything, and you got to watch your change or you will get this foreign money. It is not that they don't know different, because they snap at American money like a wolf, but they got this other stuff to shove.

They got very good roads in Bermuda, because all they got to do is scrape off the dirt and there is this coral rock; and in ten minutes we were at the track and got out. She got out first.

So the colored fellow says "Four dollars."

"Four dollars!" cried Miss Cronin. "Did you ever?"

"And for what?" I said to him. "Are you selling or renting?"

"That is the fare," he said. And he seen a cop down by the track, and he hollered, "Hello, Ned! Are you doing anything?"

I said to myself slowly, "One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten." Then I said to him nicely, giving him a half dollar, "Here is your money." And then I gave him three dollars and a half more, saying, "And here is mine. Now you can buy another hack like that and open up big."

"You are certainly very nice about it," said Miss Cronin.

"I hope I am always a gentleman, Miss Cronin," I said.

The Shelly Bay track is half white and half colored. They leave the colored half of the fence down so the colored fellows can see the races. But if you want to see the races from the white side you will have to pay two dollars and a half, if you want to come inside and see good. There is not any rule saying the colored fellows can't pay two dollars and a half to see the races, but they are well trained and are willing to see them for nothing. They are a very nice class of colored fellows and they certainly own that country.

A strange thing about racing at this track is all the colored fellows know what horses are going to win. You don't believe that right away, but you find out different. You think to yourself, "Well, if these races are jobbed they are not telling all these colored fellows, are they?" Well, I don't know about that; I'm only telling you. Lots of colored fellows hollered out the winners before the horses went to the tape—the barrier is a piece of tape. But I was too wise, and that's where I sunk fifteen dollars on the first three races, which were all won by the colored fellows' picks. So I learned, and I put a five on a horse called Juniper that the colored fellows gave me.

And this Juniper won. Well, that was four times handrunning for the colored fellows and two more races on the card, and I thought to myself, "Very sweet, but how do the books stand the beating?" So, holding our ticket, Miss Cronin and I went around behind the betting booths to get our plunder. I said plunder; what would you call it?

"Some beating for the bookies, is it not, Miss Cronin?" I said, pointing out to her that almost everybody, except the colored fellows, was lined up at the windows with tickets. No, the colored fellows weren't there; they were all tourists.

Well, it seems the system at this track is the *pari mutuel;* meaning that the losing money is divided up among the winners. That is the fairest system and keeps away these sharks of bookies that prey on the public and maybe write a favorite down to even money or four to five. For instance, supposing a thousand dollars is bet on the losing horses and a hundred dollars on the winner, then the winner pays ten to one—see? Well, off all the money bet has got to come a rake-off for the stewards to maintain the sport of kings. I spoke about bookies before, and how could they stand it; that was before I got explained to me this *pari mutuel.* No, there weren't any bookies at this track; everything was high-class.

So I slapped my ticket down on the slab in the window, which was now open and paying off, and I said "Give me a ton of money."

He shoves four big iron dollars, though they were not dollars but crowns, as I learned to my cost when I tried them last week on the automat.

"Look here, pal," I said, letting him into the joke, because I was feeling very good about getting one on the nose; "I bet five dollars. Look at the ticket. So I guess I get my five back anyways, don't I?" And I nudged Miss Cronin in the ribs to let her in too.

"You bet five and the pay-off is four," said this clerk, brazening it out. "There was no losing money. Everybody had Juniper. Well, sir, the stewards must 'ave their 20 per cent of the betting money, win or lose, mustn't they now? Next, please."

"But didn't I win?" I said, willing to be reasonable.

"We're pressed for time, sir."

"Don't rush me," I said, getting warm. "I was on the last three races and lost. Did the winners pay off in them?"

"Oh, yes, sir. There was losing money."

"Oh, there was, was there?" I said, holding tight onto the window. And I said, "One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten."

"Won't he even give you your money back?" cried Miss Cronin.

"No, Miss Cronin," I said manfully, "he won't even give me my five back. Now, don't get ugly. That's how they do in Bermuda. Let's go away."

"Well," she said, impressed by the fact I was such a gentleman, "I must say you take things very nicely."

So we went back to the road and I thanked different colored fellows who offered to give me the winner of the next race. Gambling don't take hold on me. Gamblers are born and not made, what I think; I know fellows you can't tear away from a race track while they got a dollar. They get all smoked up and money-mad, but I'm not that way. I earn my money easy enough and I will let well enough alone.

Miss Cronin said, "Mr. M'Cool, you remind me a whole lot of my Uncle Frederick. He ruptured himself with

lifting a barrel of tar once and he takes everything very nicely. What do you do, Mr. M'Cool?"

"I am in the upholstered-leather business, Miss Cronin," I said to her. "What do you say if you and I take in a cave somewheres? What I hear—it is called to my attention that these caves are a great sight and well worth seeing. Should I call a hack?"

"Am I a cripple?" she says politely. "You are not got to spend all your money on me, Mr. M'Cool. Just because a fellow is a good sport, it don't say a girl got to gold-dig him. We can walk along and maybe we will find a cave for ourselves."

Well, try and do it. Try and find anything in that country that there is not a fellow standing by to collect a dollar. They charge you even to look in the ocean—a dollar and a half; see the sea gardens. So we walked along this road, but all the wonders of Nature we discovered had big signs in front of them and barkers rattling change in their pockets. The signs and barkers said, "See the Mammoth Cave. . . . See the Wild Jungle. . . . See the Giant Sea Serpent and Fee-rocious Octo-puss."

We came to a colored fellow sitting under a tree and picking the leaves off, and we made friends with him so as to get a straight steer. He told us it was a match-me-if-you-can tree, and no leaves alike, and anybody that can find two leaves alike would get a fortune. I only know what he told me, and maybe it isn't so, but anyway, he was making as much money as he would at the races, and maybe more. I gave him a half dollar and asked him for a real good cave, and he gave me the Miranda down the road. He left off fortune hunting and went off to fish for a gwalley; for fifty cents they lend you a string and a piece of meat, and you throw it in a pool and the tame fish bite it, and if you can pull one up on the bridge you can have it. It is some of the greatest fishing you can get anywhere, and very exciting.

You want to see the Miranda, if you want to see caves. It is a new one; the old ones are pretty well smoked up by the oil lamps they used to use. The colored fellows down there drill for caves like people in the States drill for oil. If a colored fellow can get a cave, he will cut a door into it through the coral, and the coral will build him a fine house where he can sit and watch for the steamers bringing his customers. It seems this Miranda was a farmer, growing lilies and potatoes, and about two years ago he got disgusted and went down to Flatts Village and took aboard a return cargo of this ale they call beer, and went home and fell in a hole and awoke up in a cave of unparalleled splendor. So now he got a coral mansion on his hill and a blonde in green tights in his cave to show tourists around for a dollar a crack. You should have his money.

We went in this Miranda cave, and it was all right, even if Miranda can let you look at it for a dollar and make money. Six of us Americans looked at once that time, and there was six dollars for Miranda, and without six times the expense. Miss Cronin said the blonde was pretty, too, but I said I couldn't see her, and Miss Cronin said not to be mean and give her a quarter.

She steered us around and told us what to look at and told us what it looked like. She said one was like an angel and one was like a lion and one like a policeman. She gave out: "Scientists tell us that if anybody tries to break off a stalactite—even a little one—when no one is looking, it will bring down the roof weighing millions of tons."

"There, Mr. M'Cool," said Miss Cronin, getting nervous. "I asked you not to, remember. You better put that one back." It seems that I was trying to snitch her a souvenir. I do not want a stalactite for myself; I could not use one.

"And in six hundred thousand years," said the blonde, "these stalactites and stalagmites will all grow together."

"Imagine," said Miss Cronin, her big blue eyes bugging. "And what about those pigs I seen yesterday over by the Spanish Rock—where did they come from?"

"They were left here by the Spaniards when they abandoned the island three hundred years ago. For forty years the island was abandoned except by the pigs. In an earthquake five hundred thousand years ago——"

"Abandoned?" said Miss Cronin. "But who fed the pigs?"

"They sent a man over from the hotel," said the blonde, getting peeved. "Scientists tell us that an earthquake five hundred thousand years ago ——"

"What day of the week, please?" I asked. I didn't like the way she picked up Miss Cronin. Miss Cronin got a kind heart, and that's why she asked.

"Thursday, the fourth of July," snapped the blonde. "Washington's Birthday fell on the Fourth of July that year and exploded it. If nobody cares, I would like to proceed with my lecture. Scientists tell us ——"

"The Way You Go On About Him, You Make Me Jealous," I Said, Jollying Her

So I gave her the quarter and we went upstairs again. Miss Cronin got a curious mind and she wanted to pump that blonde for more science and history, but I know when I'm outnumbered. That blonde could remember too far back.

Outside where you go into the Miranda there is a large rubber tree with roots spreading all over, and between these roots was sitting a young walyo. He wore red velvet pants and riding boots and a light blue silk shirt, and he was playing on a guitar.

Miss Cronin spotted this walyo right off, and she went up to him and said "Hello, Gil."

He said "Hallo, May-mee," and showed about two sets of teeth and went on tampering with his guitar.

Miss Cronin said, "Mr. M'Cool, this is my friend Mr. Gil Miranda. . . . Excuse me, Mr. Miranda; this is my friend Mr. M'Cool. . . . I met Mr. Miranda at the dance at the hotel."

I said "Pleased to meet you," and put out my hand, but he just nodded to let me know he saw me and didn't need to feel for me, so I took my hand back and put it in my pocket.

"Play something for me, Gil," asked Miss Cronin. "Mr. M'Cool, I was thinking that maybe you could get one seat in that hack that, I think, is going back to the hotel."

I went over and spoke to the bandit on the box and told him to wait because Miss Cronin would want to ride back to the hotel. I came back, and he was singing her a song and she was sitting snug beside him on the root.

When he got done Miss Cronin said, "Oh, I think that's something lovely, and would you mind if you gave me the words to always remember you by, in case such a thing as I do not see you any more? . . . Oh, hello, Mr. M'Cool."

So he wrote down the words in her date book, and I will show them to you so you can find what kind of a walyo he was.

We had arguments over that, and a very good walyo friend of mine in New York could not read that language, but he dug up a friend who could.

T'ambem o mar e casado
T'ambem o mar tem mulher,
E casado com a areia,
Bate nella quando quer.

It means, my walyo friend says: The ocean's wife is the sand; he knocks the hell out of her. I was surprised. It sounded like a very stylish song when this walyo was singing it under the rubber tree, but you give me a good old American song like Annie Laurie or the Chairs in the Parlor All Miss You. I may be old-fashioned, but one of the first lessons mom ever learned me was to respect women.

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I Came Back, and He Was Singing Her a Song and She Was Sitting Snug Beside Him on the Root

BEARLY POSSIBLE

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

EPIC PETERS temporarily had abandoned business for art. He lay stretched at full length on his bed in Sis Callie Flukers' boarding house and held his huge hands cupped against the center of his countenance.

From beneath the clasped hands came the moaning strains of an ancient opus called the Memphis Blues. The toes of the gangling Pullman porter wiggled to the tune and his eyes sparkled ecstatically.

Mr. Peters was content. This was his off day; the room was adequately heated against the chill of early December; and he was performing upon the harmonica as never before. He injected new and weird jazz effects into his blowing and terminated the syncopated melody with a display of triple-tonguing remarkable to hear.

He lowered the instrument from his lips and gave vent to a bit of self-praise.

"Hot ziggity dam!" ejaculated Epic. "I sho' is gittin' so I deals this harmonicum a fit!"

He produced a pocket handkerchief and polished the four-bit weapon earnestly. Then he placed it carefully in its pasteboard box and slipped the thing into his hip pocket. The harmonica was part and parcel of Epic's life. It was his never-failing companion in times of joy and stress; it furnished a musical outlet for his soul and an artistic expression of his pent-up emotions. It was always with him, and he was rapidly attaining recognition as the best mouth-organ player in dusky Birmingham.

He lay motionless, staring through the window at the austere sunshine of early winter. He luxuriated in this off day. His was a powerful tarrogatin' job, portering from Birmingham to New York and back again, with never an interruption save for these occasional lay-offs. Of course, there were some who eyed Mr. Peters with colossal envy, wishing that they had a job which demanded nothing but travel and plenty of it. Mr. Peters gazed upon these foolish persons with fine disdain. Reckon he knowed it wan't no cinch to sit up night after night answerin' buzzer calls an' impartin' answers to questions which wan't nothin' mo' than just plumb foolishment!

Of course, being a long-service man whose appearances on the company's roll of honor had been unusually frequent, Mr. Peters occasionally acquired a little gravy. Take this trip he was going on day after tomorrow —— Epic smiled in anticipation. Reckon the pickin's would be awful good on that trip! Once before he had portered on a football special with highly satisfactory financial results.

His musings were broken into by a wail of music. He ceased thinking. From some distance came the notes of the old familiar Turkey in the Straw. A slight frown creased the light mahogany complexion of the indolent Pullman porter. Could it be ——

It was! Unmistakably and absolutely, that music could originate nowhere in the world save in the bellows of Giovanni's accordion.

The effect on Mr. Peters was magical. He leaped from the bed and slung his clothes about him. He knew what the music of Giovanni's accordion meant.

"Golly!" murmured the long porter excitedly, as he adjusted collar and tie. "I sho' hope he's got that ol' bear with him!"

Three minutes later Epic departed Sis Callie's and, like a child of Hameln, ardently pursued the piper.

A crowd of children, gathered at the corner of Eighteenth Street and Avenue F, gave Mr. Peters the information he wanted. He traversed the distance to the corner with long, eager strides and gazed upon the scene of revelry with eyes big as saucers and sparkly as diamonds.

Large Paws Hugged Mr. Varonne Tightly and an Evil Face Was Shoved Against the Countenance of the Dice Hustler

In the middle of a circle of delighted children were three figures. One was the squat frame of Signor Giovanni Peppini, manipulator of a wheezy accordion and owner of Beppo. The second was the somewhat uncouth but muscular Emmanuel Acosti, who, having been signally unsuccessful in extorting a living from the profession of wrestling against humans, now devoted his efforts to tussling with a bear. The third in the group was Beppo—himself, in person!

It is true that in his native haunts Beppo might have been regarded as distinctly *déclassé*. He was a large bear, and very black. He was well advanced in years and vividly addicted to mange. But he was a willing, obedient servant who, instantly and without question, would perform his entire repertoire of tricks on proper signal.

Beppo knew two consecutive tricks. When his beloved Giovanni pumped the wheezy accordion and caused it to emit the strains of Turkey in the Straw, Beppo shook himself in a rhythmic manner which his owner was pleased to call dancing. This never failed to delight the children. But the bear's big act followed the first notes of the Memphis Blues.

At that cue, Beppo would cease shaking himself and advance upon the nonchalant Emmanuel Acosti. Emmanuel would bend forward at the waist, brace himself and come to grips with Beppo—and it was Emmanuel who was wont to complain bitterly that his job was no sinecure. He declared that Beppo was not so old as one would think and that his hug was, at times, unduly enthusiastic.

The trio had been in Birmingham for three months. Pickings had been slight but regular. But of all the contributors of cash whom Giovanni had noticed, there was no one who gave so generously or regularly as the long, tall, gangling negro, Epic Peters.

Today, as on other vacation days, Epic trailed the bear. It was always the same performance, but each repetition brought Mr. Peters increasing delight. It seemed as though he would never tire of the grotesque, dignified dancing of Beppo, or of Beppo's fierce growls while tussling with the unhappy Emmanuel. No one ever was hurt in these wrestling matches, but Epic was in constant timorous hope that something drastic would occur.

The group moved slowly across town, stopping on deserted street corners to repeat the performance. Giovanni's music was asthmatic and the efforts of Beppo and Emmanuel somewhat lethargic, but the owner of the bear knew by experience that he was sure of one interested spectator until nightfall. Once Epic joined the procession behind the bear, he never left.

At the corner of Eighth Avenue and Seventeenth Street, North, three newcomers added themselves to the group. Epic eyed them with interest. Unmistakably, they were college boys. They gazed affectionately at Beppo and then consulted among themselves. Epic saw one blond-haired lad produce a roll of bills and do some figuring.

Mr. Peters realized what was coming. Everybody in Birmingham knew that the athletes of Hilltop University were called the Black Bears. Furthermore, it was common knowledge that this year—for the first time in the proud history of Hilltop—the football team of the Black Bears had swept unchallenged through a difficult schedule which had included most of the best Southern gridiron aggregations.

At the same time a Chicago team had been blazing a victorious trail through its section of the country, so that the experts were agreed that nothing but a game between the teams of the Illinois school and Birmingham's Black Bears could possibly settle the vital question of a national football championship.

The game had been arranged as a post-season affair. Tremors of excitement shook Hilltop. A special train had been engaged for the Northern pilgrimage and all Birmingham was in a fever.

The trio of Hilltop students approached Giovanni and announced that they wished to negotiate for the purchase of Beppo.

The owner of the bear successfully concealed his exultation. Beppo was ancient and long past his period of greatest usefulness. So Giovanni named a price which was precisely twice what he was willing to accept.

There was a great deal of argument and bargaining. Eventually the students purchased Beppo at a price which Giovanni knew would buy a new and better bear and still leave a comfortable margin of profit. The boys were introduced to the animal and Beppo appeared to respond to their advances. At any rate, he followed them docilely as they turned toward the college. Epic gazed dolefully after them.

"White boys sho' is funny," he reflected. "I'll be dawgbit if I'd crave to run aroun' with no bears."

Dusk was settling over the city as Epic directed his steps toward the colored civic center. He rambled into the aromatic atmosphere of Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor and ordered a lavish meal of Brunswick stew, barbecued pork, coffee and meringue pie.

He was joined by the dusky fashion plate of Birmingham, Mr. Florian Slappey, who inquired solicitously after the health of Mr. Peters.

"Ise feelin' pretty tol'able, Florian. But I wuks pow'ful hard."

"Hmph! Foolishment what you talks. I reckon it's difficult fo' you to porter on that football special tomorrow, ain't it?"

"Porterin' on special trains is the favorite thing I hate to do."

"Well, I sho' wisht I could see that game. How you reckon it's comin' out?"

"I dunno nothin' 'bout football, an' "

"He don't know nothin' 'bout nothin', Florian."

Both men turned to survey the newcomer, and Epic grimaced with distaste. There was not the slightest love lost between Mr. Peters and Joe Bullock.

Mr. Bullock was a squat, powerful colored person who also portered on Pullmans. He was Epic's professional junior by several years and consequently was extremely jealous of the gangling colored man.

"Epic ain't got nothin' but mouf," he declared unpleasantly.

Mr. Peters arched his eyebrows. "I reckon you think you is somethin'?" he suggested.

"I reckon I do. An' what's mo', you is some day gwine reelize same."

Joe Bullock stared hostilely. Epic merely grinned with simulated good nature.

"Tripe!" said Epic.

"Yeh? Some day, Mistuh Peters, you is goin' to git me all riled up an' then you is suddenly gwine to become ain't. An' I tell you right heah an' now that Ise also porterin' on that football special tomorrow, an' if you butt into my car or try to git any of my tips ——"

"Loudness you utters, Joe Bullock. What you ain't got is no brains."

Epic turned back to his friend Florian, completely ignoring further comments from Joe. That person uttered a few uncomplimentary remarks and then ambled to the rear of the place, where he edged into an open game of Kelly pool. Joe was always ready and eager to gamble. Florian shook his head.

"You is the most unpopular man Joe Bullock is with," he remarked. "How come?"

"Jealousy," explained Epic. "He's sore 'cause I gits on the honor roll all the time an' he don't. Fum all I understan', he's lucky to hol' his job."

"Ain't you scared of him?"

Mr. Peters shook his head. "Naw, Florian. He ain't nothin' but a lot of wind. I really git amused at how much he don't like me."

The two friends spent the evening at the Frolic Theater, and later, after indulging in ham sandwiches, walked side by side to Sis Callie's, where both boarded.

At eleven o'clock the following morning Epic presented himself at the Terminal Station office of the Pullman company. He was not particularly happy over the prospect of the immediate future. Good tips, but plenty of work. He understood that his car had been sold out to male students. That foretold much excitement and little sleep for anybody. The young men of Hilltop were out for a good time.

"Only thing Ise grateful about," mused Mr. Peters, "is that the band ain't gwine be in my car."

The special train, eleven huge Pullmans and a diner, was on the farthest track. One hour before the train was due to depart, Epic went to his car and made a final inspection. Everything was shipshape and Mr. Peters loafed about the platform.

Joe Bullock was in uniform. Although the next car was his, the adjoining vestibules were not open, so that Mr. Bullock stood two car lengths away from his *bête noire*. Epic was pleased. The less conversation he had with Mr. Bullock, the more contented he was.

Mr. Bullock stood alone. He was suffused with unreasoning hatred of Epic. He ambitioned to do Mr. Peters a dirty trick. He stared unhappily through the steamy air—and his reverie was interrupted by two fair-haired seniors from Hilltop University, who showed him a drawing-room ticket and requested that he conduct them inside.

Once in the drawing-room, they closed the door and confronted Joe Bullock.

"Porter, you're a good scout, aren't you?"

"Yas-suh, boss men, I aims to be."

"Good! How would you like five dollars for yourself?"

Joe's eyes rolled. "Money is the fondest thing I is of."

"Then everything's jake. Now listen"—the spokesman lowered his voice—"you know our team is called the Black Bears, don't you?"

"Yas-suh."

"Well, we've bought a black bear—a real one—and we want to take him to Chicago in this drawing-room."

Joe stepped backward with more haste than grace. "In heah'"

"Yes."

"A black bear?"

"Right!"

"Alive?"

"You bet!"

"White folks," said Joe Bullock solemnly, "there mos' posolutely ain't nothin' stirrin'. It's against the Pullman rules, an' besides I don't crave to nurse no wile animals."

They argued, they pleaded, they attempted bribery. But avaricious as he was by nature, Mr. Bullock was not lacking in caution. He was absolutely certain that he didn't care to associate with any bears. He waved aside their argument that the bear was tame.

"No matter how tame he is, white folks, he's too wile fo' me. No bears can't ride on no Pullmans an'—an'——" An idea smote him suddenly and the ghost of a grin creased his lips. "Wait a minute—just a li'l' minute till I gits reflective."

They waited eagerly. "If there's any way, porter ——"

Joe Bullock was smiling. "Who's got the drawin'-room in the next car back?" he asked suddenly.

"Friends of ours," answered one of the students promptly. "Why?"

"'Cause maybe," ventured Joe—"maybe I might fix things up to get the bear in that drawin'-room, provided you can swap with the fellers that has it."

"You mean that?"

"It's the one thing I don't mean nothin' else but." He eyed them speculatively. "It'll cos' you the same as you promised me an' I ain't gwine be 'sponsible."

"That's all right. Wait a few minutes."

They were off in a hurry. At the steps leading up from the underground passage beneath the Terminal Station they intercepted the three students who had the drawing-room in Epic Peters' car. Explanations were made. If the drawing-rooms were shifted, the squat porter in the next car was willing to help them smuggle the mascot on board the train.

Tickets were exchanged and they returned triumphantly to Joe Bullock. Without a word to Epic, Mr. Bullock

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They Gazed Affectionately at Beppo and Then Consulted Among Themselves

SWORDS AND ROSES

Military Figure in Bronze—By Joseph Hergesheimer

THE actuality of war between the North and South began in a totally unnecessary and blundering engagement—the reduction of Fort Sumter. The attack was skillfully planned, the Confederate batteries accurately laid, Fort Sumter was fast battered into an honorable submission, but that end had not been officially provoked by the Union Government in Washington or desired by the government of the South at Montgomery. This success mocked by futility was characteristic of the whole military career of General Pierre Gustave Toutant Beauregard, newly put in command of the state troops of South Carolina.

At the end of December, 1860, Major Robert Anderson, commanding two companies of United States artillery at Fort Moultrie, moved his gunners into the greater security of Fort Sumter, and immediately Charleston put itself in a state of war. In January a transport steamer, the Star of the West, attempted to bring arms and supplies and reënforcements to Anderson, but the battery on Morris Island made a landing impossible. The Star of the West was driven out to sea. General Scott, for the Union, wanted to withdraw the troops from Fort Sumter. Four members of Mr. Lincoln's cabinet agreed with Mr. Seward in assuring the President that the fort could not be provisioned. Major Anderson sent word that he would require twenty thousand men for a successful defense. The full strength of the United States Army was seventeen thousand. Then Washington—at that time with no will to fire the first or any other gun—decided to ship provisions to Fort Sumter; Mr. Lincoln sent word of this to the governor of South Carolina; and Beauregard telegraphed the formal notice to the Confederate Secretary of War.

Fairfax Courthouse, the Headquarters of General Beauregard

General P. G. T. Beauregard

On the tenth of April, Beauregard was ordered to demand the surrender of Sumter; if that was refused he was to proceed with its reduction by force. Major Anderson declined to withdraw and at the same time admitted to the aides bearing Beauregard's note that if the Confederates didn't batter the fort to pieces he would be starved out in a very few days. This admission General Beauregard repeated to his government, and he was advised that the South did not desire needlessly to bombard Fort Sumter. If Major Anderson would state the time at which he would leave, Beauregard was authorized to avoid the effusion of blood. Anderson was informed of this further offer, but he felt obliged to maintain a saving condition in his reply. He would withdraw at noon of the fifteenth, provided he received no supplies or further instructions from his Government. This was not held to be satisfactory and at half-past four, on the morning of April twelfth, Fort Johnson fired the first shell.

It was quickly followed by another from Cumming's Point; and then the circle of batteries, a ring of fire, opened upon Sumter. At seven o'clock, after a breakfast of pork and defective rice, Fort Sumter replied. It was all extravagantly useless. The actual firing had not been ordered by General Beauregard; his aides, South Carolinians, assumed that responsibility. Probably Beauregard would again have transmitted Anderson's reply to Montgomery; in no more than another day the South could have peacefully occupied Fort Sumter. Peace, however, even the slightest delay, was obnoxious to the spirit, the determination, of Charleston. South Carolina had utterly seceded from the Union. The Battery, the wharves, the balconies that overlooked the bay, the housetops, were crowded with spectators. In the generality of men and women watching the flight and explosion of shells, there was a passionate enthusiasm, the sense of a long-delayed and priceless freedom; they were not only willing but eager to assume the responsibility of war; but there was a shadow and a weight on the hearts of the more thoughtful and the better informed.

General Beauregard, however, who owned a very vivid and dramatic imagination, saw in any proposed relief the menace of a naval descent on the coast of South Carolina. A number of merchant vessels standing off the bar, awaiting the result of the bombardment, took the shape of a United States fleet. Beauregard was certain that four large steamers were plainly in view. Six men-of-war were reported in the offing. The United States ship Baltic, commanding the expedition of relief, arrived off Charleston an hour and a half after the action began; she found only one warship present; another came up at seven, and the Powhatan, carrying the actual necessities of the expedition, Mr. Seward, for reasons of his own, had diverted to Florida.

All day the bombardment continued, but in the early afternoon the firing from Fort Sumter diminished; at dark it stopped completely; but through the night—it was extraordinarily thick and stormy—the Southern mortars discharged occasional shells. In the morning—Saturday—all the Confederate batteries went into action, and Sumter returned a fire directed especially upon Fort Moultrie. Soon, however, Fort Sumter was seen to be on fire—forty rounds of hot shot had been thrown into it from an eight-inch columbiad gun served by a detachment of Company B under Lieutenant Alfred Rhett. At one o'clock the Union flagstaff was shot away, but it was immediately replaced in a smoke bright with flames. That was marked by cheers from the Confederate parapets; the Southern troops cheered Major Anderson when the shots of Sumter were successful; they hooted and jeered at the United States ships of war inactive outside.

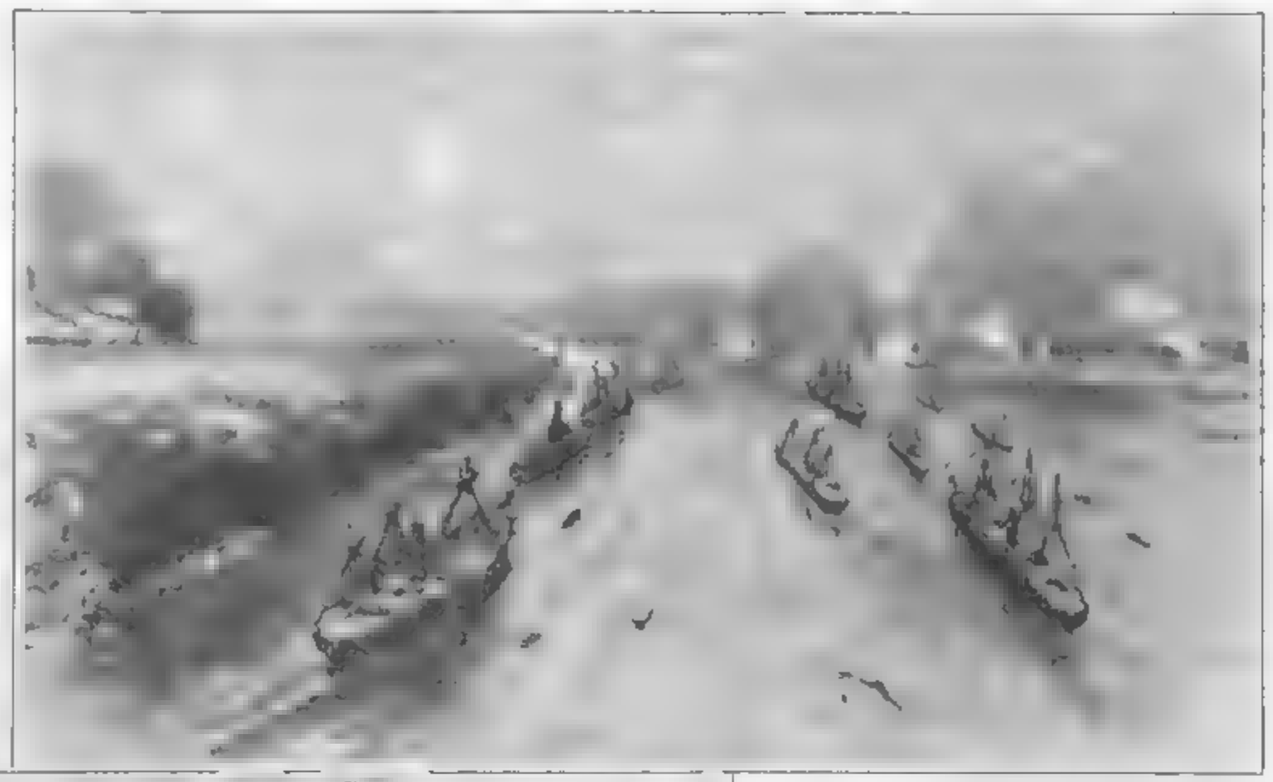
General Beauregard dispatched three aides with an offer of assistance to Anderson; he refused help; but immediately afterward a white flag was flown from Fort Sumter. The terms of surrender were honorable. "I marched out of the fort," Major Anderson reported, "Sunday afternoon, the fourteenth instant, with colors flying and drums beating, bringing away company and private property, and saluting my flag with fifty guns." There were salutes from all the surrounding batteries; the palmetto and Confederate flags were raised simultaneously over the damaged walls of Sumter. General Beauregard, during that ceremony, did not appear; he had no wish to contribute to the embarrassment of Anderson, who, at West Point, had been his professor and his friend.

Fort Sumter was occupied, and the triumph of Confederate arms, a victory without the loss of a man on either side, celebrated in the churches of Charleston; a Te Deum was sung in the cathedral. General Beauregard, in the orders of the day, congratulated his troops on the brilliant success which had crowned their gallantry. He proceeded with great energy in the rebuilding of Sumter; the embrasures on the upper casements were filled with fresh brick masonry and showed only narrow loopholes; a large traverse of concrete and brick was constructed to protect the barbette guns of the right face from ships; two casement howitzers were mounted at the sally port for the defense of the quay and the pier; a telegraph connection with the city was strung by way of James Island. A system of cranks and cogwheels was invented that permitted the guns to keep their aim on moving objects, and the hot-shot furnaces were restored. The fort was supplied with a gas works, a bakery, a forge, a fire engine, a shoe factory, a machine for converting salt water into fresh. Beauregard organized the troops created by the state of South Carolina; at the request of Governor Pickens he made a complete reconnaissance of the coast. Jefferson Davis telegraphed him, "Thanks for your achievement and for your courtesy to the garrison of Sumter. If occasion offers

tender my friendly remembrance to Major Anderson." South Carolina, by an act of legislature, gave Beauregard the privilege of educating two pupils at the military schools of the state. The Confederate Congress memorialized his skill and fortitude and courage.

General Beauregard's family had been distinguished in a military sense for six hundred years. An ancestor, Tider, who was called the Young, led a revolt of Welshmen against Edward I in 1290. It failed and Tider escaped to France, where he was cordially received by Philip IV, and became part of the court. He married Mademoiselle de Lafayette, a maid of honor to Marguerite, Philip's sister. Jacques Toutant-Beauregard, in command of a flotilla under Louis XIV, decorated with the Cross of St. Louis, was the first of his blood to come to Louisiana; he remained there and married Madeleine Cartier. They had three sons, and one of them, Louis, wedded Victorine Ducros. Louis and Victorine, for their part, had a daughter and two sons; the younger married Helene Judith de Reggio, a descendant of the dukes of Reggio and Modena and the house of Este. Pierre Gustave Toutant Beauregard was their third child.

Pierre Beauregard was born in the parish of St. Bernard, near New Orleans, in the May of 1818. He went to a primary school for politely born boys kept by V. Debouchel—he was eight years old and had a passion for military affairs—and was then taken to New York and placed under the instruction of the Messieurs Peugnet. The Messieurs Peugnet were retired officers of the French Army who had served under the magnificent Napoleon, one a captain of cavalry and the other captain in the engineers, and Pierre Beauregard's military taste was confirmed. He learned, in addition, to speak English. At sixteen he entered the Military Academy at West Point and graduated second in the class of 1838. The July of that year he was appointed second lieutenant of the corps of engineers.



Federal Schooners Off Fort Jackson and Fort St. Philip. The First Day's Bombardment

A Scene on the Floating Battery in Charleston Harbor, During the Bombardment of Fort Sumter

The Bombardment of Fort Jackson and Fort St. Philip by Federal Ships Under Admiral Farragut, April 24, 1862

His marriages—there were two, long separated—were no less brilliant than those of his ancestors. Marie Laure Villeré was the daughter of Jules Villeré, of Magnolia Plantations, and Perle Olivier, daughter of Colonel Charles Olivier. A Villeré—Étienne—had accompanied Iberville and De Bienville to America in 1699. His descendant was that Governor Villeré who succeeded Claiborne in 1816. Beauregard's second wife was Caroline Deslondes, one of four very lovely daughters of a celebrated Creole family.

Immediately after his early marriage the war with Mexico began, and at once Beauregard entered upon the art to which his being was addressed; together with Captain Bernard of the United States Engineers, he fortified the city of Tampico. In March, 1847, he joined the expedition under Major General Scott against Mexico City. Beauregard distinguished himself at the siege of Vera Cruz, in bold tours of hazardous duty in the mountain passes of Cerro Gordo and throughout the engagements in the valley of Mexico. His plan for the attack of Mexico City, at first rejected by older officers, was finally adopted and resulted in victory. He was promoted to a captaincy for gallant conduct in the battles of Contreras and Churubusco, August, 1847. His bravery at the heights of Chapultepec, in September, brought him a majority.

The later difficulties and failures of his commands under the Confederacy were not due to any military fault in Beauregard but to the circumstances of his personality and surroundings; Louisiana—forgetful of the Spanish occupation—remained French in spirit until it was finally absorbed into the United States. It was bound to the Confederacy by situation and sentiment; but its Latin traditions, its formal civilization, were foreign to the nationality and laws and temper of Missouri and Alabama, Georgia and Mississippi. Pierre Beauregard, principally French in blood, was reared upon French institutions and habits of thought and ideals. His conception of perfect glory was Napoleon. He was, accordingly, sustained with an insensate pride, a fantastic, serious vanity. He regarded his birth and position and talents without an atom of compensating humor.

The deep South, a landed and slave-owning society, was at the same time peculiarly American. It had acquired its freedom too lately; Thomas Jefferson had not been long enough dead for it to have become aristocratic at heart. A feeling of equality, of the integrity of the individual, was still strong. The American character, especially American humor, was fundamentally realistic; it was skeptical; hard circumstance colored it, rather than dreams. General Washington in nothing resembled the Emperor Napoleon. Pierre Gustave Toutant Beauregard had a spirit different from the actualities around him; he never, it was clear, understood them; he remained to the end as handsome as possible, a soldier in bronze. This was not evident in his contact with the men under him; he was—a good general always careful of their needs; his democracy where they were concerned was easy and complete.

His difficulties were created by his attitude toward equals, toward his superiors. It was not invariably plain to his equals that he held them in equality; his superiors were permitted to doubt his allowance of their superiority. Beauregard spoke and wrote valiantly, his words had the ring of metal, the touch of formal greatness that was in him. He wrote and spoke, because of this, with frequency and with zest; he was forever addressing his troops and the Confederate Congress and Jefferson Davis. He was full of dreams and elaborate plans for the immediate ending of the war, the complete destruction of the North. They were all dramatic, remarkable, and none was quite possible.

The Congress at Richmond and Mr. Davis, in return, met him with an increasing coldness; they rapidly lost confidence in him, and the President's feeling, characteristically, advanced to an acute dislike. A soldier in the mold and form of the First Napoleon, in bronze, had little place in the harassed consciousness of the Confederate Government. His courage and devotion were admitted, but his ability—even his proved skill in military engineering—was worse than questioned. He was, incontestably, treated very badly: at first regarded as the appropriate leader of all the Southern forces, he was ordered from command to command, from post to post, with no attention paid his dignity, his rank, or to his possibilities. Beauregard behaved, under the circumstances, remarkably well; his whole career was a struggle between his enormous pride and a conception of duty. In practically every case duty won. He went wherever he was directed, he did what he could with the material and opportunities offered him, he never failed to gild even the smallest actions with the glamour of his intense and bravely romantic visions.

In action General Beauregard was wholly calm; defeat was powerless to shake him; he undertook difficult measures and issued momentous orders with a prompt clarity of mind. He led his charging troops with a brilliant bearing that swept every soldier forward with him. Beauregard, at critical moments, could even forget rhetoric; he wrote Van Dorn, who had asked for arms, "I regret I have none . . . but we will take more. Come on." His dispatches, as I have intimated, were not always so admirably restrained:

"About dark on the first calm night," he addressed a subordinate officer, "the sooner the better, I would rendezvous

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SWAG

By CHARLES FRANCIS COE

ILLUSTRATED BY SAUL TEPPER

VII

WHEN a fellow is scared he knows what is the matter with him and knows what he can do about it. When he is mad and has to fight, he knows, too, where he stands. But when he has to sit on the edge of a bed and just watch a man rub his eye and wait until that man speaks before he knows anything at all about what is going to happen, then, I say, he is in a jam! That was the way I felt with Bill Nigel standing there. Had Byra told him all I said? Had he come to fire me, or to beat me up? Or just to tell me what a mean little rat I was, and throw me downstairs—or what?

Finally he said, "What are you saving there, Johnny?" He glanced at Crab's letter that I was still clutching in my hand.

"A letter—a letter from Crab Daniels," I told him. I was watching him as close as I ever watched anybody in my life, but all I could see in his face was a sort of tired feeling that I never had noticed before. His eyes had calmed down—if that was possible—and there was a faint look of hopelessness in his face.

I have seen it there very often since that night; seen it very plain when George kept crowding closer and closer and things got more and more threatening for us all. But that was the first time I ever noticed it. He did not seem mad at me. It was more as though he just wanted to talk to me and have me talk back to him. He wanted company.

"There is nothing on earth like a real pal," he said. His voice was low. "I never had as close a pal as you have in Crab. That was what made me fall so hard for you, Johnny—the way you stuck to Crab; shared your last dime with him."

"He did with me, too."

"I know. That's just it. I never had that. I've always found that you couldn't trust anybody, and I've always played the game along those lines." I didn't answer. After a minute he sat down beside me on the bed and ran his hand through his hair. That was the first time I ever saw Bill's hair untidy.

"I'm changing," he said. "You're just a kid and don't realize what I mean, but I like to talk to you. I guess it's because there is nobody else I can talk to." I thought he was going to tell me that he was a crook and sorry that was so. But I was wrong. "I've changed like the devil since—since that girl came around here, kid. Sounds nutty, eh? But it's true. She's the finest thing I ever saw—that Byra."

"I Was Robbed This Morning, Understand?"

Right then I could have killed him. What was the big idea of saying that I was a kid and did not understand such things? Byra was mine!

Now he came messing around and I could see that he was falling in love with her. She seemed sure to love him too. How could my poor clothes match his? Where did I fit, to be taking her out to the kind of shows she wanted to see? She studied music and knew all about it, and you couldn't fool her on cheap shows.

Right then, if Bill had made me a proposition to turn crook and make a lot of money, I think I would have done it. That is the way half of all the crooks get their bad start—it is because they need money to spend on the girl they love. But I never let on to Bill how I felt and he was too blind to see it for himself. He was still running his hand through his hair and, as he sat there beside me, his eyes were gazing at his feet.

Bill Teetered on His Feet a Second, Then Just Sank Out of Sight the Other Side of the Counter

"Honest," he kind of laughed, "I guess I'm in love. But if you ever crack that to anybody I'll knock your goofy hair off!" He whirled toward me, and the threat lost power because his eyes were soft as could be and about his lips clung a sort of kid grin, like he was a little ashamed of himself.

"I won't tell," I said. "She is a fine girl, Byra is. Pretty, too, huh?"

"Pretty?" Bill snapped. "Just with a glance she'd knock any sunset on earth into a rain cloud. I guess I'm gone all right. She went to the show with me tonight. If you think she is pretty around here, you ought to see her when she hears fine music! Boy! Her eyes light up like electric bulbs and she sits very still, with her red lips parted just the least little bit and the glare of the lights dancing on her teeth. Gee, kid, who wouldn't fall?"

I nodded. If Bill had been thinking less about her he would have seen the kind of thoughts I was having myself. But I knew that Byra hadn't told him about me, and that consoled me a lot. If she loved him, I figured, she would have told him. Then, if she hadn't told him, either she didn't love him or she did love me.

Well, figure it any way you like, but she hadn't told him, and that pleased me.

Finally Bill stood up and walked around the room. He lit a cigarette. He forgot, and offered me one and kind of grinned when I shook my head. He had a gold lighter that always worked. He walked around the room a long time and I just sat there watching him.

At last he laughed a little and said, "You fall hard for Crab, don't you?"

"You bet I do. I wish he was here," I said.

"That's the way I am toward Byra. I fall hard for her," he told me. "Did she ever tell you about her home?"

"She never tells me anything, Bill," I said. "We just work when we're down in the store, that's all."

That was a sweet lie, of course, but the very fact that Bill didn't see through it gave me courage to try more on him later. I began to see that Bill was human after all and that he could be kidded. I needed just that to keep a straight course. Even while he was there in the room I promised myself that, no matter if they killed a pawnbroker in the place three times a day, I never would quit and leave Byra there. It made it a lot worse now that Bill was in love with her.

I shall give you three guesses about how much sleeping I did that night. Bill left me with another warning not to say anything. I got the idea he was a bit ashamed of having told me about his feelings. It seemed to me, what with Red and Bill both warning me to keep silent and Byra keeping secrets for me, everybody on earth had something to hide.

I just laid there in bed and wondered what to do about everything. I thought a lot about writing to Crab and telling him all about things. But I decided against that. Actors are like artists—all they think of is art, and even if some of them have pretty punk ideas about it, they still think the same way and blame the world for ignorance. In matters of business they are not very good.

Then I got to thinking about this merchant, Belzer. He was using our truck in the morning and Red said he was using it to put Bill in the commercial-fence racket. I tried hard to figure that out, but all I did was figure in circles until the window at the head of the bed began to grow gray and I knew night had passed. I went to sleep then, because I felt that nobody would be walking into my room through the wall while it was daylight.

The next morning I was down early and I opened the mail for Byra. That was meant just to show her that I liked her in spite of everything. One thing in the mail started me off all wrong again. It was a bill from this Belzer—a bill for six thousand dollars. It was for bolts of silk. I was puzzled because I could not see how it could be dishonest if Bill Nigel had to pay him all that money. I figured right away that the truck would be used for the delivery of the silk, and I wondered if I would have to go around selling the stuff. Bill came down a little after nine, and he had a list written on paper in his hand. He smiled at me and leaned over the counter beside me.

"I'll hang around here for the next two or three hours, Johnny," he said. "There's an auction sale down the street and I want you to take this list and go down there. Tell the auctioneer you're bidding for me. Then when he gives you the sign to bid, you bid the figure written opposite each item here."

I took the list and checked it over with Bill. Then I took my hat and went to the public auction room. It was a place almost as cluttered as the old pawnshop had been, and spread all around it was a lot of junk that people could look at if they wanted to before the sale opened. Outside the door of the store itself there was hung a red flag with white letters on it stating that here was an auction.

I went in and looked up the auctioneer. I told him what Bill had said. He shook my hand and put his arm around my shoulder and talked to me like he had known me all my life. I didn't like him. He was a greasy kind of guy with very black hair and big pores on his nose. Anything on his nose would be big, because it had so much

room to grow on. His eyes were set very close together in spite of his big nose, and they bulged out like he was surprised all the time. His hands were dirty with the dust of the place.

"You stand right there by the platform, Johnny," he told me. His voice was thick and his words ran together "I know all the stuff that Bill has sent in here and I'll tip you off each time and close out quick. But I guess we won't have no trouble."

The sale started at ten o'clock and there were about a dozen people in the place. I stood right under the platform where this greasy chap was talking. He auctioned off a few things like tables and pictures and one or two watches, then he stuck his foot across the platform and poked me with his toe.

"I have here a white stone," he said. "What am I offered for this white stone? What am I offered? What do I hear? A fine white stone ——"

I looked on the list and read: "$268.30." I bid that.

"Sold to this gentleman who bids ——" his voice died away, and nobody knew what I bid, unless they heard me say it. The white stone was put in a tray near me. I looked at it and saw that it was a very beautiful diamond. Anybody in the room would have paid a thousand or even two thousand dollars for it, if they had seen it and known what it was.

That went on until one o'clock. During that time I bid in more than four thousand dollars' worth of stuff, and each time I bid nobody else got a chance to bid against me, because this auctioneer handled things so fast and furious when he came to stuff that was on my list. I admit I couldn't figure it all out. I knew that Bill was working some scheme and I finally decided that he was just buying in stuff very cheap. But the owner of the stuff never would sell it for that price, I was sure. It was a mystery to me.

It is just as easy to tell you now what the game was. All this stuff was diamonds and jewelry that Uncle Isaac had loaned money on while he ran the pawnshop. Under the law it had to be held twelve months, then advertised and sold at public auction. That meant thirteen months before the article pledged was allowed to be sold. Then, when it was sold, the original owner of it had the right to make the pawnbroker return to him all the money he got for the article above the original loan and the interest. That is the law, and it is a good law except that it does not work. The way Bill beat the law was by such sales as this one. He would loan two or three hundred dollars on a fine diamond, then sell it at auction as "a white stone." He had the auctioneer fixed so that he could buy in the stone at his own price.

That done, his records showed the sale of the stone and no money due the original owner. But it let Bill sell the stone then at something like its true value. That is the game many pawnbrokers work, and it is very hard to catch them at it.

Pawnbrokers that try to be honest are often in a very bad position. I found out afterward that that was why Bill really got out of the loaning business. How can a broker tell if a thing is stolen? He loans money on it, then he reports it that same day to the police, along with a detailed description of the article pawned. Right away the information is filed at police headquarters and checked against missing property.

Very often a thing is identified from the cards. Then headquarters calls the precinct that first reported the loss and tells them that the missing article is at a certain pawnshop. Right away a detective gets the owner of the article and takes him to the pawnshop to identify his property. When that is done the owner is told to demand a return of his property.

Usually the broker offers to return it for the amount he loaned. If the owner refuses to pay, the broker refuses to return the property. Then the detective takes both parties before the license bureau, which sits as a court. Even if the bureau orders a return of the article, the broker can still refuse and take the thing to Superior Court.

Identification is the hardest thing in the world to establish in court, and lots of times a broker is able to keep what he gets even though everybody knows very well it is stolen goods. If you ever get in a jam like that and want the thing that was stolen from you, pay the broker the amount of his loan and be done with it.

For a long time, I learned, Bill had specialized in uncut diamonds, because even the greatest expert in the world cannot identify a diamond to the satisfaction of the court. He can swear that he cut a stone exactly like the one in question, but he cannot swear that nobody else ever did. There might be two.

Even when Bill bought a stolen diamond—one that he knew was stolen when he bought it—he was pretty safe. That is the big trouble with fences. They are the hardest class of criminals in the world to convict, yet without them, crime would drop off 50 per cent, because the thief has got to have a way to sell what he steals.

If I ever was going to be a crook, I'd be a fence. It is very profitable. It's a lucky thief who gets from the fence 20 per cent of the value of what he steals.

In telling you all this stuff, I am trying hard to stick to things as they happened, but if you are to get the real picture of it all, you must let me switch off the track a bit at times. I tell the things as I learned them myself most of the time, but now and then I want to explain things in advance, so that you'll understand them better when the time comes when they play a big part in the story.

To show you how hopeless the fence laws are and how tough a game the cop has in nailing a fence, laugh this one off:

Cally Dolan once brought a man in to see Bill in the jewelry store Bill ran on the better street behind my store. The man was wearing a very nice diamond pin, and Bill looked it over as they talked about other things. After the man was gone Bill told Cally what he would pay him for the stone in the man's pin. Cally then stole the pin and brought it to Bill.

It was rushed down into that hidden passage and there, with the dainty little tools I had seen there, was taken out of its setting. Within an hour of the time that Cally stole and delivered the pin, a detective trailed him to the store. He arrested Cally, and he arrested Bill as a receiver of stolen goods. He even got the stone, because Bill promptly gave it to him and admitted buying it from Cally.

But nothing happened—that is, nothing happened to Bill. Cally stood by him and said that Bill knew nothing about where the stone came from when he bought it. That let Bill out, but left Cally in. Just as soon as that was settled, Cally pleaded not guilty to stealing the pin and Bill paid plenty to see that he was released. He was. The stone couldn't be identified to the full satisfaction of the courts. What good did it do the cop to catch his man that time? And even if Cally had crossed Bill and testified against him, Bill would have been safe still. Cally had been

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"What am I Offered for This White Stone? What am I Offered? What Do I Hear? A Fine White Stone ——"

THE DUKE STEPS OUT

"You Mean You Want to Break Our Date," the Duke Said, Looking Into Her Eyes. She Nodded. "I'm Afraid I Must. I'm Terribly Sorry." "So am I," the Duke Said

By Lucian Cary

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

V

THE Duke called up the Gamma Delta house at intervals of two hours all day Saturday, until at seven o'clock in the evening he got Miss Corbin on the telephone and told her he wanted a date.

"Oh," she said, "I really couldn't. The midyear exams begin Monday and then comes prom week and I haven't any time at all."

She didn't sound hostile; she was merely matter-of-fact.

"I know how it is," the Duke said. "But I wish you would set a day. Make it after the prom if you must."

"What do you want to do—quarrel?" she asked.

"You know I don't," the Duke said, startled.

"I know we will," she replied. "But have it your own way. Hold the wire while I find my date book." The Duke sat holding the receiver to his ear and listening intently for the return of her delicious voice. "The first free day I have is in March," she said.

"But this is January," he protested.

"I know. Isn't it silly to make dates so far ahead?"

"I think it's criminal," the Duke said.

"Then let's not make one."

"That's not what I mean," the Duke assured her hastily. "If it must be March, March it must be."

"Very well," she said. "We'll make it March sixth—that's a Sunday. A blind date?"

"Couldn't we drive somewhere?"

"Oh," she said, "I would like to try that car of yours. I've never driven a Benham. Do bring it."

The Duke felt a little shaky when she hung up, the way he had often felt in the ring when the referee had seized his arm and held it up to announce to the crowd that he was the winner and all the tension under which he had fought was suddenly gone.

He hated waiting five weeks before he could see her alone. But he could wait, knowing that he actually had the date.

He began to go over their talk on the telephone, remembering what he had said and what she had said, and asking himself how much she had meant by that remark about quarreling. It was almost intimate. It admitted that there was something between them. She would hardly have said as much to any man she had just met or perhaps she would. She was in a position to say anything that came into her head. She could afford to say what she pleased and let people think what they pleased. That was one of her charms—that she wasn't afraid of anything. If you got to know her at all you would know the real girl and not her fancy picture of herself the kind of thing most girls tried to pass off on you. You could put up with her arrogance because—well, she had a right to be arrogant.

The Duke looked around the large front bedroom of the Kingsbury house, in which he sat beside the telephone extension. It would make an excellent library and study. He had never had a home before. Every time he had left a hotel in New York he had stored the books he had collected during his stay. Now he could get them all together. He would have bookshelves built, running from floor to ceiling and painted white like Pauline Gardiner's. He would get lists of books from Professor Gardiner and send in an order. He had read voraciously but haphazardly, one book leading to another, until he had discovered Mr. H. L. Mencken. Thereafter he had bought every book that critic had recommended. But now he began to wonder if Mr. Mencken was a complete guide to letters. He felt that some glamorous part of life had been left out of Mencken's view—the way you felt about a girl like Susan Corbin, for instance.

On the impulse the Duke called up Pauline Gardiner and asked her if he might call for her in the morning, and if she would mind going over his house with him and suggesting what it needed.

"Oh," Pauline Gardiner cried, "I'd be delighted. You know I would. But of course the Kingsburys' house is supposed to be perfect."

"I want to make it look as if somebody lived in it," the Duke explained.

"Exactly," Pauline said. "It always has looked as if nobody ever smoked a cigarette or read or book or wrote a letter or had a drink in it."

They worked it all out Sunday afternoon, rearranging the furniture and making lists of things to be bought—lamps and occasional tables and ash trays and a sofa and a noble supply of glassware against the day when he would give a party. The Duke was so occupied with domesticity that he forgot they were going to the Wilsons' at seven o'clock until they sat down in front of the living-room fire.

"Do you suppose she'll be there?" he asked Pauline.

"I don't know. She may come in and she may not."

"I'd almost rather she wouldn't be there," the Duke said. "My hunch is to stay out of the picture until the sixth of March and ——"

"—— flirt madly with *me*," Pauline finished.

"—— do a lot of reading," the Duke said.

She smiled at him provocatively. "You don't really think you'd learn as much from books as you would from me, do you?"

"No," the Duke said. "But books are safe. You don't get involved with books."

"I promise you shan't get involved."

The Duke shook his head. "You mean you will promise not to be charming?"

Pauline laughed. "No," she said. "Naturally, I'll vamp you if I can."

The Duke looked at her with a certain apprehension. She wasn't pretty and she wasn't beautiful. But she was handsome. She had long handsome legs and she would as soon have rolled her stockings as have worn a hat that was unbecoming. She had a lure that very young women almost never have—she was bold without being either

awkward or pathetic. And she had such a good disposition. The Duke was shocked to find himself struggling with a most unprincipled impulse—the impulse to kiss Pauline. And the devilish part of it was that she knew it as well as he did.

He jumped up quickly, breaking the subtle tension between them.

"What an incorruptible boy you are," she said softly.

"No," he said, "I'm not. Consequently I'm going upstairs to dress."

He thought hard while he was getting into his dinner clothes. He didn't know just how much Pauline was taking advantage of his correctness to tease him and how much she wanted a flirtation. It occurred to him suddenly that there wasn't any opposition between the two purposes. She probably wanted both. He liked her, and yet he was a little annoyed with her too. It is always annoying to a man to find that he may be more flirtatious than he can be.

The Duke, tying a bow under the broad wings of his collar with expert fingers, found an excuse for himself in his profession. Other men could do as they pleased, but a prize fighter had to be careful, else some tough boy would beat him. It was the tradition of the ring—a tradition sustained by many examples and eloquently preached by Jake Levy.

The Duke slipped into his dinner jacket and gave himself the once-over in the mirror. He might as well be honest with himself. It wasn't only that he was a prize fighter and so subject to rules of conduct more stringent than other men knew. It was something in himself also. He had never been much tempted by the complaisant girls he had known. He had wanted more spirit. He had wanted it so much that he had never found it difficult to manage the pretty ladies that his rivals had put in his way, and who so quickly let him know how amiable they could be. Well, he had found it at last. Susan Corbin had spirit—perhaps too much.

When he got downstairs Pauline remarked, "You were quick." She gave him a slow, appraising look, her head a little on one side. "You're really too perfect," she continued. "No wonder Susie has it in for you."

They stopped at her house long enough for her to change her dress and for Professor Gardiner to beg off going to the Wilsons'. He had themes to correct.

"I hope you'll unbend a little," Pauline said to the Duke when they were in the Benham again. "The Wilsons are the most hospitable people in the world. You're so correct and moral and everything that I suppose you'll think they drink too much."

"I don't object to drinking," the Duke said, wishing that he could tell her exactly how he felt about it and why. He had seen a lot more heavy drinking than she had, or ever would. He had seen a crack welterweight go into the ring after a three days' drunk and take a beating that had ended his fighting days. "Only ——" he began.

"—— only you do object to it," Pauline said. "You're awfully close to being a prig at times." But she softened the criticism with a laugh.

The sideboard in the Wilsons' dining room supported a bowl of punch, and on either side of it were platters of hors d'œuvres and roast capon and salads and such a variety of cakes and pastries as one might find in a tour of Middle Europe. The Duke hadn't been so tempted since he had been entertained by a Danish family after his fight with Meyer, the European champion, at Copenhagen. It required all his iron will to keep from eating a large meal, and all his tact to resist Mrs. Wilson's enthusiasm for feeding her guests.

After supper the living room and the wide hall were cleared for dancing and a trio of negroes appeared to furnish music, and guests continued to arrive. The Duke stuck as closely as possible to Pauline. He was acutely conscious that he could not lend himself freely to such an occasion. He knew that he was making these extremely friendly people feel that he was a little high-hat. He hated himself for it, but he could not change. So he struggled to be as friendly to the people he met as they were to him, and wished that he were the sort of man who makes love to all the ladies without the slightest fear of appearing ridiculous.

In this state of mind he found himself cornered by a small rounded woman with a pair of black eyes as big as pansies, who told him that her name was Gretchen. She was in that vivacious and reckless mood. The Duke had danced halfway through a fox trot with her when she suddenly asked him if he didn't like her.

"Of course I like you," the Duke said.

She turned her face up to his. "Kiss me," she commanded. The Duke kissed her perfunctorily, hoping that none of the other couples who were dancing noticed it and hating himself for caring so much whether they noticed it or not. When the music stopped he looked wildly around for Pauline. She wasn't in sight.

Gretchen sat down on the arm of an easy-chair that had been pushed against the wall. She looked at him happily. The Duke tried to smile. He knew that he was behaving as if he were the late Mr. Gladstone, but he couldn't help it. He could only wait for something to happen for Pauline to come and rescue him.

He was still parked in the chair when Susan Corbin came in with Tommy Wells. The Duke did not move. By a supreme effort he sat there while Susan Corbin and Tommy Wells danced a whole dance. He was still sitting there when Pauline and Mrs. Wilson came in, and Gretchen confided to her hostess that she loved Mr. Van Blarcom, she loved everybody, but she didn't somehow feel so good, and Mrs Wilson took her off upstairs.

The Duke hesitated for only a moment. He had to have a dance with Susan Corbin even if she made fun of him for the figure he had cut. He found her in the dining room surrounded by men. He broke through the circle and asked her to dance. She smiled and nodded and in another moment the Duke had his arm around her. For three minutes he was happy. For three minutes they danced together so perfectly that he could not doubt they were meant for each other. And then the dance was over and she was looking at him with that same hostility he remembered so well in the moment Pauline had introduced him.

"You dance awfully well, don't you?" she said. "I shouldn't have guessed it."

"Why not?" he asked stiffly. After all, Norah McCune had taught him to dance.

"Oh," she said, "you're such a serious-minded bird."

The next moment Boss Walker, a black-browed, thick-bodied brute, came up and claimed a dance. The Duke, watching them in spite of himself, reflected that she danced just as perfectly with that man as she had with him. He had been a fool to think that dancing together meant anything.

Pauline ragged him on the way home about his scene with Gretchen. "You should have seen yourself," she chuckled. "If anybody ever registered cold horror, you did."

"I didn't like it," the Duke admitted.

(Continued on Page 41)

The Duke Knew That He Was Behaving as if He Were the Late Mr. Gladstone, But He Couldn't Help It

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 11, 1928

Our Isthmian Policy

ALTHOUGH the platforms of both political parties contain brief references to our policy in Latin America, and especially in Nicaragua, it is too soon as yet to say whether this question will prove a serious bone of contention as the presidential campaign proceeds. This much is certain: A fair, just policy toward Latin America can hardly be wrought out of a struggle for political preferment, and indeed must depend upon even more fundamental considerations than party advantage and ambition.

The vexed case of Nicaragua has never been more clearly and carefully presented to the public than in the series of articles contributed to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST last year by Henry L. Stimson, who was sent to that country by President Coolidge and subsequently dispatched to the Philippines. But the public soon forgets; and, besides, Nicaragua seems very far away to the average citizen. It is difficult enough to arouse interest in Mexico, at our very border. We have no large financial interest in Nicaragua, no great stake to rivet the attention of the people.

The first thought which occurs to anyone is why should we stumble into war in this petty country and sacrifice our marines in pursuit of an irregular. If the answer be that we have promised to supervise the forthcoming elections, the natural if somewhat smart rejoinder is in the form of a question: Why not send marines to supervise the election in Chicago? Having said which, the commentator feels that he has covered the subject completely. If the President has the power to supervise elections in Nicaragua, remarked Senator Wheeler in a debate on the floor of Congress on April nineteenth last, "he would have the right to agree with the King of England to supervise an election in Ireland. There would not be any distinction, would there?"

Now it must be remembered that Nicaragua, like some other minor states, has been torn by internal dissension for many years. The country has been almost equally divided between two political parties which have fought each other through a long series of revolutions and counter revolutions, not because of principle, so far as can be determined, but through tradition, partly the result of inability of one community to communicate with another because railroads and highways are lacking, and partly the mere inheritance of ancient feuds of racial, sectional and geographical nature. Elections have been controlled by the party in power, making real democracy and self-government almost impossible. Industries and resources have been undeveloped, and the country has lacked a middle class of artisans and workers, "from whose influence and out of whose problems," as Mr. Stimson says, "come the usual activities of democracy."

The steps which have been taken by our Government, such as sending marines, were requested by the exhausted governments of Nicaragua. Supervision of the election of 1928 was requested by all parties. In negotiation with our Government, the political leaders and even the military chieftains of both sides agreed upon a truce and were willing to lay down their arms, which was actually done. One condition of this agreement was that we supervise the election, and another was that we train and set up as soon as possible a native constabulary. One chieftain alone refused to abide by the agreement.

Senator Borah, who certainly cannot be accused of dollar-diplomacy leanings or of capitalistic imperialism, says that the internal war would have continued if this agreement had not been made, and he adds, "It would have been infinitely better for Nicaragua if Sandino had kept his agreement. The people there, with few exceptions, want peace and an election. Most Liberals feel that Sandino made a great mistake." In any case it is difficult to see how we can leave the country, how we can default on our promises and agreements without losing not only the respect of Latin America but our own self-respect.

If our general policy toward the Central American and Caribbean republics were really one of exploitation or of dollar-chasing imperialism, we would have annexed Nicaragua and Mexico, not to mention Cuba, long ago. We are always trying to get away from these small countries, like Haiti, Santo Domingo and Nicaragua. Our whole aim and effort over a long period of years have been to aid them in maintaining enough stability to guard and protect their own independence.

It is not contended that every single step taken by the present Administration, or any other, toward each Latin American country has been perfect in detail. Probably the Administration is always its own severest critic. But those persons, in and out of Congress and on and off editorial pages, who are full of loud words descriptive of the outrages of American foreign policy, never themselves have the responsibility for action. Their denunciations are always motivated by hindsight rather than by foresight. They are always telling us what should have been done; they can indulge freely in voice culture rather than intelligence because they never have to take the responsibility of doing anything themselves.

It is a strange fact that the fundamental aspect of this whole subject is almost invariably overlooked by those who grow purple in the face at the sending of marines to Nicaragua. We have sent marines to Latin American countries, not in the interest of our own dollars invested there, but to maintain our national safety. For a hundred years the Monroe Doctrine has been a principle with us, and one upon which political parties have been in substantial agreement. As Mr. Stimson shows, this is not so much a question of deliberate policy as it is of the shape of the narrow isthmus which connects the two continents of the Western Hemisphere.

The Panama Canal and the likelihood that eventually another canal must be constructed through Nicaragua, for which we have the permanent and exclusive right, create conditions which make the extension of European or Asiatic authority to this general territory an utter impossibility to any citizen of the United States who cares for his nation's safety and continued integrity. But if that be so, we must forestall the causes of possible intervention by European or Asiatic powers. To a certain extent, at least, we must see that these small nations fulfill their obligations to outsiders; we cannot permit a state of disorder which invites intervention by European armed forces.

Very quietly but none the less effectively Senator Borah replied to Senator Wheeler's statement that if we could supervise elections in Nicaragua we would have the right to do the same in Ireland. Conditions could never be similar, said Senator Borah. There are physical, geographical facts which affect our relations to the Central American and Caribbean republics which a child should be able to understand. The most elementary intelligence should be competent to grasp the outlines of our necessary Isthmian policy.

The people of this country desire the Central American and Caribbean republics to continue independent and to grow in prosperity for their own sakes. But our people are not such fools as to permit a few shrill critics to interfere with a just as well as a vital policy, the essentials of which must continue regardless of politics, even though the party out of power may heave a few bricks to secure a temporary advantage.

Better Protection for Our Labor

THE Department of Labor is to be congratulated upon the promulgation of its long-deferred order requiring the issuance of identification cards to aliens authorized to enter the country after July first. We heartily concur in the statement of Secretary Davis to a protesting congressman, that it is "a great pity that this helpful service has been so long neglected."

In view of the wholesale manner in which aliens are being bootlegged into the country at a time when there is an unusual amount of unemployment of native citizens, no pains should be spared to keep tabs on these unlawful competitors for American wages. Mr. Harry E. Hull, Commissioner of Immigration, has publicly directed attention to the necessity for further restrictions upon the entry of "unneeded and undesirable aliens," on the ground that they are displacing American labor. The total permanent immigration last year, according to the commissioner, was in excess of 300,000; and even after subtracting alien departures the net increase of population was well over a quarter of a million, being 35,000 in excess of the net for the previous twelvemonth. These figures take no account of unlawful entries. Obviously there can be no dependable statistics on the number of aliens bootlegged into the country; but the figure is commonly estimated as approaching that of the lawful entries.

Congress knows the facts, knows where and how the leaks occur, knows how to stop them, but year after year it fails to make the appropriations necessary for the effective policing of our ports and land borders, and for the apprehension and deportation of aliens who have illegally slipped into the country without detection. Imagine what would happen if our tariff laws were as laxly enforced as those governing immigration. Suppose, for example, that for every Paris gown and every London-made suit of clothes which entered the country through customs and paid the established duty another French dress and another suit of English clothes were smuggled in duty free. Would Congress regard such a situation as one of no pressing importance? We know that it would not.

Whether they are so recognized or not, our immigration laws are just as truly a part of our protective system as Schedule K or any other section of our present tariff act. Without taking account of their racial and social importance, they confer upon the employe—or would confer upon him if enforced—a benefit just as real and just as valid as the tariff confers upon the manufacturer; and it should never be forgotten that one beneficiary of an act of Congress has just as much right to enjoy its advantages as any other beneficiary of any other law. Neither political party has yet made it possible for labor to feel to the full the protection accorded to it by our immigration laws.

Two things should be expected of Congress: First, the granting of sufficient appropriations for the effective enforcement of the immigration laws now on our statute books; second, new legislation which will perfect and supplement existing laws, stop the leaks and make proper disposition of diseased, criminal and antisocial aliens.

Proper identification of immigrants is an administrative move in the right direction. If the present system proves adequate it will be a real gain, not only for our own people but for law-abiding foreigners. If it breaks down and requires fortifying by means not now within the powers of the Department of Labor, Congress should confer those powers upon it.

THE METROPOLITAN MOSAIC

By Albert W. Atwood

FEW things, it is safe to say, so excite comment and wonder as the growth and change which characterize our great cities. Yet there is singularly little knowledge and, indeed, except on the part of a few earnest souls, practically no thought as to where these heaped-up aggregations of human beings are tending. If only we had the collective intelligence to foresee the direction of growth and the social ability to control the forces behind it, many of man's most perplexing problems would be in a fair way to solution.

What is the city to become, what are its future form and pattern to be? No searcher after truth has a more fascinating, a more elusive quest than this. Here is a seemingly endless cordillera, with a second range always looming up after the first is conquered. Science spends millions to isolate a germ and industry spends tens of millions to perfect an unimportant product. But before the problem of the city mosaic we stand feeble, well-nigh helpless, at the best amateurish.

What private business would tolerate the congestion in the aisles of its factories that daily fills our city streets as a matter of course and yet counteracts and deadens the most splendid examples of private enterprise? Why build model manufacturing plants if goods cannot be got across the city because of its throttled, its almost strangled condition? Yet even if we were able to control and direct this growth, this composite we call the city, we are in danger of doing it blindly, for we hardly know as yet what direction to take. For all that we can see, complex factors may lead in the future along any one of a thousand different avenues of growth.

"Who can calculate all the forces that might enter into one of these possibilities?" asks Thomas Adams of the Regional Plan of New York. "Who can predict the periods and degrees of advancement and recoil, of action and reaction, of growth and decay, and therefore calculate their effects? Who can visualize in what measure and over what periods the government of the future will be influenced by principle or by expediency?"

Yet where else are the stakes so great, either in happiness or in wealth?

Unfortunately the city is the product of multitudinous impulses; it is never finished, it is never complete. It richly deserves the oversight of continuing intelligence, but the human brain falters before such a mammoth kaleidoscope. The physical structure and pattern seems one thing today and another tomorrow. There is a continual shift in the function and quality of areas, a change in the picture which leaves the observer like a mariner without a compass.

The city is dynamic. To a pessimist it looks as if a building, an improvement, a street, an area, in a city like New York is perfectly adapted to its purpose for only one moment of time in its entire life. The counsel of perfection is to plan and build for the future. But we must live in the present. A hundred years from now New York may need a boulevard a thousand feet wide from one point to another. The question always is: How far ahead to build and exactly how shall we build now?

For, after all, the city is the product of such intense individualism that collective and continuing intelligence on the subject of its future is almost more than can be expected. The city has grown like an old farmhouse, a section at a time, to meet immediate needs, without regard to unity or ultimate requirements. People have not thought of the city as a city, as a physical thing, as an entity. But individuals – thousands and millions of them – have thought about their individual interests, houses, lots and places of business.

It is true that increased population and new inventions have brought tremendous improvements and construction—highways, railroads, bridges, factories, homes, schools, parks, public utilities and countless other necessities and conveniences of modern life. But this development has come without plan for the city as a whole, and mostly without regard to system and order. There has been planning, of course – endless planning. But nine-tenths of it has been the planning of individual owners, anxious to get the largest possible profit out of the fewest possible acres, not at all concerned in whether ten or fifteen years after they have

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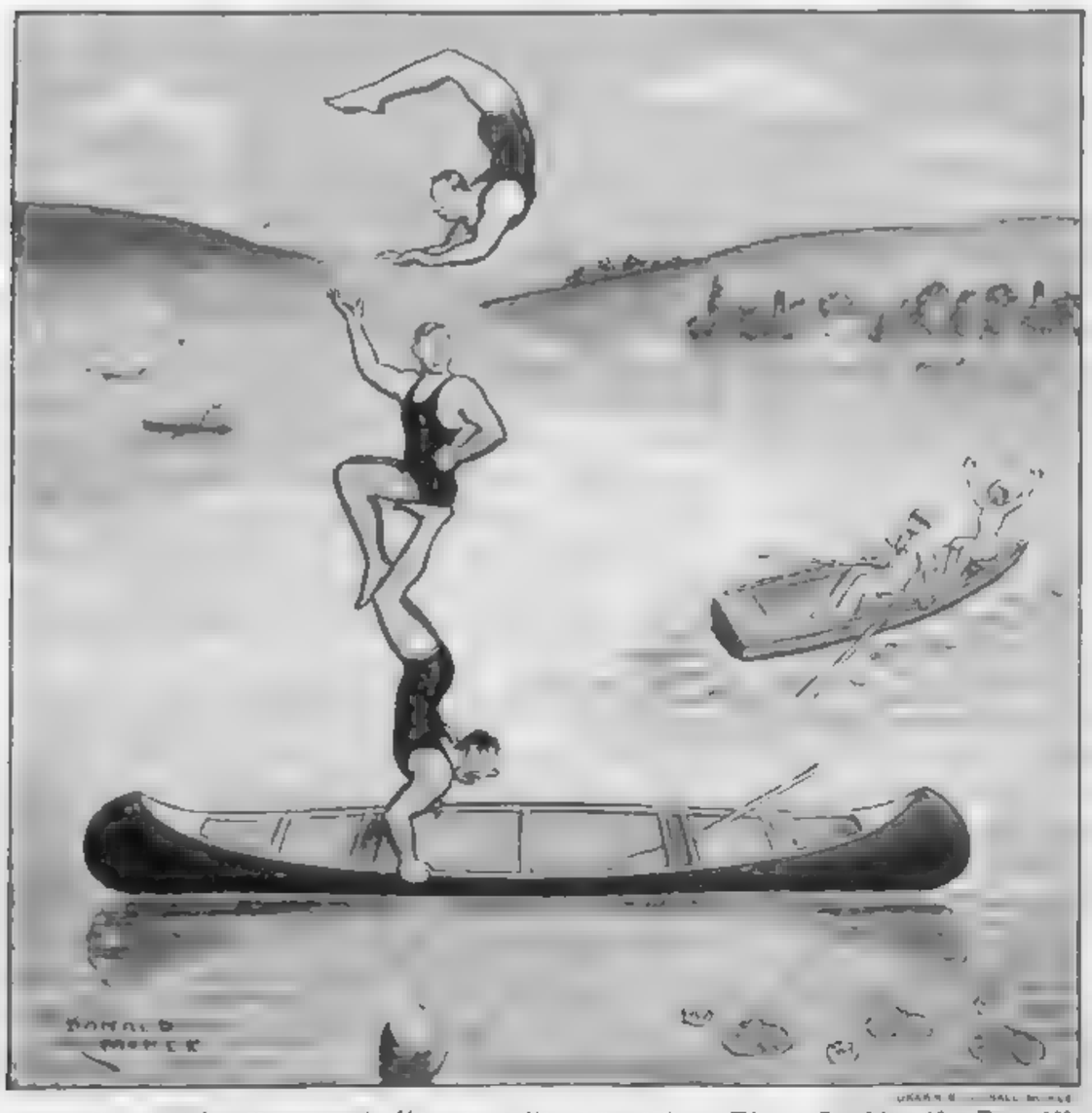
THE TROJAN CAMEL

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES



First Acrobat (on Vacation): "Look at That Fool Over There Rocking the Boat!"

Cop: "Say, Buddy, it's 11 A.M. What Kind of a Joint is This?" Proprietor: "If You Please, Sir, This is a 'Day Club' for Night Watchmen!"

Literary Service Plus

A MESSAGE of Cheer to the Overworked Reader of Current Literature from the Literary Readers' Guild:

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—*Otto Freund.*

(Continued on Page 36)

The Unfortunate Wife Who Fed Alphabetical Soup to Her Cross-Word Puzzle Fan Husband

The Hostess: "Don't Mind 'Tiny,' Folks! She's Only Playing!"

Temperamental Movie Star: "Darwee, Dear, You're the Only One That Understands Me"

What is soup? Why do we eat it?

You need hot soup with all the cold foods in summer

Everybody likes soup! So millions eat it daily. And here are the reasons why

SOUP is tempting, delicious food in liquid form. It offers to the skilled chef the opportunity to blend in the most delightful combinations an endless variety of appetite-provoking savors and flavors. It is the food which unites in one dish the attractive qualities and the benefits of countless other foods. It is many foods in one!

Soup is healthful. You eat it because you enjoy it so much. But remember, too, that it benefits you by causing the digestive juices to flow more freely. As a result, the work of digestion is promoted and all your food does you more good. Isn't it fortunate that such an irresistible dish is also so wholesome! Be sure to give your family the sparkle and tonic goodness of soup every day.

There's an individual, refreshing flavor in Campbell's Tomato Soup that makes it the most popular soup in all the world. It is the smooth puree of red-ripe luscious tomatoes, blended with golden country butter and seasoned to perfection by Campbell's French chefs.

You have the choice of two delightful ways of serving Campbell's Tomato Soup. For Cream of Tomato Soup you prepare it with milk, cream or evaporated milk, according to the simple directions on the label. For Tomato Puree, you add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil and simmer a few minutes. Your grocer has, or will get for you, any of the 21 Campbell's Soups listed on the label. 12 cents a can.

Tempting, refreshing Tomato Jelly Salad!

Soak 1 tablespoon gelatin in ½ cup cold water; dissolve over boiling water. Add 1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup, 1 tablespoon lemon juice and a few grains of salt. Rinse individual molds or one pint mold with cold water, fill with salad mixture and chill. Turn out on bed of lettuce leaves, serve with French dressing.

A sailor of the sea
As jolly as can be
For home I go,
Yo-ho, yo-ho
It's Campbell's Soup for me!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

Confession of a Cartoonist

By BUD FISHER

BEFORE I went to the second Plattsburg Camp in 1917, I knew very little about what people did before noon. I once got up early and was served with a subpœna I had been ducking for months, which proves that the early bird gets the subpœna and not the worm. I saw the famous people of New York after dark pass by in the procession when there was color and not the show places called night clubs—just gyp joints run for out-of-town suckers. In those days there were Wilson Mizner, Jack Francis, the press agent, Frank O'Malley—the O'Malley of the old Sun—Corse Payton, Igoe, Herbert Swope, executive editor of the New York World, and all the rest. Most of them have now reformed, but I'll bet you can still call any of them up at two in the morning and not get them out of bed.

I don't know exactly why I went to Plattsburg, but I do know it wasn't to make the world safe for democracy. Upon analyzing my motives, the best reasons I can think of were a feeling of patriotism and the fact that I had seen most of the shows, and here was the biggest one of all, so I figured I might as well take it in. Then I heard Damon Runyon bet John Wheeler a barracks cap against a hundred cigarettes, one night when I said I was going to Plattsburg—Wheeler went to Plattsburg too—that if I went I wouldn't stick. Wheeler won his cap, but never collected.

The ideas of the officers at Plattsburg about training a young fellow to be a soldier were altogether different from mine. I was thirty-one years old at this time. I had read in the papers that most of the fighting in Europe was done at night, so my hours would be just about right; but they started right in by routing me out of bed at half-past five in the morning. I was always late for reveille because I put my shoes on first and then couldn't get my army pants over them. The system puzzled me. If all the fighting was at night, why should we train for it in the morning? For the same reason I could never understand why they work horses at the race track at four o'clock in the morning, when all the racing is done in the afternoon.

Before I went to Plattsburg I talked with an American named McClintock, who had fought in France with the Canadians, and got some advice from him. "If you get a chance," he said, "go in the artillery. It's easier and you're more likely to get near a French wine cellar."

Passed by the Alienist

SO WHEN they sent out a call for artillery experts at Plattsburg after I had been there a couple of days, I volunteered, although I knew as little about the artillery as I did about any other branch of the service. I also volunteered as instructor in all courses, but they soon got on to me. We called the captain in command of our battery Silk-Hat Harry, after one of Tad's characters.

Our branch of the service was supposed to be the light artillery, but we spent the day pushing around those guns, and the same guy who named near beer must have called it light artillery.

Somebody got the idea that our camp ought to get out a book to commemorate it, so Mr. Wheeler was made the editor of it, and he selected me to make a lot of pictures as if I wasn't tired enough after pushing around those guns all day. I made several caricatures of the officers in command and went easy on them for fear they wouldn't give me my commission.

An alienist was up there to tell Uncle Sam whether his soldiers were sane or not, and every candidate had to go before him and take all kinds of tests. Much to the surprise of a lot of people, he had pronounced me rational, although I didn't care much, because the insane ones got sent back to civil life; so they weren't so crazy.

This alienist spent all his time just telling people whether they were insane or not. He would give you a certificate if you were sane, and this was worth saving in case you ever got into an argument. I made a caricature of the doctor for the Plattsburger and put the caption on it: The Nut Pick. He raised the mischief about it, and if he had had another chance at me I fear I'd be in the asylum at Matteawan now.

IF YOU ARE TOO OLD TO FIGHT
BUY A LIBERTY BOND.
IF NOT TOO OLD, DO BOTH.
JEFF, WE PLATTSBURGERS CAN DO BOTH!
SURE, MUTT! WHAT'S THE USE OF BEING LIBERAL WITH YOUR LIFE AND A TIGHTWAD WITH YOUR BANKROLL?

Bud Fisher and His Poster

Then they had a big Liberty Loan drive in the camp, and Colonel Wolf, a Regular Army officer, commanding, wanted me to make some posters. He called me to headquarters about half-past seven one Thursday night and asked me what I could work up. I was pretty well fed up with the Army by this time and thought New York would look pretty good to me, so I said, "Sir, I can't really do a good job unless I go to New York and see a lot of printers and engravers to get the color work just right."

"How long would it take?" asked the colonel.

"Until about Monday, sir," I replied.

"I order you to go," he said. It was so easy I wished I had said Wednesday.

That was enough for me, so I hurried back to the barracks to tell the captain, but he was out, and I scribbled a note which read about as follows:

Dear Captain: Have gone to New York. Will be back Monday.

Yours as ever,
BUD FISHER.

I knew there was a train at half-past eight and caught it.

Now of course this note was all wrong. I should have said, "From Candidate H. C. Fisher to Captain Silk-Hat Harry." Military form, you know, and Silk-Hat Harry was hell shakes for military form. That reminds me of the first time we had inspection, and I was doing the best I could, standing by my bunk in the barracks the way I had seen pictures of soldiers standing

The captain and the colonel came along and pointed to a shelf behind my bunk and asked the man standing next to me, "Candidate Sullivan, are those your books all messed up like that?"

"No, sir," said Candidate Sullivan.

To the man on the other side of me: "Candidate Bernstein, are those your books?"

"No, sir," said Candidate Bernstein.

Then ——

"Whose books are those?"

"They're mine," I said.

"Report Candidate Fisher for saying 'mine' on inspection," snapped the colonel. I didn't know why.

I made up my mind that the next time they could find out for themselves whose books they were. I wouldn't tell them. I later discovered that I had failed to say "sir."

Transferred to the British Army

THEN we artillery boys had what in the army is called equitation, which is nothing but horseback riding. We had a cavalry captain named Waterman who gave us these lessons, and it wasn't long before we were supposed to gallop down a chute and go over three jumps in succession without any stirrups and holding our hats at arm's length. I was jarred a little loose at the first jump and hit the ground with a terrible crash at the second.

"Did you hurt yourself, Mr. Fisher?" inquired the captain.

"Well," I said, "it didn't do me any good."

My showing in equitation did not make me feel so badly, because the captain told Devereux Milburn, the polo player, to ride in the same time I did—which made me 50-50 with Milburn.

When I came back from my trip to New York with my Liberty Loan posters, Captain Silk-Hat Harry was burning up; but I showed him the colonel's order, so he couldn't do much but give me all the rotten police details. Those were busy days for me. What with trying to win the war and make Mutt and Jeff pictures, I had my hands full. There were no formations on Saturday afternoons and Sundays, so I used to take a room at the Witherill Hotel in Plattsburg over the week-end and make my pictures.

Right here I want to explain a theory I have which will show the reader why I did what I did later—namely, transfer from the American to the British Army. I don't believe any cartoonist can drop out of the papers for a year or two and come back, because the public will forget him in the meantime.

As I recall it, there was a rule in the Army that no officer or enlisted man could write or draw while in the service. At my suggestion Mr. Wheeler, who was then, although in the Army, distributing the Mutt and Jeff pictures to the newspapers through the syndicate he owned, went to Washington to consult with George Creel, head of the Bureau of Public Information. Mr. Wheeler reported to me that Mr. Creel could give us no assurance that I would be permitted to continue to draw Mutt and Jeff while I was in the service.

He said Mr. Creel had told him he thought Mutt and Jeff in the Army would be good propaganda, as were the Old Bill pictures, by Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather, for the British soldiers; but Mr. Creel feared some young fellow who might be drafted would begin to draw pictures for a local paper that would be offensive. As the result they would have to stop all the men in either the Army or the Navy writing or drawing for the newspapers.

Mr. Wheeler then asked Mr. Creel whether there would be any objection if I were to transfer to the British Army, to which Mr. Creel replied, "If the War Department doesn't object I won't."

The Secretary of War agreed to this and we went to Canada. Through Charles F. Crandall, then editor of the Montreal Daily Star, I was told that a commission was available for me in the British Army owing to my training at Plattsburg. When I arrived in England I was commissioned a captain, which wasn't bad, in view of the fact that I had come out of Plattsburg a second lieutenant and thought I was pretty lucky to get that.

(Continued on Page 30)

The special goodness of butter *Creamery fresh!*

CRISP, fluffy popovers . . . baked potatoes . . . sweet corn . . . foods that need the flavor of good butter . . .

How much better they taste with the *special goodness* of butter that's Creamery Fresh —Brookfield Creamery Butter.

Sweet and delicate of flavor, Brookfield Creamery Butter comes to you—straight from the churns.

It is churned from graded, tested cream. Immediately it goes direct to the Swift branch houses in the cities. Or direct to the dealers in smaller communities.

Wherever you live, it comes by the quickest, most direct route possible.

That is why you get this butter just as pure and sweet as it left the churn—*Creamery Fresh.*

Swift & Company

Through the same efficient system come Brookfield Eggs, Brookfield Cheese and Brookfield Poultry. Ask for them by name.

Brookfield

Butter--Eggs--Poultry--Cheese

© S. & Co.

(Continued from Page 28)

When I arrived in London I met Lord Beaverbrook, then Minister of Information, and it was through his efforts that I was finally gazetted. I was attached to General Headquarters, Department C. P. B.—Censor Publicity Bureau—and shortly found myself in France on the way to the Front. At last I had arrived where I was headed for when I started for Plattsburg.

My special duties kept me along the Western Front for several months, and finally I was assigned a staff car, which gave me a lot of freedom and an opportunity to visit the American Front—always by way of Paris, which was some relief. I knew that my friend Wheeler was with the artillery of the Seventy-eighth Division, and spent weeks trying to find him, but always without success, generally just missing him by a brief margin.

I heard of another peculiar general order issued in the American Army which amused me greatly. Along the so-called rivers of France, many of which are nothing more than brooks, Frenchmen would sit patiently with long poles hoping to catch a fish. If they got two a day the size of sardines it was a record. These creeks were in the rest area behind the lines. Then one day an American doughboy who had watched the patient Frogs for hours, said in A. E. F. French, "I'll show you something."

Whereupon this ingenious doughboy produced a hand grenade, pulled the pin and tossed it into the stream. More fish came to the surface than the French had ever before seen at one time, and it wasn't long before the American soldiers were doing all their fishing with hand grenades; so the following order was issued from General Pershing's headquarters:

> Hereafter any soldier of the American Expeditionary Forces found fishing with hand grenades will be severely disciplined.

Although I saw considerable fighting, my experience at the Front was colorless compared with that of other soldiers, so I shall not dwell on it. When I got used to it I thoroughly enjoyed it. One thing that always amazed me was how easy it was to slip by the front lines. There was no sign to tell you where they were until you got shot at. One colonel went on a reconnaissance tour with all the orders for an attack, and was busy making maps, when a German patrol came along and captured him and his orders. He did not know he was beyond the lines. His orderly, who was holding the horses, escaped and reported his fate. He had violated all orders by taking the battle plans to the front lines, but he did not know he was there or it is a cinch he wouldn't have been there.

As Guest of His Majesty

FOR a time I was billeting officer in a French town behind the lines, which wasn't bad, because it gave me a lot of influence. Before the Armistice I got a leave which permitted me to go back to the United States. That was in October, 1918, and the finish came when I was in New York. The war was over, so I decided there was no particular reason for cluttering up the Atlantic Ocean and going 3000 miles to London for my discharge; but the British provost marshal in New York, Colonel Thwaites, informed me I would have to return to Whitehall and be honorably discharged or else be rated as a deserter.

I put the uniform back on and started for the pier to board the liner Lapland. At the dock a boy from the office handed me a package of mail to read before sailing, and the first thing to catch my eye was a large manila envelope on the upper left-hand corner of which was printed: "On His Majesty's Service." I tore this open and found inside a very pretty honorable discharge from the British Army, typed on linen, with an honorary commission as lieutenant for life. However, having my ticket at the expense of His Majesty, I crawled on board and sailed for dear old Liverpool. I was well treated, and enjoyed my service with the British.

During my period of service I had to continue to draw the Mutt and Jeff pictures, which was understood when I went into the British Army; but that wasn't so tough, because I got lots of grand material at the Front. The official couriers took them back to London, where they were mailed to the United States, and I never lost a picture because a ship was torpedoed. Of course the Germans paid more attention to eastbound transports loaded with troops than to the westbound ships.

During the war Mutt and Jeff were on intimate terms with all the leaders of all the Allies. I believe it is part of the appeal of these two characters that they can get on a basis of the utmost intimacy with anybody—the Prince of Wales, the President, Queen Marie of Rumania when she was in the United States. These two bums mount where social climbers fail.

Before the United States entered the war I once had Mutt and Jeff bring the Czar and the Grand Duke from Russia to America, and it went great until the Russian Embassy protested to the State Department. That department wrote me a letter requesting me to quit, which I did. Most well-known persons don't mind. In fact, the Rumanian Legation at Washington recently asked me for an original for Queen Marie after her visit here, and I autographed it and sent it to her. But I guess the Russians have no humor.

By this time—that is, shortly after the war—two changes took place in the types of strips on the market. You will notice that I do not say comic strips, for few of them were. In the first place, every artist who could draw a line across a sheet of Bristol board was trying to make a comic strip, and the papers, instead of running one or two or three, were now publishing a full page of comics, with several others scattered through the paper, and many of them mediocre.

But the changes to which I refer were these: First, there began what is now known as the continuity strip—really a story in strip form; and second, one man began writing the scenarios and an artist put his words to music, so to speak. The history of these developments is interesting.

In Chicago there was—and is, as far as I know—a restaurant named Stillson's, across the street from the old Chicago Tribune office, where members of the old Cubs, newspaper writers—including Ring Lardner, Hughie Fullerton, Hughie Keough, who signed his column on the sport page of the Tribune H. E. K., Walter Eckersall, Clare Briggs, Sid Smith, Artie Hofman—known as Cicus Solly—the center fielder of the old Cubs, and others used to congregate. Among the patrons was a jeweler, who began to go there because of the pleasure of the society, and the boys at first let him listen to them for the fun the jeweler got out of grabbing the check.

But our friend the watchmaker had a natural wit, and soon he was doing as much talking as anyone, and less buying, although always more than his share, for he is a generous gentleman. His name is Sol Hess, and I believe the continuity strip originated in his anecdotes and ideas.

Several of the artists at first began to use Mr. Hess' ideas with his permission, and shortly he was helping out some of them with suggestions. Then he proposed a day-to-day humorous story in a strip so that the interest would be sustained. His popularity increased because of his generosity and natural wit in the order named.

However, the secret of his contributions could not long be kept, and shortly a newspaper syndicate approached Mr. Hess with a proposal that he do a strip of his own. By this time there were one or two continuity strips on the market, but he stepped out and produced the Nebbs, which is widely sold and, I understand, very popular. He has now retired from the jewelry business and is devoting all his time to producing his daily strip and Sunday page, out of which he makes a large amount of money. The artist who does the drawing is W. A. Carlson.

I think the continuity strip thus had its origin, and now there seem to be hundreds of them; but I have always kept Mutt and Jeff away from it for several reasons. Once in a while I take a subject which will run along for a week or so, usually dealing with the news. I know that some continuity strips are popular, but I still believe it is refreshing for a reader to be able to pick up a paper and see a comic which he can enjoy without having had to follow the adventures of the characters for the previous week or month to know what it is all about. The more artists who go to continuity, the better I like it.

I believe the first man to do a strip without actually drawing it was Ring Lardner, who took his busher character, Jack Keefe, and featured him in a strip, with Dick Dorgan, Tad's brother, doing the drawing. This was followed by others, among them H. C. Witwer, Montague Glass and Sol Hess. Now there are all sorts of stories in strip form. I look through the papers and I see history strips and fairy-tale strips, the life of Lincoln, philosophy by Will Durant and stories of adventure, so heaven knows what this type of strip will develop into. My own notion is that there will be a reaction, if one is now necessary. I have tried not to be influenced by this trend and have stuck to my own style.

The Spark That Means Success

EVERY week I have inquiries from aspiring artists or ambitious youths who desire to give up the shipping business to draw cartoons. They want to know how they should approach this profession to assure success. These are difficult questions to answer. The honest reply to most of them is: "You haven't any talent. Stick to what you are doing."

This kind of advice is usually about as cordially received as the tip to a friend not to marry the girl he is engaged to because she isn't worth it. He gets mad at you and marries her anyway. The fact is that most of the youths who send samples of their work to me have no talent, but let's assume that one comes along who shows some ability. How can he go about it? I honestly don't know. My advice might change a good machinist into a poor cartoonist.

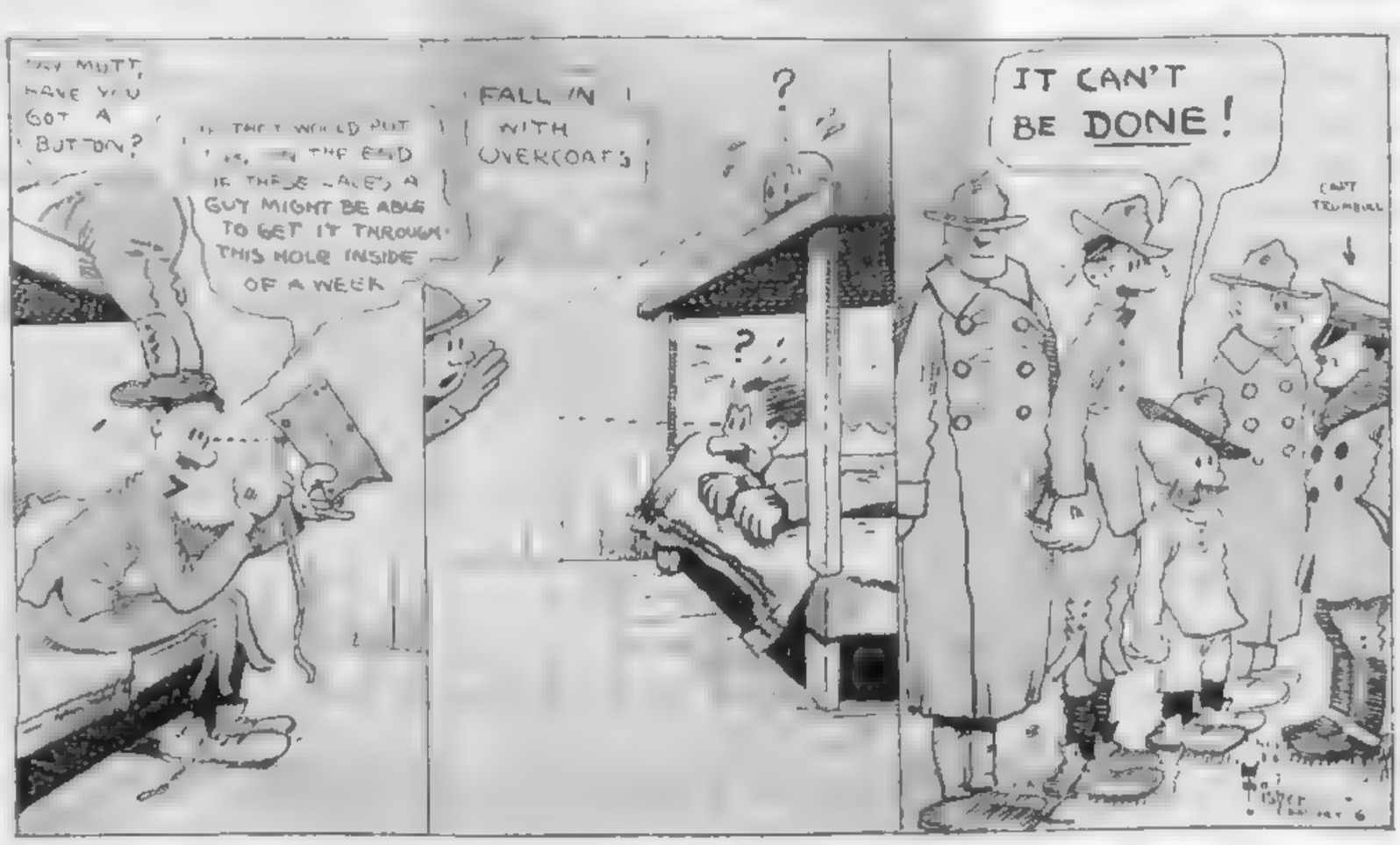
Of course the pictures of the greatest cartoonist in the world would have no value if they were not published somewhere, so obviously the first thing to do is to get them printed. There is all the difference in the world between the dullard with no talent and the one with the spark—the something which is going to make him great.

It seems to me this is more or less true of every profession in which the performers cannot be synthetically produced. Take prize fighting, for example. When I see a coming champion he seems to have the spark and flair which the other ham-and-beaners lack. I remember the first night I saw Benny Leonard box. I had never heard of him before, but I turned to my companion and said, "There's a new lightweight champion. He looks and acts like Joe Gans. What he does is instinctive."

First of all, humor must not be forced. That is fatal. It must give the impression of being spontaneous, no matter how labored in its preparation. Then it must be published, and that is the difficult part.

There may be a lot of Ty Cobbs down in the sticks, but if no one who knows their value sees them they will never get into the Big League. The market for new comics is

(Continued on Page 78)


HEY MUTT, HAVE YOU GOT A BUTTON?
IF THEY WOULD PUT A HOLE IN THE END OF THESE LACES A GUY MIGHT BE ABLE TO GET IT THROUGH THIS HOLE INSIDE OF A WEEK
FALL IN WITH OVERCOATS
?
?
IT CAN'T BE DONE!

Quality lubrication for your car - based upon proved engineering skill

To get the best lubricating oil for your automobile engine you must (1) obtain oil of exceptional *lubricating* value, and (2) make sure through engineering study that the *body* and *character* of that oil are scientifically correct for *your* engine.

As the world's oldest and largest specialists in lubrication, the Vacuum Oil Company points to one forward step after another which has given motorists better lubrication.

In the early years of the automobile we were first to specify a correct oil to meet the lubricating needs of each individual car.

In recent years we were first to provide an added lubricating margin of safety against today's high speed, high compression, high temperature operating conditions.

And during all the years, we have kept first in importance the quality standards that have made Mobiloil the world's quality oil.

That is why today Mobiloil is the most asked-for oil among motorists everywhere. You, too, will always be *sure*—with—

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Look for the red Gargoyle trade-mark on the Mobiloil container

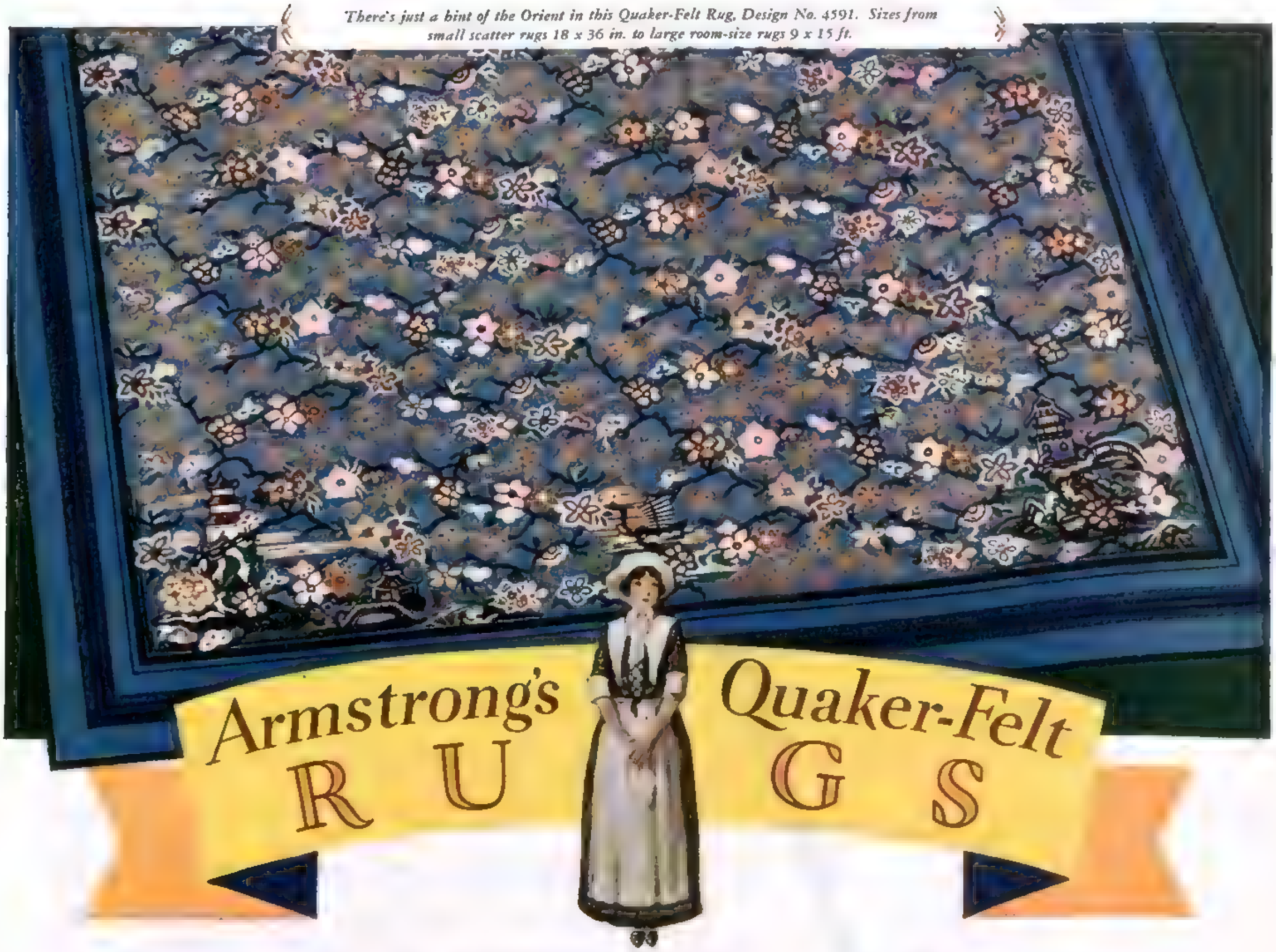
Fair retail price—30¢ a quart from bulk, except "B" and "BB" which are 35¢ a quart. (Prices higher in Southwest and Far West.)

The World's Quality Oil

Mobiloil

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

There's just a hint of the Orient in this Quaker-Felt Rug, Design No. 4591. Sizes from small scatter rugs 18 x 36 in. to large room-size rugs 9 x 15 ft.



Armstrong's Quaker-Felt RUGS

Rugs of Enduring Beauty

priced to fit "just-married" budgets

No need now to put off having modern, smart-looking rugs in your home

YOU have perhaps often admired the Armstrong's Quaker-Felt Rugs shown in the magazines. But—and it's a natural mistake to make—you thought they were a bit beyond your budget just now.

The beauty of design of these smooth-surface rugs—the work of Armstrong artists skilled in creating beautiful floor effects—*does* make them *look* expensive. In reality, the price, even of the large 9 x 12-foot size, is very modest—not any more, perhaps, than you would gladly pay for a pair of good shoes.

But you get more than rich rug beauty at this low cost. For one thing, your new Quaker-Felt Rug will never call for heavy cleaning. Instead, you *dust* it the quick, easy way you dust a chair or table. If it should need washing, wash it, just as you wash a porcelain-top table.

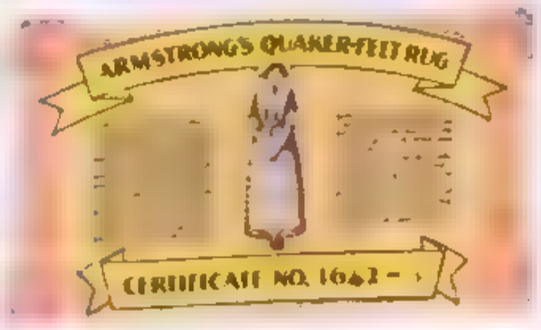
Accolac protects surface

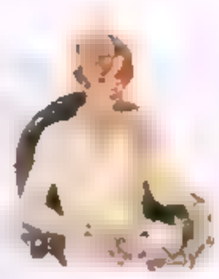
Dust and tracked-in dirt, you see, stay *on the surface* of Quaker-Felt Rugs. To make doubly sure that they do—that nothing, not even greasy liquids, stains the oil paint design—every rug is Accolac finished—protected by a dirt-resisting, satin-smooth lacquer.

Quaker-Felt by-the-yard will change an old, hard-to-clean floor into one of color and cleanliness. Comes in 6-ft. and 9-ft. widths. Many attractive designs. Now Accolac lacquer finish protects each pattern.

There is still another assurance of beauty and long wear on the face of Quaker-Felt Rugs—the Quaker Girl Certificate, shown below. It is our guarantee to you to replace the rug you buy free of charge if it should prove in any way unsatisfactory.

You might as well have the rugs you want right now. At least, please stop





to see the new designs in Armstrong's Quaker-Felt Rugs the next time you are shopping—at furniture, department, and floor-covering stores.

This booklet has helped thousands

Color-plates of the new Quaker-Felt designs, rug sizes, and an interesting story of these low-priced rugs will be sent you free. Just drop a post card or letter request for the new illustrated booklet, "Rich Beauty at Low Cost." Address Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Made by the Makers of Armstrong's Linoleum

A

NOCTES AMBROSIÆ

By Kenneth L. Roberts

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

CHARACTERS

HERMAN TREFUSIS BERKLE, *a twenty-four-year-old playwright whose starkly realistic plays are as yet unproduced.*

ETHELWIN GRIMBLE KLOPPER, *a young interior decorator who has done no actual decorating, but is attracting, as the saying goes, attention through his experiments with cubist window curtains.*

MRS. MELANIE MALLOW, *a lady who wears long clinging gowns made out of tied-and-dyed fabrics, and intends to write a starkly realistic book on the futility of the American scene.*

ARTHUR HODWICK, *a prominent but obtuse whammit manufacturer from the Midwest, where Hodwick's Whammits is almost a household phrase. He has been urged to allow* KLOPPER *to decorate his new Gothic castle in Blanket City, Texahoma, and has been brought to the party by* KLOPPER.

GLADYSSE WYVIL, *the owner and manageress of the Plush Elephant Book Shoppe, where one can get the largest assortment of starkly realistic books and plays outside the hands of the police.*

REDLOW RAPP, *the twenty-three-year-old dramatic critic of the Evening Trombone. His clever quips are eagerly read and frequently quoted by the young intelligentsia.*

ARDMORE PELLEGREW LUSH, *a young painter whose work is marked by stark realism. His hair has a bad habit of falling into his eyes, and he has paint on his vest, shirt and cuffs.*

HELENKA SLUFFOFF SILLIMORE, *a Russian poetess whose husband is as mysterious and securely hidden as the great Heart of Russia that the Russians talk about. Her genius is such that she can take one of Browning's or Kipling's ideas and rewrite it with such stark realism that neither Browning nor Kipling would give a nickel for it.*

A PARROT, *an old gray one with red eyes and wrinkled eyelids.*

TIME

Late this year.

SCENE

[*The studio of* GLADYSSE WYVIL, *over the Plush Elephant Book Shoppe. The plaster walls are a light lavender color; and the motif, so to speak, of the room hinges on a large cubist charcoal sketch between the two windows of the back wall. This sketch appears to depict a green stationary engine with three human arms and a pair of mule's ears falling into an orange shrimp cannery. Underneath the sketch, in conventional English capitals, are written the words, "The Victory of Idleness."*

[*The sketch is tied—to use the artist patois—to the black-painted floor by orange matting, and to the windows by the green burlap curtains that flank them with intended irregularity. The slightly seasick effect of the colors is heightened by a large built-in divan that fills the entire left rear of the room. This is one foot above the floor level, and is covered with black chintz on which are blue woodpeckers standing on their heads among cerise trees. Some twenty party-colored sofa pillows are strewn over the divan, giving it the appearance of having broken out with some virulent disease. The only other furniture in the room is two trunks covered with dyed bed quilts, a pine table painted purple and a black walnut rocking-chair covered with horsehair. On the pine table are four bottles and a varied assortment of glasses.*

[*The rising curtain discloses* HELENKA SLUFFOFF SILLIMORE *reclining on the divan and toying dreamily with a double string of imitation pearls halfway in size between a buckshot and a marble. On each side of* HELENKA, *talking earnestly to each other across her, are* MESSRS. BERKLE *and* RAPP. MRS. MALLOW, MISS WYVIL *and* MR. LUSH *are gathered at the table, R., experimenting with the contents of the four bottles.*

"Thanks for a Lovely Time, and if Any of You Come Out to Blanket City, Be Sure to—Ah—Let Me Know in Plenty of Time"

MR. BERKLE *(emphatically):* When you analyze the self-expression that everyone's always talking about, you wonder whether everyone's crazy or what. Now what is the greatest thing within me that I have to give away, for example?

HELENKA *(seeing that* MR. BERKLE *expects an answer):* Would it not be your sense of values?

MR. BERKLE *(sweetly and patiently):* No, no, dear lady. My inner self is my most sacred possession. If I express my inner self to you, I give you my inner self; and if I give you my inner self, what have I left?

HELENKA *(tapping him archly on the arm):* But if I wished it, dear friend?

MR. BERKLE *(very seriously):* You would not wish to take from me my most sacred possession, dear lady. You would respect the privacy of myself. You must grasp the subjective reality of the matter, dear Helenka. Look here, now; why should I give myself to anyone by expressing myself? If I give myself away, the matter is closed; I can never give myself away again, because when a thing is given, it is given, and it cannot be given again by that person.

MR. RAPP: But, my dear Berkle, you must admit that all art is self-expression. That's what it is, you know. If we couldn't express ourselves through our work, where would we be?

MR. BERKLE *(scratching his knee meditatively):* I cannot subscribe to that theory, my dear Rapp. Look here, now; do you think that when I wrote my last big play, Broken Arches, I expressed myself? I sent it off to Smiler three months ago, but I haven't heard from it yet. He'll probably write back that it has merit, but that he is at present engaged in a revival of Uncle Tom's Cabin or some old thing like that.

MR. RAPP *(superciliously):* He would!

MR. BERKLE: Sure he would! It would be just like him! Well, Broken Arches is a powerful piece of work. There are only three characters in it, and it shows the thoughts that pass through the heads of the three persons during the seven minutes after one of the characters finds that his wife has hit him on the head with a crowbar about an hour before breakfast in order to get rid of him and marry his friend.

HELENKA *(admiringly):* What a situation!

MR. RAPP *(restlessly):* I wrote a play last year called ——

MR. BERKLE: Now my point is this, see? Did I express myself when I wrote Broken Arches, or did I not? I say I did not. I drew on my subconscious self for my motivations. I was merely acting as the trained agent for a hidden self that is not myself as you know me, dear friends.

HELENKA: Say, do you remember that reporter that came down to our little group two or three times last year and didn't say much? He was trying to write.

MR. RAPP: I remember him. A sensitive chap, I think, with a latent ability for bigger things.

HELENKA *(indignantly):* Well, what do you think, eh? Wait until I tell you! He wrote a book called Canyon Rim or some terrible thing like that, all about the great West and just full of scenery, and it sold eighty thousand copies in the first three months.

MR. BERKLE *(contemptuously):* He would write a book like that!

MR. RAPP: He struck me as the sort of person that would sacrifice anything to popularity. He was the sort of person that always had a nice neat crease in his trousers.

HELENKA *(cuttingly):* He would! He was the sort of person that would wear plaited trousers too.

MR. BERKLE: Eighty thousand copies! It must be atrocious! It must be one of those things where two pure-hearted creatures win each other in the end.

MR. RAPP: Of course it must! Eighty thousand copies! That means he must have got at least sixteen thousand dollars for it, and of course it would be one of those terrible things that the movies would buy for about twenty-five thousand.

HELENKA: With titles saying, "Came the dawn."

MR. BERKLE *(acrimoniously):* He must be the sort of creature that would be good to his folks and sit in the same pew every Sunday.

MR. RAPP *(sneering):* He would!

MR. BERKLE: Anybody could write a book like that with one hand tied behind his back. All you need to do is throw away all your regard for Art and the Verities and Realism and Modern Thought, and just let the bilge drip off your pen. Why, what does he know about life?

MR. RAPP *(bridly):* I wrote a play last year that was ——

MR. BERKLE *(indignantly):* The entire American nation is being dragged to a living death by the incredible stupidity of the mass mind and its inability to face an obvious truth. I tell you frankly that literature has never been so close to extinction as in America today, and all

(Continued on Page 35)

Tranquillité

LOVERS of fine cars are agreed that only Cadillac could have created *LaSalle*. They are aware, of course, that only Cadillac could have endowed *LaSalle* with its transcending beauty of line and appointment; its nimble fleetness; its sophisticated poise. Only Cadillac could have given *LaSalle* the famous 90-degree, V-type, 8-cylinder engine with its exclusive quality of smooth, surging, velvety power; its freedom from vibration; its amazing flexibility; and its enduring continuance of these performance superiorities to an extent that occasions joyous amazement in even second and third owners. Only Cadillac's overwhelming command of the fine car market could make possible such lavish value-giving as *LaSalle* so vividly exemplifies.

Substantial reductions on the entire LaSalle line—$2550 to $2875, f. o. b. Detroit. Five new models, including new five-passenger family sedan. If you prefer to buy out of income, the General Motors plan is very liberal. Appraisal value of your car acceptable as cash.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN OSHAWA, CANADA

LA SALLE
PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 33)

because of the infant minds which the adult population is developing.

[MRS. MALLOW, MISS WYVIL *and* MR. LUSH *finish their drinks and join the divan group.* MR. LUSH *spreads himself on the divan, while* MRS. MALLOW *and* MISS WYVIL *drop picturesquely on the floor.*

MR. BERKLE *(accepting a glass of brownish liquid from* MRS. MALLOW, *gulping it and shuddering profoundly):* If I had anything to say about the disposition of such dangerous accumulations of wealth as those of Rockefeller and Ford and Morgan and the rest of those slave-drivers, I'd spend 'em in finding some way to psychoanalyze the mass mind of our so-called fellow men and remove from them their fixations and their repressions.

MR. LUSH *(delicately removing his hair from his eyes):* By Jove, old chap! A perfectly priceless idea!

MRS. MALLOW *(in a frank and hail-fellow-well-met manner):* But how would you remove from the mass mind the filthy repressions that cause it to read such tripe as it delights in reading, with happy endings and heroes who've never been in love before, and never look at a fine, frank presentation of life in the raw, I'd like to know.

MISS WYVIL *(prettily draining the dregs from* MR. BERKLE'S *glass):* You know, when I was a very young girl, I just loved to read Black Beauty and The Five Little Peppers And How They Grew!

HELENKA *(sotto voce to* MR. RAPP): She would!

THE PARROT *(screaming passionately):* Socko-Vanzetti!

MISS WYVIL *(sincerely):* But believe me, if I enjoyed 'em now, and knew what I know about repressions and fixations and everything, I certainly wouldn't admit it.

[MR. KLOPPER *and* MR. HODWICK *enter, R.* MR. KLOPPER *introduces* MR. HODWICK *to the assemblage.*

MISS WYVIL *(skillfully cutting out* MR. HODWICK *from the crowd and herding him over to the drinking table):* I'm sure you'd like some of our prune wine, Mr. Hodwick. It's fine for your repressions, if you have any.

MR. HODWICK *(enthusiastically):* I'll say so! *(They dally with a bottle.)*

MISS WYVIL: It's such a pleasure to welcome you to our little group, Mr. Hodwick. You might call it an aristocracy of brains. Each one does something rather important, don't you know, and just hates sham or narrow-mindedness or anything like that. *(She laughs interestingly and permits her shoulder to press lingeringly against* MR. HODWICK'S *arm.)*

MR. HODWICK *(politely breaking the arm pressure):* Well, I think I'm pretty fortunate to meet a crowd like this the minute I strike town.

MISS WYVIL *(coquettishly):* If you keep on that way, Mr. Hodwick, I'll know that you have a superiority complex and are merely concealing your real opinion of poor little us! *(They dally with a bottle.)*

THE PARROT *(staring fiercely at the top of its cage):* Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah!

MR. BERKLE *(interrogating* MR. KLOPPER): Who is this person and where did you get him?

MR. KLOPPER: He's the average American citizen from Blanket City, Texahoma. He's the man that makes whammits. You must have heard of Hodwick's Whammits.

MR. RAPP *(disgustedly):* I bet you anything you want to bet that he belongs to the Rotary Club and everything

MR. KLOPPER: It's a fact: he does. *(Hearty and poorly suppressed laughter from the divan group.)*

MR. LUSH: He would!

HELENKA: If he talks about service and about honesty in business I shall jump out of the window!

MR. BERKLE: He must spend his life getting ready to go to conventions and sit on committees!

MRS. MALLOW: He would!

MR. KLOPPER *(in a drolly inimitable manner):* He has just finished building an eighteen-story office building in Blanket City and named it the Whammit Building! Isn't it wonderful?

MRS. MALLOW: He would!

HELENKA *(looking speculatively at* MR. HODWICK): Can you beat it?

MR. RAPP: You can't even tie it! (HELENKA *rises, smooths her abbreviated skirt over her hips, yawns, and picks her way daintily to* MR. HODWICK'S *side, while* MISS WYVIL *gives her a dirty look.)*

HELENKA *(leaning heavily against* MR. HODWICK'S *shoulder as she reaches for a drink):* I feel, my friend, that I have met you before. Somehow, my friend, our entities are at a oneness. I am greatly attracted to you.

MR. HODWICK *(hurriedly lightening the shoulder pressure by moving forward to assist her):* I certainly wish we had a live crowd like this out in Blanket City. Of course, it's sort of a countrified place in some ways, and there's plenty of people to sit around and play cards and talk business with, but there aren't any authors or anything like that you can have an intellectual time with.

HELENKA: You have much money, have you not, Mr. Hodwick?

MR. HODWICK *(laughing uncomfortably):* Well, I guess I got enough. It's something I most generally don't talk about, though, if it's all the same with you.

HELENKA *(widening her eyes):* But you must not have repressions, my friend. When you wish to ask a thing, you must ask it. When you wish to take a thing, you must take it. When you wish to say a thing, you must say it. That is the new freedom. And now, my friend, are you by any chance married?

MR. HODWICK: Well, that's all right, all that you say: maybe it is the new freedom; but we've got a summer hotel out near Blanket City, and for years the old women have sat on the porch and rocked and said whatever they wanted to say and asked whatever they wanted to ask, only nobody said that they were enjoying the new freedom.

Out our way they called 'em a lot of rude old gossips who hated everybody and wanted to make everybody feel uncomfortable.

HELENKA *(with calm superiority):* Ah, but that is very different! We do not hate everybody. We hate merely special privilege and the aristocracy that is based on money and some things like that.

MR. HODWICK: Well, nobody has any use for such things except idiots and crooks and grafters anyway.

MISS WYVIL *(enthusiastically):* Let us drink a symbolical drink! Let us drink a drink that symbolizes our contempt for the prohibition law and all the other laws that the morons of the United States of Moronia have inflicted on us and on themselves.

MR. LUSH *(flinging his hair out of his eyes and seizing a glass of prune wine):* Here's to the day when all of us can leave this land of meddling and interference and spend the rest of our days in France,

"If You Keep on That Way, Mr. Hodwick, I'll Know That You Have a Superiority Complex and are Merely Concealing Your Real Opinion of Poor Little Us!"

"I Tell You Frankly That Literature Has Never Been So Close to Extinction as in America Today, and All Because of the Infant Minds Which the Adult Population is Developing"

where an artist will always be free to live his own life in his own way!

MR. HODWICK *(lifting his glass gravely)*: I'm all for that! The French won't care what you do or what happens to you, as long as you keep reporting at the police station every little while and proving that you aren't trying to dodge the eight million taxes that the French impose on all foreigners that go there. *(They drink industriously.)*

MR. BERKLE *(staring suspiciously at* MR. HODWICK*)*: There's nothing left for a real artist in America. Any attempt to give an honest presentation of American life makes all the morons start shouting for censorship, and Boston won't let it be sold in her bookstores. If this goes on, serious writing about American life is doomed.

HELENKA: Oh, absolutely! You can't write seriously about America. Just see what a storm of protest there was at that perfectly entrancing and realistic book by Oswald Ogg about the authors of the Declaration of Independence. Just because Ogg proved that nine-tenths of them got drunk five times a week, beat their wives, cheated at cards and grafted whenever they got a chance, the morons and the reactionary press insisted that the book ought to be censored.

MR. RAPP: What these morons can't understand is that the cloak of nobility behind which all these prominent citizens hid was merely the covering for their suppressed desires.

MR. BERKLE: Why, certainly! If anybody ever told the real truth about Washington and Lincoln and the rest of them the morons might try to lynch him or something.

MRS. MALLOW: They would!

HELENKA: It's just the same in poetry and fiction and painting. We are being strangled by the booboisie.

MR. RAPP: And the stage! Look at the way they behave about the stage. Why, the second a great, big, sincere dramatist tries to depict American life accurately and realistically the morons go half crazy and say that it's dirty.

MR. HODWICK: There's a lot of things that I don't understand about writing and that sort of thing, but I notice that such writers as Harry Leon Wilson and Booth Tarkington can always find plenty of realistic things to write about without decent people wanting to put them in jail.

HELENKA: Who are those writers? I do not know them.

MR. LUSH: I object to what you say about decent people wanting to put them in jail. The people who wish to put our realistic writers in jail are not the decent people; they are the indecent people. The decent people are the people who frankly and freely admit that there are no such things as innocence and generosity and friendship and bravery and love of family, and that the explanation of such matters must be sought in sex attraction and sex impulses, even in the very young.

THE PARROT *(hanging head down from his perch)*: Don't you love it?

MISS WYVIL: You cannot keep up with what is true and real and sincere in American letters today by reading such writers as those you named. You must read T. Jephson Klutta and Maxson Wallow and Montrose Curdle.

MR. HODWICK *(blankly)*: I never heard of them.

MISS WYVIL *(in a superior manner)*: Probably not. Klutta wrote Blue Contusions and The Addled Egg and Ruined Wrecks. Ruined Wrecks is a truly great book. It's about a girl that lives in a slum with a degenerate father and a bad mother.

MR. HODWICK: Has it sold well?

MISS WYVIL: That's the ironic part of it. Wonderful as it is, it has sold only two or three thousand copies. Only the intelligentzia are familiar with it.

MR. RAPP *(shaking his head)*: Yes; that's irony for you!

MR. LUSH *(dejectedly)*: The irony of fate!

MISS WYVIL: There ought to be a law making it illegal for a publisher to publish a book with a happy ending. We cannot have Art in America until the booboisie is forced to stop reading this mushy trash that tells a story about imaginary people that marry each other and presumably live happily forever after. To know life they must read the starkly realistic things that expose the inner thoughts of their characters, and if they will not read them from choice, then they should be forced to read them.

HELENKA: That is what I say about poetry, my friend. How is it possible to have poetry when the thoughts are locked up behind rigid rimes and an iron-bound meter? No, no! The poetic thought must be free and untrammeled in all things. It is not even necessary for a poet to express himself so that he can be understood; for if he understands himself, then he has done his artistic duty, even though nobody else understands him.

MR. KLOPPER *(eagerly)*: How true that is, my friends! Yet you have not carried it far enough. There should be laws forbidding the compression of any art at all into rigid forms. If artists are protected from stilted representations of an actual subject ——

MR. LUSH *(interrupting)*: Such as Orpen might do in painting a portrait or Whistler might have done in a landscape ——

MR. KLOPPER: Exactly! If the artist could be protected, as the manufacturer and the storekeeper are protected by our stupid Government, then there would be some hope for Art in this country. If a person wants an actual representation of a storm at sea, with conventional cast-iron waves and solid ebony and ivory clouds, let him buy a photograph of one. Then the true artist will be free to paint his impressions of the storm.

MRS. MALLOW: How per-fectly wonderful!

MR. KLOPPER: And of course the art of interior decorating should also be free of restrictions and compressions. Why should curtains always hang straight on each side of the window? Merely because stupid conventions, originated by our stupid fathers and grandfathers, decree that they must hang that way. Why must a house always have a front door? For no particular reason except that our ancestors got in the habit of building front doors out of which they could run when an enemy attacked them by the back door. How stupid, therefore, to build front doors nowadays, when we have no enemies!

THE PARROT: Whoops, my dear!

MR. HODWICK *(somewhat numbly)*: How about windows?

MR. KLOPPER: I'm glad you asked that question. There is no more need for windows in a modern home than for a bustle closet. With the world overrun with morons, there is nothing but distress to be gained from looking out of a window, because there is nobody to see but morons. Certainly there ought to be a law against putting windows in a house. The lighting and ventilating arrangements should be in the roof, always.

MR. HODWICK: Well, suppose you have a two-story house?

MR. RAPP *(contemptuously)*: The booboisie and the 100 per cent Americans are always ready to interpose objections to the ideas of the progressive element. That is why we shall probably never get the legislation that we need to protect us against the great moron class. We're not only surrounded by morons but we're governed by morons.

MR. HODWICK: You mean your city government?

MR. RAPP *(exasperatedly)*: No, no, no! I mean the United States Government. Why, look at that man Coolidge!

MR. HODWICK *(in some surprise)*: What's the matter with him?

[MR. HODWICK'S *question is received with screams of laughter and derisive cries of "strong silent man."*

MR. BERKLE: Why, the country has never seen such overrated and incompetent men in high positions. Look at Hoover! Look at Mellon! Look at all of 'em! None of 'em any good at all! Look at Dawes! Look at Lowden! Look at—look at—well, look at any of 'em.

MR. LUSH: Bah! They are all alike!

MR. HODWICK *(mopping the perspiration from his upper lip)*: Well, I guess it's time for me to be running along. Thanks for a lovely time, and if any of you come out to Blanket City, be sure to—ah—let me know in plenty of time.

MR. KLOPPER: I'll go with you.

MR. HODWICK: I cannot permit it, my dear young man! I have an important engagement. *(He stares fixedly at the parrot and the parrot winks.)* Your parrot seems to have a sense of humor.

MISS WYVIL: Oh, really? I hadn't noticed it.

MR. KLOPPER: Shall I come around tomorrow morning about decorating your house?

MR. HODWICK: No, I may need windows in it. *(He goes out.)*

MR. KLOPPER *(disgustedly)*: He would!

HELENKA: What a moron he is!

MRS. MALLOW: I'll bet he wears pearl studs in his evening clothes and eats eggs for breakfast!

MR. BERKLE: He would!

MR. RAPP *(facetiously)*: What odds'll you give that he plays golf on Sunday and thinks that Coolidge is a great man?

MISS WYVIL: He would!

MR. LUSH: How can anybody be as incredibly stupid as he is, and yet be a successful business man? Thank goodness, we don't have to see anything of people like that!

MR. BERKLE: It's the way they all are. If we had gone into business we'd be tremendously wealthy by now.

MR. RAPP: I want to go up to the Trombone Office and write a criticism of the play that I saw one act of tonight. If someone will come along with me, we'll go up to my diggings afterward and crack open that bottle that the manager of the Hester Street Follies sent me.

[MRS. MALLOW, HELENKA, MR. KLOPPER *and* MR. RAPP *get their wraps and go out with gurgles of amiable farewell.*

MR. BERKLE: If any manager ever sent him a bottle, it must have had arsenic in it!

MR. LUSH: That boy Klopper can make more noise than a cageful of monkeys. You can't get a word in edgewise while he's talking. If you gave him a chance he'd wear a coonskin coat!

MISS WYVIL: He would!

MR. BERKLE: Did you spot Helenka making a play for the big butter-and-egg man?

MR. LUSH: She would!

MISS WYVIL: What a moron that Mallow woman is! I wonder if she gets her ideas out of the reading matter in the theater programs?

MR. BERKLE: She would!

MR. LUSH: We've got to toddle along, Gladysse. Thanks for a lovely evening, sweetheart.

MR. BERKLE: I'm never quite happy unless I'm alone with you, darling! *(They go out, leaving* MISS WYVIL *alone with* THE PARROT.)

MISS WYVIL *(scratching herself discontentedly between the shoulder blades)*: They certainly are a couple of morons! I'll bet they put me on the griddle on the way uptown!

THE PARROT *(with screams of laughter)*: They would!

PALE RED CURTAIN

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 26)

The Perfect Clubwoman Goes O'Neill

"YOUR helpful contribution to our little rummage sale!"
[A bunch of rags a beggar wouldn't wear!]
"You're splendid on committees and in drives you never fail!"
[The papers print your picture everywhere.]
"You live in such a wonderful, self-sacrificing way!"
[Your silhouette improves on scanty rations.]
"You never say the spiteful things so many women say!"
[You lack the wit for clever observations.]
"You've built a name for charity and unassuming worth!"
[Why shouldn't you? It pays to advertise.]
"Your California bungalow's the sweetest thing on earth!"
[But how about your mansion in the skies?]

—C. R. S.

Old Stuff

SHEIK and flapper, while you prance
In your cling-and-cuddle dance,
Back behind my solemn visage I am grinning at you. For
All the silly things you do,
All the cracks you think are new—
They were hokum in the springtime of your Ancestor.

Underneath the moon you pet;
Maybe do some necking. Yet,
When the moon of Youth is rising and the sexes go to war,
Though you use another name,
It's the same old sparking game That was played away back yonder by your Ancestor.

Nothing's new beneath the sun;
All your calfish tricks were done
When Creation still was echoing the hammer of old Thor.
I'll bet Adam was a sheik;
I'll bet flapper Eve would shriek
At the musty, fusty mention of her Ancestor.

Clever things you say and do,
But you're pulling nothing new
On the staid and solemn parent who is looking at you! For—
And, believe it, kid, or not—
But our stuff was just as hot
In the mushy, gushy springtime of your Ancestor.

—Lowell Otus Reese.

Oh, Pshaw!

WHEN Wall Street stocks I do not buy
Through exercise of will,
No issues touch their low or high,
But just—stand—still.

But when I get a tip red-hot
From one of wide renown,
And plunge with every cent I've got,
My
stock
drops
down!

I curse the tempter who cajoled,
I quaff my bitter cup.
In tears I sell—and then behold
up!
mount
stock
My

—Arthur L. Lippmann.

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in a new comedy (Produced by Lloyd Corp.)

CLARA BOW
4 big specials, the first, "The Fleet's In." Three more.

EMIL JANNINGS
"Sins of the Fathers" and two more big specials.

RICHARD DIX
In "Redskin," "Unconquered" and three more.

BEBE DANIELS
"Take Me Home" and three more zippy comedies.

GEORGE BANCROFT
"Wolf of Wall Street." 3 more.

ESTHER RALSTON
"Case of Lena Smith," a big special. 4 more

"BEGGARS OF LIFE"
and "The Tong War," featuring Wallace Beery.

POLA NEGRI
"Loves of an Actress," "Woman from Moscow."

ADOLPHE MENJOU
"His Private Life." 2 more.

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17-jewel PRECISION movement
14-kt solid gold Green-Guard case, $75
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This principle is quite simple. It is fully explained by the diagram of the movement shown above.

Note that the rectangular movement is oblong in shape, completely filling the case.

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TIME HILL, CINCINNATI, U. S. A.
Watches in various parts of the world
Engaged in the art of making fine watches for more than half a century

Gruen Guild Watches

THE DUKE STEPS OUT

(Continued from Page 23)

"No," Pauline said; "no one would have suspected you of liking it."

"Well, how is a man to carry off a situation like that? How would you manage it if you were a man?"

"I wouldn't take it so awfully, awfully hard," Pauline said.

The Duke considered that for the five minutes it took to drive to the Gardiners' house. Of course he was a fool to worry about anything that mattered so little. He helped Pauline out of the car. She put her hand on his arm.

"Didn't you get on with Susie?" she asked.

"I had a grand dance with her, but she's got something against me."

"She's uncommonly independent," Pauline said. "Her father and mother are frightfully conservative and upstage and all that. They live in Lake Forest. They expected her to go to a finishing school and make her debut at eighteen or nineteen. She made them let her come here. She has a mind of her own."

The Duke grinned. "Yes," he said, "I've suspected that."

"Of course," Pauline continued, "she isn't really free of her family or their ideas. If she were, she wouldn't be defiant."

"You mean something that I don't get," the Duke said.

"It's just a hunch," Pauline explained. "I mean that she's a little defiant of her family just because she cares about them. And if she's a little defiant of you, it may be just because she likes you a lot."

The Duke laughed. "You're awfully good to think that up for me, Pauline," he said. "But I'm afraid there's more to it than that—it isn't so simple."

"Women," said Pauline wisely, "just are simple."

He drove home wondering what Susan Corbin's father and mother would think if they knew that their daughter had a blind date on the sixth of March with a man whose chief claim to consideration was the fact that he had yet to be defeated under the Marquis of Queensberry rules by any man who could make a hundred and thirty-five pounds at two o'clock of the afternoon before the fight.

VI

THE Duke awoke at dawn one morning a month later and couldn't go back to sleep. It galled him not to sleep when he wanted to sleep. He had schooled himself to sleep, as all athletes must. He had always slept most of the hours between the weighing in at two o'clock in the afternoon and nine or ten o'clock in the evening, when he entered the ring.

He got up and put on a bath robe and slippers and went into his study, fully equipped now with the bookshelves he had promised himself, a desk, a small safe in which he kept, along with various valued private papers, every scrap of communication from Jake Levy, and a typewriter. On his desk was a calendar pad. He tore off the top sheet. The date he thus revealed was Friday, March fourth.

He had hardly spoken to her since the night at the Wilsons', when he had danced with her for the first and only time. He had seen her across a lecture room that held forty other students in Professor Gardiner's course in advanced composition every Monday and Wednesday and Friday at eleven o'clock since the new semester opened, and he had begun attending college classes—that is, for two Mondays, two Wednesdays and one Friday. He would see her again today.

The Duke walked across the room and studied a framed photograph of her that Pauline had given him. It was a photograph of Susan Corbin on a polo pony, in boots and white breeches and a white blouse with short sleeves. He loved the fine poise of her body and the way she carried her head. But he was angry at her too. She had prevented him from having the happiest month of his life.

He had almost completely lost his fear of being discovered in his true character. He hadn't met anybody in Grandison who knew anything about prize fights or prize fighters. His latest word from Jake Levy was that the fight with Honeyboy Kerrigan might not come off until the Fourth of July. That would give him almost five weeks more of this new freedom than he had counted on. He wouldn't have to begin hard training until the middle of May.

He felt more at home in Grandison than in any place he had ever been. He actually had a home, after years of hotels and railway trains and the loneliness of crowds. He had a home and friends and the chance to study he had always wanted.

He was excited by the long view of mankind that Max Foster had sketched in for them in his lectures; fascinated to see what it meant—and did not mean—to live in the richest country the world has ever known—in the United States. He had discovered poetry in a night. He had borrowed from Professor Gardiner's library a copy of the Oxford Book of English Verse and read it all and then read it again. Some things—a sonnet of Shakspere's, two Elizabethan lyrics, a poem of Keats, a splendid double sonnet by Wilfred Scawen Blunt, a song from A Shropshire Lad—he had read so many times that he had them by heart, happy to know that down through the centuries men had longed as he longed, and set their longings to immortal music.

The world had suddenly proved twice as wide and twice as good as it had ever seemed before. He knew now that his life wasn't ended by the lightweight championship. He would be beaten sooner or later, but he wouldn't stop living when that happened. He would go on into something else.

Only one thing was wrong—one thing that made everything wrong. It was nine weeks since he had seen Susan Corbin across the lobby of the hotel with Tommy Wells and had turned and followed her, knowing instantly that she was what he wanted most in the world, and he hadn't yet managed to spend an hour with her alone. To be precise, he had managed only the three minutes they had danced together at the Wilsons', when neither of them had said a word until the music stopped.

The Duke shook himself. He knew he had to snap out of it. He sat down at his desk and laid out paper and picked up a pen. He had a theme to write for Professor Gardiner. Professor Gardiner had urged them not to be afraid of saying "I," "I," "I." They must choose a subject they cared about; they must first of all have something to say. The Duke asked himself what he would like to have his say about and found himself writing at the head of the sheet: The Fight Game. He began rapidly to jot down notes.

"The fight game is really a branch of show business," he wrote, "just as horse racing is really a branch of gambling. It is crooked to the core. All fighters except top-notchers are slaves. They have to do what managers tell them to do. First-rate fighters have some choice about what they will do and are straight or crooked according to temperament. The strange thing is that in an atmosphere created by grasping managers, sure-thing gamblers, grafting politicians, expert ballyhoo men and promoters whose only interest is in putting on a show that will draw a crowd, and who always prefer a fight that looks good to one that is good, so much hard fighting is done and so much skill and courage developed.

"Of course, a contender for the championship fights to win. If he becomes champion he fights to win—until the time comes when he sees that he is going to be beaten anyway. If a man knows that he is through he can make more money by telling the gamblers he is going to lose, and deliberately losing, than he can by going in and trying and perhaps winning. Most champions are too proud to lose if they can help it. But a man can lose on purpose without the slightest danger of being found out, because so few of the spectators know anything about boxing. The average customer doesn't even know that a heavy swing to the nose means nothing, while a sharp clip to the button means lights out. He is so incapable of seeing the things that matter that he seldom knows which man is winning.

"I happen to be clever. I always box a man until I get the opening I want. If the man I am fighting is slow or crude I may get my chance in the first minute. I have knocked a man out in the first round more than once. But if a man knows the game I can't possibly do that. If he is really good I may have to wait ten rounds for my chance. I seldom hit one blow to the other man's five. I don't believe in wasting my shots in the air or on his shoulders. The result is the customers usually give me the birdie in the opening rounds. They think I am running away and yell for the other man to knock my head off. Most of them are surprised when I put a man down for the count. They haven't seen what was happening in the ring and haven't suspected what was coming.

"I sometimes wonder if the promoters are much wiser. They call my way of fighting my showmanship, because in the end it goes big with the crowd. It always goes big with the crowd when a man who doesn't look rough or tough turns out to be a hitter.

"I read an article once by an alleged expert who explained that though my muscles were smooth and unimpressive, my bones were rough. He said rough bones provided so much better attachment for muscles that I was physically stronger than the average heavyweight. This is bunk. The average heavyweight could pick me up and throw me out of the ring. I am not so much stronger than the average man of my weight, but I do know how to hit. When I hit I aim for a precise spot, and I hit sharply.

"No man can stay on his feet if you hit him just right on the button when his muscles aren't set against the punch. By just right I mean not only that the blow must land on the point but that the time must be right and the distance accurately judged. There is really no follow-through in a good shot to the button. If a man is an inch farther away or an inch nearer than you hit for, a good deal of the effect is lost. Perfect shots to the button are naturally scarce. You can't get one against a good man until you have softened and slowed him up—not unless it's just a lucky punch. As long as he is fresh and strong you are too busy holding him off, and he sees anything you throw at him in time to get his neck set or to roll with the punch."

The Duke paused and realized what he was doing and tore up the sheets he had written. He couldn't write about the fight game without giving himself away. He walked into the bathroom and threw off his robe and weighed himself. He weighed a hundred and forty-four stripped—nine pounds over the limit. Thinking about fighting made him realize that there was something intensely gratifying in fighting. He was proud of being a fighter.

He wished he could let Susan Corbin know who he was. It was all very well to pretend you were Jimmy Van Blarcom and wholly unobjectionable. But if by pretending to be somebody you weren't you lost the disadvantages of your own past, you lost its advantages also.

He went back to his desk to try another subject for a theme. After five minutes he wrote the heading: College Manners and Morals. But this was a new subject. He had to think about it. He was irritated and annoyed by the things he had seen. He disapproved of the freedom with which some of the coeds acted. But why? He couldn't point to a single definite evil result of their conduct. He didn't know a single case of a

Watch This Column

Our Weekly Chat

TWENTY years of experience in producing motion-pictures, yet in all that time I have never seen a sweeter picture-play than "Lonesome," produced from Mann Page's original story by an extraordinarily original director, Dr. Paul Fejos. It will go plumb into your heart, because it is the very essence of romance, and tells, in an unusual way, the story that the whole world loves to hear. It violates all the motion-picture conventions, yet the result is delightful. I most cordially recommend "Lonesome" to you because I know that it will interest, enthrall and entertain.—C. L.

* * *

Imagine a beautiful little telephone girl, BARBARA KENT, who lives in a back-hall bedroom, has few intimate friends and is lonesome during her idle hours. Imagine a handsome young man, GLENN TRYON, similarly situated, an employee in a machine shop—and lonesome

Glenn Tryon

Imagine a Saturday half-holiday when neither knows what to do. She starts for the bathing beach hoping to find some kind of entertainment. He sees her, follows her and smiles upon her. She is amused and allured by his manner.

Hand in hand, they visit the various places of amusement. They enter the maelstrom of Coney Island and "do as the Romans do." He doesn't know her name. She doesn't know his. But it doesn't matter. They lie cheerfully about their stations in life. They are both wealthy according to their stories.

Barbara Kent

Yet, he is the Man of her Dreams. She is the girl he has been waiting for. Nothing else matters. As the day goes on, the romance buds and blossoms. They are oblivious of the thousands around them. They are happy, care free and they see only each other. And to think that all these months, they—but I am going to keep the ending a secret. It's a real surprise. It is life in a great city."

There are only two in the cast—GLENN TRYON and BARBARA KENT, yet there are thousands around them every instant of the time. I want your opinion of it when you see it. I believe it is little short of superb, and in my estimations, it will score a triumph for Universal

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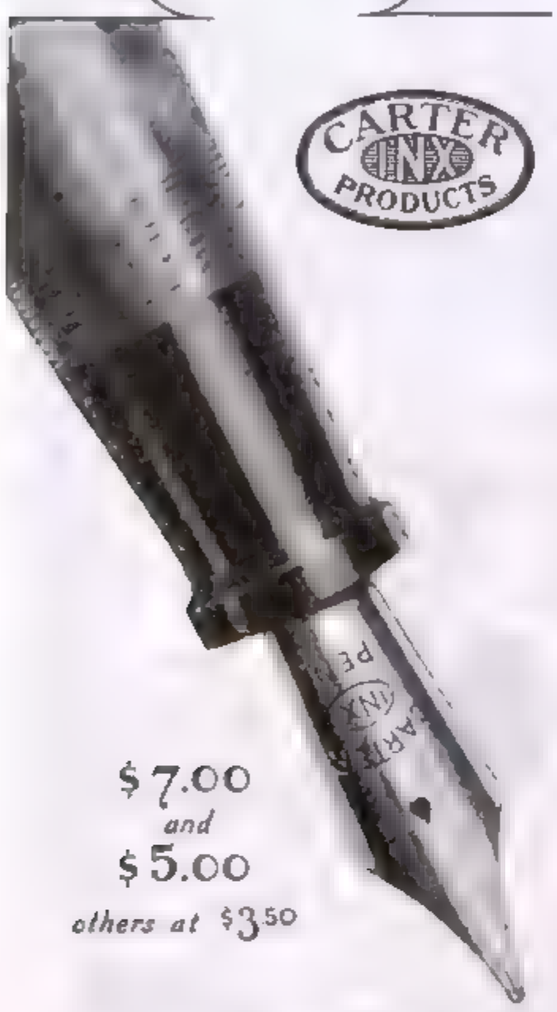

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girl who had done herself or anybody else any harm. What if girls in college took the freedom of being away from home and used this chance to find out what life was like? How did he know that they were less honest and less worth knowing than their mothers were? The truth was, he didn't know. He suspected they were more honest and more worth knowing than their mothers had been. Nevertheless, he objected.

And in a flash of insight, he knew why. The reason was Susan Corbin. He wanted to restrict her. He wanted to prevent her from using her powers of attracting men—other men.

The Duke grinned at himself and began to write about college manners and morals on the theory that other people were a good deal like himself, and that the real objection to the free-and-easy ways of coeds was jealousy. Men were jealous of other men; the serious-minded were jealous of the light-hearted; and parents were more jealous of their children's privileges than genuinely fearful that they would come to a bad end. He was still writing when Li, the Chinese cook, came in with his breakfast tray. After he had eaten two soft-boiled eggs and one piece of dry toast and drunk a cup of coffee without cream or sugar, and ruthlessly suppressed his impulse to ring for more toast and some jam, the Duke finished the theme. He read it through with a good deal of satisfaction.

It was two or three hours later, when he stood in the porch of Main Hall waiting for the moment when Professor Gardiner's class began, that he discovered he was just as sore about college manners and morals as he had been before analyzing his soreness.

He saw Susan Corbin, the center, as usual, of a laughing group that included half a dozen other girls and Tommy Wells and Boss Walker and several of her too numerous admirers. The men were all smoking between-classes cigarettes. As he watched, the Duke saw Susan Corbin lean toward Boss Walker and say something. He could guess what she said, because Boss Walker immediately held his cigarette to her mouth and gave her a puff of it. The Duke threw his cigarette away, turned and walked into Professor Gardiner's classroom, raging at the familiarity he had witnessed. He did not look at her through the fifty minutes that followed. He hated her even more than he hated the men who fell for her by the dozen—by the score. He listened intently, or he made an intense effort to listen, to the theme Professor Gardiner was reading aloud, while he told himself that she was an incorrigible flirt and the less he saw of her the better.

He was the last to leave the class, as he had been first to come in. He was walking down the corridor when she came running back, and, furious as he was with her, he couldn't help feeling how lovely she was.

"Oh, Mr. Van Blarcom," she said, "I've got to go home to Lake Forest this afternoon and I can't be back till late Sunday night."

"You mean you want to break our date," the Duke said, looking into her eyes.

She nodded, lowering her eyes. "I'm afraid I must," she said. She looked up at him, watching him. "I'm terribly sorry."

"So am I," the Duke said.

The Duke guessed that she was considering asking him to walk down the hill with her. He felt it and braced himself against her, his anger growing. He'd be hanged if he would let her substitute a walk to the edge of the campus for the afternoon she had promised. He felt a terrific tension between them, so that he could not speak. She felt it too. He saw that she was suddenly pale; all the color had gone out of her face. Her lips parted as if to speak, but she did not speak. The color came rushing back into her face. She turned and walked rapidly away. She might as well have run away. The Duke followed her at a distance. From the porch of Main Hall he saw her hurrying down the hill. He had a wild impulse to run after her, to catch her. But he was too angry.

His anger did not prevent him from asking himself why she had done it. He didn't doubt that she had done it on purpose—that she had chosen to go home for the week-end in order to break the date she had made with him. But why? The obvious answer was that she didn't like him and didn't want to know him and had broken the date to escape the boredom of a long afternoon with him. But although he kept reminding himself that this might be the answer, he didn't believe it. There was more to it than that. There was no denying the terrific tension between them in the moments when they had stood in the corridor and she had told him she was going home. It was just as much a fact as a kiss or a blow. And it couldn't have happened if she were indifferent to him or bored. Whatever her feeling was, it was strong.

He walked on down the hill, considering how he could get even with her, turning over in his mind absurd plans for punishing her, for putting her in her place.

By Monday morning he had argued himself out of the desire for revenge. He couldn't get even by treating her badly; or if he could, it wasn't what he wanted most. He did think, when he saw her across Professor Gardiner's lecture room and she gave him a particularly jolly smile, that she was rubbing it in. But he smiled back. The next moment he was really listening to the theme that Professor Gardiner had chosen to read aloud. It was the Duke's own theme, the one he had written about college manners and morals. The Duke was startled at the frankness with which he had exposed his own feelings. He was glad no one except himself and Professor Gardiner knew that he had written the theme. But he liked the appreciative laughter with which the class received his theory.

What he ought to have done, he realized suddenly, was to tell Susan Corbin that he would drive her to Lake Forest in the Benham. He had been too angry to think of it when she told him that she was breaking their date in order to spend the week-end at home. Hadn't he learned not to lose his head in a fight?

VII

THE spring vacation began at noon on a Wednesday. The Duke parked the Benham at the foot of the hill that morning and walked up to Main Hall with the air of a man who is about to conquer the world or know the reason why. He sat through his nine o'clock lecture in the history of civilization, his ten o'clock class in economics, and finally, Professor Gardiner's eleven o'clock class in advanced composition, without smiling and without hearing much that was going on. But the moment the noon bell rang and the class began to shuffle its feet, the Duke went into action. He was the first man out of the door. When Susan Corbin went down the corridor with three other girls, he swung in behind her. He followed her all the way down the hill.

Just as she reached the Benham he stepped forward quickly and said, "Oh, Miss Corbin!" She turned and paused. "Are you going to Lake Forest this afternoon?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, "of course."

"I'm driving down. Wouldn't you like to drive?"

"Why ——" she began, and hesitated, looking at him with a smile, half provocative, half mischievous and wholly intoxicating. The Duke could almost see the objections going through her mind. He was prepared for them. He knew that she couldn't get a train before three in the afternoon; she would arrive in Chicago at nine o'clock; the next train for Lake Forest left at 9:15 and was due at 10:15. He could beat that in the Benham even if they took an hour out for luncheon and an hour for dinner. "Why not?" she finished.

The Duke laughed happily. He had guessed right. She liked the unexpected.

"Shall we take Helen Scott and Tommy Wells with us?" she asked.

"I'd like to," the Duke said mendaciously, as he smiled at her, "but by the time your luggage is added to mine there isn't going to be much room."

He opened the door of the Benham and helped her in.

"That's too bad," Miss Corbin said.

"Isn't it?" the Duke said lightly as he stepped on the starter and the Benham took the gas. He was suddenly in a mood of light-hearted recklessness.

"Do we start right after lunch?" she asked.

"I've got a tea basket with sandwiches and things," the Duke said. "I thought we'd save time by lunching on the road. We can make Rockland by dinnertime. There's a fairish place to dine there."

"My things aren't packed," she said. "But I think I can get them together in about nine minutes."

She did get her things packed in fifteen minutes, and in twenty they were out on the open road and the Duke was asking her if she didn't want to drive.

"Of course I want to drive," Susan said.

They changed places and the Duke showed her the progression of the four speeds and told her to step on it as hard as she liked.

"Give her the gas," he said a moment later. "You're doing only forty-five." Miss Corbin nodded.

The car climbed a slight rise and the concrete stretched clear and straight before them for four or five miles. The Benham began to hum like a sewing machine. The Duke reached down and pulled the cut-out open. The hum changed to the deep-throated roar of a wide-open motor.

"What am I doing now?" she asked.

"Seventy-one," the Duke said. Her cheeks were flushed with pleasure and her eyes were shining as she pushed the accelerator down to the floor boards.

"Eighty-five," the Duke said, his eyes on the speedometer—"and eighty-six."

Miss Corbin took her foot off the gas and let the car come down to fifty.

"If that speedometer is right," she said, "that's the fastest I've ever driven."

"It's as near right as they can make it," he told her.

The concrete ended in a stretch of deep mud. Miss Corbin insisted on getting out and helping put on the chains. She got almost as much mud on her face and hands as he did. But they found a brook at which they washed most of the mud off. She missed a spot on her cheek bone and the Duke wet a particularly sheer linen handkerchief in the icy water and rubbed it clean for her. She looked at him and laughed.

"Here," she said, "give me your handkerchief. You've missed a streak across your forehead." She took the sopping handkerchief and scrubbed vigorously. "There," she said.

"Do you suppose we're clean enough to eat?" the Duke asked. "Or aren't you interested in food?"

"If you had ever eaten sorority-house food for a week you wouldn't ask such a question," Susan Corbin said. "I'm always hungry."

Together they rummaged in the tea basket. "Heavens!" Susan Corbin said. "Caviar!"

"Do you like caviar?" the Duke asked. She nodded, her mouth full.

It was a happy luncheon.

"Now," the Duke said, when they had eaten all they could and repacked the tea basket, "let's see how fast you can do the next hundred miles."

She looked at him with mock amazement. "You really mean that you're going to let me drive again?" she asked.

"Why not?" the Duke asked.

"Men usually promise you that you may drive," Susan Corbin said, as she sat down behind the Benham's large wheel, with its slender rim, "but they don't often remember it. . . . I love to drive," she added a moment later as the car picked its way through the mud, "and I almost never have a chance. Father won't let me have a car of my own until I'm twenty-one. I've been driven around by chauffeurs all my life."

(Continued on Page 45)

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Kissel		×	×	×		×
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	66	×	×			
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Rickenbacker		×				
Stearns-Knight	All	×	×	×	×	×
Studebaker	All	×	×	×	×	×
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Willys-Knight	Whippet 4	×	×	×	×	×
	Whippet 6	×	×	×	×	×
Overland	56	×	×	×	×	×
	66 A	×		×	×	×
	70 A	×		×	×	×

(Continued from Page 42)

After three miles they were able to take the chains off and make time.

It was dark when they approached Rockland. "I could eat a large steak," the Duke confessed.

"With onions!" Susan Corbin cried.

"With onions," the Duke agreed. He was happy. He was happier than he had ever been in his life. And he continued to be happy while they ate the large steak with onions at the hotel at Rockland. He was so happy that he did not give the lightweight limit a thought, but recklessly ate French-fried potatoes with her, and the deep-dish apple pie with cream that the waiter recommended. Afterward as he smoked the best cigarette of the day, the one that comes immediately after dinner, the Duke looked at her and felt that life was so good it hurt.

The waiter observed them and went over to the radio in the corner and began to twirl the dials in search of dance music.

The Duke surprised himself by leaning toward her and saying, "Why did you break that date?"

"That's a good line for a popular song," Susan Corbin said. She sang it for him: "Oh, why did you break that date?" The Duke smiled and waited. "I told you why I broke it," she continued. "I had to go home for the week-end."

"I know—that's what you said."

She smiled at him—that same half-mischievous, half-provocative and wholly intoxicating smile with which she had greeted his proposal to drive to Lake Forest.

"So now we quarrel," she said.

"I don't want to quarrel," the Duke insisted. "But I wish you'd tell me why you have it in for me."

"If I do, will you tell me why you have it in for me?"

"But I haven't," the Duke protested. "Whatever made you think that?"

"I feel it," she said. "I feel that you want to take me down—to put me in my place—to tell me what's what."

The Duke shook his head. "I don't see how you could possibly think that."

"Do you remember the first thing you ever said to me? You turned on me and said, 'Is it true that a dozen men have kissed you?'"

"I beg your pardon. I shouldn't have asked you such a question. I mean, it must have sounded as if I were criticizing you."

"It did. It sounded as if you thought I was a little fool and ought to be told so."

"I apologize," the Duke said.

"You needn't apologize," she assured him. "It was quite all right for you to say it if you felt it—and you did feel it. You disapprove of me and my friends and my ways."

"But I don't disapprove of you," the Duke protested. "I ——"

"Oh, yes, you do," Susan Corbin said. "Why not come right out and say it?"

"Well," the Duke admitted uncomfortably, "I don't like petting parties."

"Oh!" she said, and managed to convey the utmost mockery with one syllable.

"What I mean ——" the Duke began, and hesitated, wondering how best to put his feeling. "You don't defend all that sort of thing?"

"But I do defend it," she said warmly. "Why not? You don't really insist that a girl marry the first man who kisses her, do you?"

"No, of course not."

"Or even the first man she thinks she's in love with?"

The Duke shook his head impatiently, feeling that he had somehow got himself in an awkward position in spite of being right.

"You know what I mean," he said.

"Yes," she said, laughing at him. "I know what you mean. I'm only trying to make you say it so you'll see how absurd it sounds."

"I object to promiscuous kissing!" the Duke exploded.

"Oh," Susan Corbin said, "I see. You think I let everybody kiss me and ——"

"No," the Duke interrupted, "of course I don't think that."

"Most men take it for granted that if they buy you a taxicab the petting privileges come with it."

"I don't think that," the Duke said.

"I'm sure you don't," she said with mock gravity. "You're much too high-minded."

"Hang it all," the Duke said, "what are we arguing about?"

"Why," Susan Corbin said, "as near as I can figure it out, you're trying to persuade me that I shouldn't ever let a man kiss me unless I am perfectly sure he's going to marry me, and I'm pointing out how impractical that is."

The Duke was exasperated. They hadn't been arguing anything of the sort—and yet, of course, they had.

"I wish you had listened to that theme Professor Gardiner read aloud a couple of weeks ago," she continued. "The man who wrote it frankly admitted that he only objected to petting parties when he wasn't in on them himself, and he thought that most of the criticism of the modern girl was nothing but jealousy."

"I wrote that theme myself," the Duke said bitterly.

"You wrote it!" she cried. "You mean you had the sense to say that and not the sense to believe what you said?"

"The truth," the Duke said earnestly, "is this: I hate the idea of your letting any man kiss you—except me."

"I wouldn't dream of letting you kiss me!" she said furiously.

For a moment they glared at each other. The Duke recovered himself first.

"Go on," he said calmly, "I'm interested."

"I think you're the most disgustingly superior man I ever met!" she cried.

"Wh-a-a-a-at?" the Duke said, startled.

"Yes," she said, "that's what I hate in you so—your air of calm superiority. And you don't even know you have it!"

"I certainly don't know it. I'm not in the least superior. On the contrary ——"

"But you are. You're intolerably arrogant."

"I wish you'd tell me about it in words of one syllable," the Duke said, "so I could get it through my head."

"It's in your walk, your manner, your clothes—everything you do and say registers superiority. I got it the first time I ever saw you—that afternoon I went into the Drake grill with Tommy Wells, and you came in and took a table and sat there staring at me. And the next thing I knew you were following me. You followed me to the station and got aboard my train and sat staring at me while you had your dinner. You even got off at Grandison."

"I've never denied that I followed you," the Duke said. "I admitted it when you accused me of it at Pauline's dinner party."

"And how! Another piece of impudence!"

"I suppose it was impudent," the Duke admitted. "But it was really self-defense. You were exposing me before a lot of people I didn't know at all well. You weren't in the least friendly."

"And why would I be friendly?"

"I don't know. Why weren't you?"

"I hated you on sight," Susan Corbin said. "You and your air of being the king of something! Of course I didn't know who you were, and naturally when everybody in college began to talk about the mysterious stranger with the Benham car and the chauffeur I didn't know it was you. I only got that when I recognized you at Pauline's as the man who had followed me."

"I begin to understand," the Duke said. "In fact, the only thing I don't understand is why you came with me today."

"Because you've made yourself a mystery. You've had the whole town talking about you since the day you appeared. And every week somebody has a new hunch about you. But so far nobody really knows anything about you, or why you came to Minnewaska, or what the big idea is."

"So you came today out of curiosity."

"Yes," she said; "I thought if I spent the afternoon with you I'd find out something about where you came from and why—at least I'd know what sort of bird you really are."

The Duke smiled. "And now you know"

She shook her head impatiently. "No, of course I don't. You haven't told me a thing about yourself."

"But after all, you don't get people by what they tell you about themselves, do you? I mean not so much as by what they are—by your direct impression of what they are. We're all trained from babyhood to guess what other people are like on sight. We guess by small signs, things we observe unconsciously, whether they are friendly or hostile. And we guess by another set of small signs whether they are our own kind or not. We know in the first five minutes whether another person belongs or not, don't we?"

"You get a lot from manners and clothes and speech," Susan Corbin said, "but you want to know what sort of family people come from before you feel sure of them."

"Do you usually judge people by their families?"

"Yes," she said, "I do. I judge them by all the small signs you're talking about in the light of what I know about their whole background. And their background is mostly family—unless they've done something to distinguish themselves."

"I don't believe I'm so much concerned about their background or their families," the Duke said. "I got the most direct impression of you the first time I saw you. I thought you were a smash. Nothing I could learn about your background or your family could change that impression. I'm so sure of it that I have only the mildest curiosity about your family. I really don't care where you came from."

"But you're a man. It doesn't make so much difference to you. And besides, I'm not a mystery. You know the important things about me. You hadn't been following me long before you knew that I was a coed at Minnewaska. And Pauline has probably told you that my father is Ernest Corbin. And if you read the papers you know that my brother Philip is playing polo at Aiken and my sister Kate is getting a divorce from the Italian prince she married."

The Duke was tempted to retort that if she read the papers she might know that he had been lightweight champion for nearly three years. But he did not tell her that.

Instead he said gravely, "I see—I see what you mean. But are these the important things to know about you?"

"I think they are. I think they're quite fundamental things."

"I wonder. I can think of a lot of things that seem to me more important."

"For instance?"

"In the first place," the Duke said, "I wonder if one important thing about you isn't this: How do you happen to be a coed at Minnewaska instead of a debutante?"

"That is a little unusual," she admitted. "But it's quite simple. My family live in the fear that I'll fall for some man they think is impossible and marry him before they can stop me. They think that I'm especially naive and innocent and unworldly. You know how families are. And they think that the world is full of wet smacks who know how to make love. I played on that. It wasn't hard to persuade them that I'd be a lot safer living at a sorority house at Minnewaska and meeting a lot of small-town boys than I would be as a debutante in Chicago—or in Europe."

"But the important thing to know about you is why you wanted to go to Minnewaska instead of being a debutante."

"If you'd ever been a girl in a careful family you'd never ask such a question," she assured him. "It's just deadly to be a debutante. I wanted something just as different as I could find." She paused and gave him an odd, inquiring glance, as if she were debating whether to tell him what more was in her mind. "Besides," she added, deciding to tell him a secret about herself, "I wanted to learn something. Of course I know now that you don't learn an awful lot in college.

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But I don't pick out snap courses and I do keep my work up. I think the S. G. A. rules are the last word in stupidity and I don't even pretend to obey them. But I pay attention in class and my marks are a bit above passing. They're—they're really quite high."

The Duke smiled happily. "That's awfully nice of you to admit that," he said. He looked at her slyly. "And it's another important thing to know about you, and one I'd never have suspected if you hadn't told me."

"I don't know why I told you that."

"I hope it was because you felt you could trust me."

"I trust you about a thing like that," she said. "I know you feel a good deal the same way. But ——" she paused.

"But what?" he urged.

"But there is something funny about you. It's as if you were concealing something—as if you were all set to jump. You never seem quite at home."

"Did it ever occur to you that I simply don't belong—in your world?"

She shook her head. "No," she said. "I don't get you."

"I mean just that," the Duke said—"that I don't belong."

"You're a little too swanky for Minnewaska—a little too correct and formal and well turned out. That's one reason everybody is so curious about you. And you're frightfully superior."

"Disgustingly superior, you said before," the Duke reminded her.

"Very well then, disgustingly superior. Though I can't imagine your insulting anybody unless you intended to." She smiled at him in a friendly fashion. "No," she continued, "the only reason you're a mystery and require to be explained is that you've made a mystery of yourself and haven't told anybody anything about yourself—not even the ordinary things that everybody tells. Somebody remarked of you the other day that you never by any chance referred to anything that had happened before you came to Grandison. You might, for all I know, have lost your memory on that day. What do they call it?—amnesia, I think. Perhaps that's the trouble—you're a victim of amnesia."

"Listen," the Duke said. "You're what is called well brought up. You've always had money and the things that go with money. You're upper crust. And you acquired the ways—the habits and ideas—of the upper crust almost unconsciously, so that you take them for granted."

"Yes," she said.

"Hasn't it occurred to you that my life hasn't been like that—that I'm not used to your ways? If I wear a black tie with a dinner coat, it isn't because that's what I've always seen. It's because I've taken pains to look it up."

"No," she said, "that hasn't occurred to me. You're much too perfect."

"I have to be. All the things that are so familiar and habitual to the people you know are so new to me that I can't be casual about them."

Susan Corbin leaned her elbows on the table and cupped her chin in her hands.

"Is that really true?"

"Of course it's true. My father was a laborer on the Hudson River piers—a longshoreman. And when he was out of work, as he often was, my mother had a hard time feeding four children. My mother was Irish and full of spirit and ambition. But what could she do? She spoke English sweetly. Did you ever hear the Irish Players from the Abbey Theater in Dublin?"

Susan Corbin nodded.

"My mother's speech was like that, and she couldn't bear to hear us say 'Twenty-thoid Street' in the New York fashion, and I mostly didn't. I was the youngest and I saw more of her when I was a kid than my brothers, and she taught me to speak English."

"She gave you a sweet gift," Susan Corbin said.

"She gave everything she had and died an old woman at forty."

The Duke paused. He had spoken with more feeling than he had intended, and like all self-controlled people, he was a little shocked at his own emotion.

"Don't stop," Susan Corbin said.

"But that's all."

"Oh," she said, "don't be a dumb-bell!"

"If I went on I'd only be adding details that don't matter."

"But how did you get from there to here?" she cried.

"I read," the Duke replied. "I read every book I could get my hands on. I read Soldiers of Fortune and Uncle Tom's Cabin and the Police Gazette and Man and Superman and Sherlock Holmes and Anna Karenina and The Man Who Would be King and Bunker Bean."

"Yes, of course," she said impatiently. "So did I. But how did you make your money?"

The Duke covered his confusion by lighting a cigarette. He knew this was the moment to tell her that he was a prize fighter. He needn't come out with it flat-footed. He could lead up to it gradually. He could begin with the carnival company when he was fifteen and tell her about the Frisco Kid and the cruel way in which they had given him his great left hand, and about stall fighting; and how mad they had been because he kept on growing, growing from a flyweight to a bantam and then to a featherweight, and finally to a lightweight; and about Barney and Jake, and how they had brought him along out West until he was twenty-one and could go the distance under the New York commission's rules; and how Jake had forced them to give him the big chance and he had knocked out Harlem Tommy Martin in the fifteenth round at the old Madison Square Garden and won the championship. She wouldn't hold his being a prize fighter so much against him if she knew just how it had all happened. But he couldn't tell her. He had given Jake his word that he wouldn't tell anybody. And how could he ever make love to her until she knew?

He looked up at her. She was leaning toward him eagerly, waiting on his answer, and her face was delicately flushed and her eyes were bluer than blue, and deeper and clearer than any other eyes he had ever looked into. He knew that if he didn't tell her she would some day learn it suddenly, so that she would get the full shock of the idea, with all its brutal, vulgar, sordid associations. But he couldn't tell her.

"Would you mind if I didn't answer that question at the moment?" he asked.

"You mean you aren't going to tell me?"

The Duke shook his head. "I can't tell you," he said. "I'm not at liberty to."

"But that's the whole point!" she cried. "That is the mystery about you!"

"I'm awfully sorry," the Duke said.

"Oh!" she said, and concentrated her disappointment and her contempt in one epithet. "You poor fish!"

The Duke flushed under her contempt. He could not look into her eyes. He looked beyond her. The waiter, finding them oblivious of Chicago and Pittsburgh, had got New York and a dance band. The piece the band was playing started like a tango, with castanets. But as the Duke listened, the rhythm changed to the steady beat of a fox trot and the castanets faded and the room was suddenly filled with the low lovely moan of a saxophone against the muted throb of the orchestra.

"Let's dance," the Duke said.

For a moment he thought she was going to forget her feeling against him and dance.

"I wouldn't dream of dancing with you!" she said furiously. They sat staring at each other with angry eyes. She looked down at the watch on her wrist. "It's eleven o'clock," she said, "and I'm ninety miles from home, and it would be just like my father to call up the Gamma Delta house and the dean of women and the police."

"I'm awfully sorry," the Duke said.

"Please don't say that again," she said bitterly. "Please don't say anything at all again—ever."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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BEARLY POSSIBLE

(Continued from Page 17)

transferred the hand baggage of his passengers to Epic's drawing-room. Then he looked around.

"Where this bear is at, white folks?"

They motioned vaguely to the far side of the train.

"We hid him out there. Bunch of freshmen looking after him."

"I sho' woul'n't want to be no freshman." He studied the situation. "Can the bear walk?"

"I'll say he can!"

"A'right. Then I'll stan' aroun' heah an' watch my chance. You git that bear over yonder behime them freight cars an' keep yo' eyes on me. Soon as I see the porter on this car git called away, I signals you-all an' you come with the bear. On'y, I ain't gwine have nothin' to do with puttin' that bear in the drawin'-room."

They left the train, circled it and appeared on the Twenty-seventh Street side of the Terminal Station. Then Joe commenced his vigil. Standing in the corridor, where he could spy on Epic through the window, he saw one of the students return and pass the word through the car to his fellow conspirators. The bear was to be brought aboard this Pullman and no demonstration was to be made lest the officials raise a perfectly worthy objection. The faces of the young men reflected high glee.

Twenty minutes before leaving time, Epic was summoned by the conductor. The instant he departed from his post, Joe Bullock opened the far side of the vestibule and flashed his signal. Instantly a strange cavalcade started for the cars—the two seniors and behind them a covey of freshmen in whose midst waddled the somewhat dazed Beppo. One glance at that formidable animal was sufficient for Mr. Bullock.

"Great sufferin' menageries!" he whispered. "I sho' is glad I don't have to put that thing to bed."

The bear was muzzled and he followed docilely up the steps of the Pullman. They placed him in the drawing-room and, at Joe Bullock's suggestion, locked him in the lavatory.

"Better keep him there till after Epic Peters looks aroun', an' also till the cap'n takes up yo' tickets."

He accepted the bribe money from the young men and was standing by Epic's car when that elongated person returned from his confab with the conductor.

"Hello, nothin'," greeted Joe.

Epic scratched his head. "Seems like I hearn somebody makin' talk with me, but I don't see nothin' human roun' here," he observed.

"Hmph! You should worry 'bout humans!"

Delighted with himself and the certain success of his scheme, Mr. Bullock walked off. This was, indeed, the hour of his triumph over Epic Peters. Chances were Epic would stumble on the bear during the trip and be frightened out of seven years' growth. Or else the boys would tell Epic of the bear's presence and bribe him to silence. In which event Joe Bullock intended that the cap'n should learn that Epic was chaperoning a wild animal, and Mr. Peters would consequently be put in Dutch with the Pullman Company.

"He gits it in the neck comin' or goin'," chuckled Joe Bullock. "An' maybe bofe!"

And now came the rush immediately preceding departure. To the train came hordes of cheering, shouting, laughing students; small boys and tall boys; fat boys and lean ones; beautiful coeds and coeds who were not so beautiful; the gorgeously uniformed band, playing the marching song of the college; austere faculty members and their wives; friends of the college; sports writers from the three Birmingham newspapers—and Mack Varonne.

Mack Varonne was of medium size and was dressed unobtrusively. One might have mistaken him for anything but what he was. And there was no denying the fact that his success in obtaining an upper berth on this college special was little short of genius.

Mack Varonne was a hustler, which is the technical term for any gentleman who makes a living by his wits plus a nimble conscience. He was known to a great many college boys and liked by them, because his nefarious habits were not a matter of public knowledge. They knew him as a rather genial fellow who had a keen knowledge of football and a good sense of sportsmanship. What they did not know was that Mack's mental slant made him eligible for membership in the burglars' union, nor did they know that he was one of the most notorious and cleverest dice shooters in the United States.

The autumn was Varonne's happy hunting time. He haunted trains which were crowded with football pilgrims and waxed wealthy from the dice games he was able to start.

Mack didn't particularly care how he operated. He was always equipped with the works. He carried sets of hitting dice and missing dice. He was prepared for any and all emergencies. Some of his dice seven'd regularly, and these he palmed off to the shooter when he was fading. Other dice found it almost impossible to seven, and he used these when he was shooting, which meant that all he had to do was to continue rolling after he obtained a point, and sooner or later that point would appear. Of course these noncubical dice were not infallible and occasionally would double-cross him, but they were constructed with such mechanical ingenuity that the odds were hopelessly in his favor.

Mr. Varonne knew dice. They were his reason for being. He had them with him now—all kinds and sizes, and adjusted for all tricks.

This journey promised ripe pickings. True, most of the students at Hilltop were on exceedingly modest allowance, but there were some who were known to carry heavy pocketbooks, and, besides, there weren't any on this special train who didn't have some money.

Mack Varonne planned a delightful and profitable vacation. He was sufficiently well known to the boys to make introductions unnecessary. He wouldn't be so crude as to inaugurate a dice game himself. No need for that. Mr. Varonne was familiar with his onions. He knew that nowhere in the South has a football train ever been more than two hours out of the station without someone producing a pair of dice and suggesting that he was willing to shoot two bits. Mack grinned to himself and waited. Meanwhile he rambled through the train and spoke to those whom he knew. Then he returned to his car.

The train was departing. In the vestibule stood the tremendously long-drawn-out figure of Epic Peters, the Pullman porter. Mack did not know Epic, and therefore could not understand the severe scrutiny to which he was subjected by the tall colored man.

Epic frowned. It was his boast that he could spot a train hustler a mile away. But this was not merely instinct. Mr. Peters had a remarkable ability to remember faces and events, and he recalled a certain hectic trip on the Limited when this same Mack Varonne successfully had operated a large and vicious dice game.

The porter was annoyed. He liked the jolly, boisterous college boys and didn't care how enthusiastically they won and lost one another's money. But to fall into the clutches of a professional gentleman gambler ——

"White trash!" anathematized Epic. "I sho' aims to keep my eye on that gemmun."

Mack Varonne attached himself to the likeliest looking crowd of youngsters. He knew football, and the boys paid great heed to his opinion of the impending contest. Mr. Varonne tactfully declared that Hilltop couldn't lose. Hadn't they an impregnable line, a pair of fleet and rangy ends, a fine punter and two elusive halfbacks? Of course Mack was popular, and so, after the tickets were taken up by the conductor, someone produced a pair of dice and invited Mack to roll 'em. He laughed and shook his head.

"That isn't my game," he lied. Then—"Besides, why shoot out here in the car? Who's got the drawing-room?"

They told him. At his suggestion two students went into the drawing-room and conferred with the holders of that space. Beppo was hustled unceremoniously into the lavatory and left there, a distinctly dazed and unhappy animal.

The dice game resumed operations in the drawing-room. The original shot of two bits increased to a dollar. One man held a hot hand and pyramided his money to twenty.

"Let it ride," he announced.

The faders covered fifteen of the amount and the shooter made a caustic comment anent poor sports. Mack Varonne pulled out a five-dollar note.

"I don't often indulge," he smiled; "but just to keep the game going ——"

He lost. On the next roll of the dice he covered twenty and won.

That was the beginning. Mack did not win all at once, but as the afternoon wore on there was a perceptible flow of money in his direction. He managed his bets well and was far too wise to let winnings pile up on the floor in front of him. Whenever it seemed that his display of wealth might prove disconcerting, he shoved fifty or a hundred in his pocket and permitted it to be forgotten.

There was a temporary adjournment when the first call for dinner was sounded. One of the holders of the drawing-room went into the diner with Mack, while the other remained to chaperon the bear. Later, the professional gambler and his friend returned. The bear was so safely hidden that even Mr. Varonne did not know of his presence. The second lad went in to dinner and by the time he returned the dice game was in full swing again.

News had become bruited through the train that there was one hot crap game in operation, and consequently the real-money holders from all eleven Pullmans drifted in, fondly believing that they had a chance against Mr. Varonne.

And now the game grew warm in earnest. Epic Peters mourned just outside the door and wished there was something he could do about it. He didn't have to ask who was winning. He knew perfectly well that it wasn't football which had prompted Mack Varonne to take this excursion.

Mack was in fine fettle. Pickings were better than he could have anticipated. Five and ten dollars at a time, the surplus cash of Hilltop University wended its way into his pockets. Little by little he amassed wealth, until only a few haggard boys remained to shoot their remaining dollars.

At eleven o'clock that night there were less than half a dozen left. Two of these were the youngsters who occupied the drawing-room and they had been futilely bucking Varonne's uncanny luck with results disastrous to their own finances. Finally they threw up their hands.

"We're licked," they admitted—"and broke!"

"It's just as well," sympathized Mr. Varonne. "I'm naturally lucky tonight."

"I'll say you are! But I wish I had the money to fade you one more time."

"I'll shoot you boys once for a hundred," he offered.

"On credit?" they asked eagerly.

"We-e-ll, no—not exactly. I'll shoot my upper berth and a hundred against this drawing-room for the round trip."

He did not see the quick startled glance which passed between them. He was offering good odds and they both felt—with the

(Continued on Page 50)

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(Continued from Page 48)

killing optimism of the loser who is soundly hooked—that the next shot would change their luck. They drew off into a corner and conferred. There was a great deal of whispering, but the result was inevitable. The blond boy turned.

"You're faded, Mr. Varonne. Shoot!"

Mack rattled the dice consolingly. They spun out across the floor and his fingers snapped.

"Phœbe!" he said. "I always buck a five."

The boys were hopeful. Good chance there'd be a seven before the five showed again.

Mack shot a six, then a ten, then another six. He blew on the dice and spun them out.

"Five it is!" he exulted. "Tough luck, boys. I'm right sorry." They exchanged their purple check for his yellow one. He was polite but firm. "Awful sorry," he said somewhat curtly, "but I'm dog-tired. If you boys don't mind clearing out, I'll get set for a night of real rest."

The lads were puzzled and worried. Remembering the black bear in the drawing-room lavatory, they felt almost as though they had taken money under false pretenses.

They stepped outside the drawing-room to discuss matters. If they told Mr. Varonne, they were afraid he'd eject Beppo, which act would precipitate considerable embarrassment. Perhaps the conductor might even put Beppo off the train, and that would be a disaster of cataclysmic proportions. The college was wild about Beppo. They were going to parade through the streets of Chicago with him. Everything was arranged. Beppo was to wear a cap and banner of the college colors, he was to trip the light fantastic for the benefit of Chicago fans. The two boys—taking their school spirit very seriously, indeed—dreaded the criticism to which they would be subjected if anything happened to the beloved Beppo.

But they knew they had to warn Mack Varonne. Suppose he stepped into his own lavatory at the same instant that Beppo stepped out!

Reluctantly they turned to reënter the drawing-room when a dark figure ranged beside them and a soft, insinuating, respectful voice came to their ears:

"White folks?"

They faced the lugubrious Epic Peters, Pullman porter.

"Yes—what is it?"

"You-all fellers done los' all yo' money shootin' dice, ain't you?"

"I'll say we have!"

"An' all these other nice college boys is feenancially stringent also, ain't they?"

"Yes."

"But Mistuh Varonne—he ain't broke, is he?"

"I should say not!"

"So should I, boss men. I should of said it long ago."

The blond boy frowned. "What are you driving at?"

"Gemmun," announced Epic earnestly, "that Mistuh Varonne yonder shoots crooked dice."

"What?" A pause. "You're crazy!"

"Folks, I speaks truth. You reckon I'd say somethin' like that if I wasn't good an' sure?"

They looked at each other, then both smiled.

"Much obliged, porter; but you're all wrong."

"Oh, lawsy! You ain't gwine b'lieve me?"

"No. It was mighty nice of you to tell us, but we know Mr. Varonne better than you do."

Epic shook his head sadly and strode off down the aisle of the car. The two college students gazed after him with understanding and appreciation. Of course Epic was crazy. Of course he'd think an older man who won money from college boys wasn't on the level. As for them, they weren't squealers. They felt that they had lost fairly and squarely and were not inclined to raise a howl.

But it was necessary to notify Mr. Varonne of the presence of Beppo. With that end in view, they opened the drawing-room door and started to enter. A hard face scowled at them, and Mack Varonne's voice came harshly to their ears.

"Well, what do you want now?"

They were taken aback by his brusqueness. It was so much at variance with his gentle suavity of an hour since.

"Mr. Varonne, we came in ——"

"I see you did. And I'll thank you to go out again. This is my drawing-room, not yours. And I prefer to be left strictly alone."

They were overcome by white anger. With quiet dignity, they bowed and withdrew, and outside the door of the drawing-room they stared at each other.

"The dirty pup!" anathematized the blond.

"If it wasn't that it'd look like welshing," said the other, "I'd knock his filthy block off."

"You don't suppose that the porter was right, do you?"

"No. And even if he was, we couldn't prove it. Seems like we didn't quite understand Mr. Mack Varonne, at that." The boy's eyes twinkled. "At any rate, we can let him perform his own introductions to Beppo."

Somewhat cheered by this prospect, they moved toward the smoking room, and scarcely had they gone when the buzzer sounded from Varonne's compartment. Reluctantly, Epic answered the summons. Mr. Varonne met him at the door.

"Make up the lower," he commanded, "and be snappy!"

"Yas-suh," responded Epic coldly. He shuffled off indolently toward his linen closet.

When he returned the professional gambler exhibited anger.

"Listen here, boy, if you don't snap into this I'll report you to the company."

"Doin' my bestest, boss man. Now if you'll just step outside yonder while I gits busy ——"

Mack Varonne walked into the vestibule, where he stood with his hands in his pockets staring out into the night. Beyond the doors the weather was bleak. The first touch of winter was in the air and a slanting rain splashed steadily and coldly against the glass doors. Even where Varonne was standing there was a decided chill in the air, and he reflected happily upon the night which lay ahead—sole occupancy of a warm, comfortable drawing-room, free from the bedlam which was certain to keep half the train awake throughout the night. That last shot of his had been clever. All the loose cash there was, plus the drawing-room.

"Soft," murmured Mack Varonne, "and very comfortable."

Meanwhile, inside the drawing-room, Epic Peters had worked with more dispatch than neatness. He didn't care whether Mack Varonne was particularly comfortable during the night. He merely tried to do his work in the quickest time and remove himself from Mr. Varonne's sleeping compartment.

The drawing-room was ready. Epic picked up the half dozen towels which he had brought from the linen locker and opened the door of the lavatory with the idea of placing them therein.

Mr. Peters' ears were assailed by a thunderous growl which contained a certain querulous note.

"Wr-r-r-r-r-r-f-f!" said Beppo. "Wr-r-r-o-o-o-f-f!"

The black bear did not take kindly to deluxe travel. He had found the lavatory uncomfortable and craved considerably more space for his large body. Therefore he started to shove past the goggle-eyed porter.

Epic saved him the trouble. Epic stopped being where he was with amazing abruptness. He emitted a wild howl and gave a single spasmodic leap which took him to the farthest corner of the lower berth.

Beppo stared disapprovingly at the colored man, as though blaming him for the close confinement. Epic returned the gaze with even greater distaste. Beppo growled and Epic howled, but both sounds were drowned out by the drumming of the wheels. Epic's lower jaw dangled and his chattering teeth framed a question:

"Wh-wh-where at did you come fum?"

"Wr-r-r-f-f-f!" explained Beppo.

"Oh! Whoa is me! Angel Gabr'el, blow yo' horn!"

Beppo seated himself on the floor, stretched his forepaws out along the berth and gazed up at the quivering Epic. Mr. Peters was rigid with horror. He stared at his Nemesis, and it suddenly occurred to him that perhaps this weird passenger had no particular ambition to make a meal of him.

The thought was comforting, and Epic scrutinized his visitor more closely. Then in a flash it all came back to him. This was the very mangy Beppo which had been purchased from Giovanni. Smuggled on Epic's car, he had been kept prisoner in the lavatory until this moment.

A teeny, tiny mite of Epic's fear vanished. He spoke hoarsely:

"Hey, Beppo!" The bear seemed to recognize his name. "Golly!" murmured Epic. "Tha's him, sho nuff!"

The Pullman porter did some swift thinking. He wasn't so terrified as he had been, but by the same token, he did not feel entirely at ease.

"If—if on'y Mistuh Giovanni was heah with his 'cordeen!"

And then another thought came to Epic. Gently his right hand moved back to his hip pocket. His fingers closed around his harmonica. Moving with extreme caution, he raised the mouth organ to his lips. With difficulty and courage, he blew the first few notes of Turkey in the Straw.

The effect was instant and glorious. Happily, Beppo clambered to an upright posture and commenced to shake himself in time to the music. Transfigured with delight, Epic blew louder and harder. Beppo danced with gorgeous abandon. And finally Epic ceased his music.

"Hot ziggity dam!" ejaculated Mr. Peters. "It's Beppo sho nuff, an' he thinks I is Giovanni."

Now, by a miracle, Epic's paralyzing fear had been banished. He knew that he was Beppo's master, and instinct informed him that Beppo recognized the fact. He even made so bold as to reach out and stroke Beppo's head, a gesture which the black bear seemed to appreciate.

"Bear," announced Epic, "fum now on I an' you is buddies."

It was a glorious feeling, this sensation of control over the gigantic black bear. Epic sat down beside him and Beppo nuzzled his new master. Then Epic bethought himself of something.

"Gosh! Won't Mistuh Varonne be s'prised when he meets up with Beppo!"

The very idea started his thought processes. Epic was certain Mack Varonne hadn't been introduced to Beppo else he would have made a loud complaint against sharing his drawing-room. Mr. Peters commenced to conceive a great and glorious scheme.

Fired with unbounded courage, Epic led Beppo back into the lavatory and shut the door. Then he stood rigidly while the details of a scheme took shape. Finally he slapped a large palm against his thigh and rolled his eyes.

"Ise gwine do it! Boy, I sho is!"

He opened the drawing-room door. Mack Varonne stood scowling just outside.

"What took you so long?" he growled. "I'm waiting to get in there."

"I bet you is, boss man. Yas-suh, tha's the most thing I wagers."

Epic stood back so that Mr. Varonne could enter. But instead of stepping into the corridor, the elongated Pullman porter closed the drawing-room door, clicked the

(Continued on Page 52)

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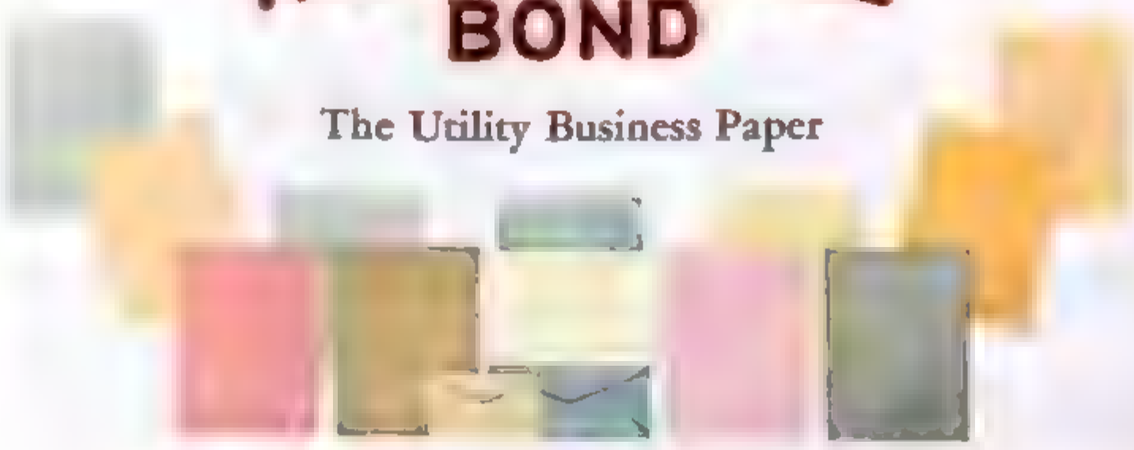

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Williams Aqua Velva

For use after shaving

(Continued from Page 50)

latch and stepped to the lavatory. He flung the door back with a noble gesture.

"C'mon in," he invited, "an' make yo'se'f at home!"

Beppo accepted the invitation. Woofing and gr-r-ring, he waddled into the limited confines of the drawing-room. Mr. Varonne flung a single terrified glance at Beppo and attempted to depart. The door was blocked by the bear, and instinct drove Mack Varonne to the identical spot where Epic had sought sanctuary. He cowered in the corner, standing on the berth. Mack was not partial to bears. As a matter of fact, he detested them.

"Bear," remarked Epic, "yonder is yo' sup per."

The eyes of Mr. Varonne narrowed speculatively. He was frightened, but no fool. If this long, tall negro was not afraid of the animal, Beppo must be very tame. Mack took one step on the berth and Beppo growled. Mack withdrew hastily.

"What's the big idea, porter?"

And now Epic's eyes matched those of Mack Varonne in goldness.

"Plenty," announced Mr. Peters. "I craves to have you return to them college boys all the money you stold offen 'em with crooked dice."

For an instant there was nothing to be heard but silence, and none too much of that. Then Mack Varonne's face became contorted with fury and he expressed his opinion of Epic in no halfway terms. Mr. Peters merely grinned.

"It don't make no never-minds what you think of me, boss man. I ask you, is you gwine return them boys' money?"

"I won't stand ——"

"You bet you won't, Mistuh Varonne, 'cause Beppo ain't gwine leave you do such. He's a hungry bear an' the most eatments he's fond of is live dice shooters."

Varonne's courage was returning. He had no intention of being bluffed by a bear with which a colored porter seemed on intimate terms.

"In just about two minutes ——" he started to threaten, when Epic did a very casual and impressive thing.

From his hip pocket Mr. Peters extracted a mouth organ. He grinned cheerfully at the bear.

"Beppo," he ordered, "git fixed to strut yo' stuff!"

Then, with a slow, wailing cadence, Epic Peters breathed the opening bars of the Memphis Blues. Beppo looked around. He seemed to smile. But he understood what was expected of him. He knew only two things in life. He could dance and he could wrestle, and he had been taught to wrestle with the man who was not furnishing the music.

Thereupon Beppo clambered upon the berth and crowded close against the petrified Mr. Varonne. Large paws hugged Mr. Varonne tightly and an evil face was shoved against the countenance of the dice hustler. Beppo did not hug lightly. There was, in his make-up, some instinct of the human professional wrestler who seeks to make it look good, and so far as Mack Varonne was concerned, Beppo was an artist. It looked so good to Mr. Varonne that he was convinced beyond any shadow of doubt that he was about to become divorced from his earthly existence. His shriek split the atmosphere and he begged loudly for mercy.

Epic stopped playing and Beppo ceased to wrestle, but both man and beast remained facing each other on the rather rumpled berth.

"Fust of all," announced Epic calmly, "gimme them crooked dice you was usin' tonight."

"I wasn't using crooked dice, porter. I'll swear I wasn't."

"Gimme!"

"I tell you they was straight dice I was shooting."

"White folks, you ain't talkin' to no iggoramus. Ise seen gooder dice hustlers than you, an' I know somethin' 'bout it. Somewhere you has got a pair of hitters an' a pair of missers. I crave 'em bofe."

Beads of icy perspiration stood out on Mack's forehead.

"I was shooting square tonight," he repeated desperately.

Epic did not argue. He merely sounded off again on the Memphis Blues. Beppo swung into action with a vengeance. Mack Varonne gasped in the crushing embrace and capitulated.

"Get off!" he screamed, "I'll give 'em to you!"

Triumphantly, Epic lowered the harmonica from his lips. Then, under orders from Mack Varonne, he opened that gentleman's suitcase and extracted one pair of straight dice, one pair of dice mechanically certain to pass a majority of times and one pair which was mathematically sure of missing. He also located a pair of delicate calipers and Epic used these with a deftness bespeaking long experience.

"I reckon this is mos' enough, Mistuh Varonne," he chuckled. "Fo' the rest I gits he'p."

He backed against the drawing-room door and opened it the least little bit. Within a few seconds he saw the forlorn blond student rambling down the aisle from the smoking room. He gestured to him and then whispered instructions. The blond was to get three or four of his dice-game friends and come immediately to the drawing-room.

"An' be shuah," counseled Epic, "that at least al. of you is big fellers."

Five minutes later five somewhat dishevele college students crowded the drawing-room and stared in amazement at the tableau. Epic gestured proudly toward man and beast.

"I an' Beppo," he murmured, "has done consid'able."

Swiftly, but with pardonable gusto, he explained what he knew about Mack Varonne and that gentleman's methods of acquiring loose cash. He told of enlisting the aid of the bear, and in conclusion he exhibited to the five pop-eyed young men the two pairs of crooked dice.

He explained the difference between hitters and missers -a slight difference in distance between parallel planes. The college boys understood readily enough. If dice are not perfect cubes, they must inevitably fall a huge proportion of times on the broader surfaces. The blond boy calipered the damning dice. The others inspected his work. Then they turned on Mack Varonne, and Epic saw something in their eyes which caused him to intercede quickly.

"Please, suh, gemmun, don't go killin' him right heah in my car. I promised him you woul'n't."

The boys were firm in expressing their desires, and at length it was decided that if Mack Varonne returned to them every cent of money won in the night's dice game, they would compromise by pitching him off the train the first time it slowed down.

Mack begged and pleaded, but they were coldly unyielding, and finally he produced great wads of money from every pocket. They apportioned this as best they could. Until that moment no one had realized how much had been lost in the little drawing-room. It really had been a killing.

The train was approaching a small and unkempt town. The speed was perceptibly less. Quietly, they escorted Mack Varonne and his suitcase to the vestibule and Epic opened the door. The bleak wind laughed at them and the rain splashed coldly into their grim faces. The silhouette of the strange town loomed miserably in the chill night.

Two of the largest boys clutched Mack Varonne by coat collar and trousers seat. With a hearty gesture, they flung him into the night. His suitcase sploshed into a puddle of water beside him.

Epic closed the vestibule door. Then the students escorted Epic back to the drawing-room and tried to make him understand what they thought of him. They explained how it happened that the bear was in his car in the first place, and told him they had been afraid Epic would report the matter.

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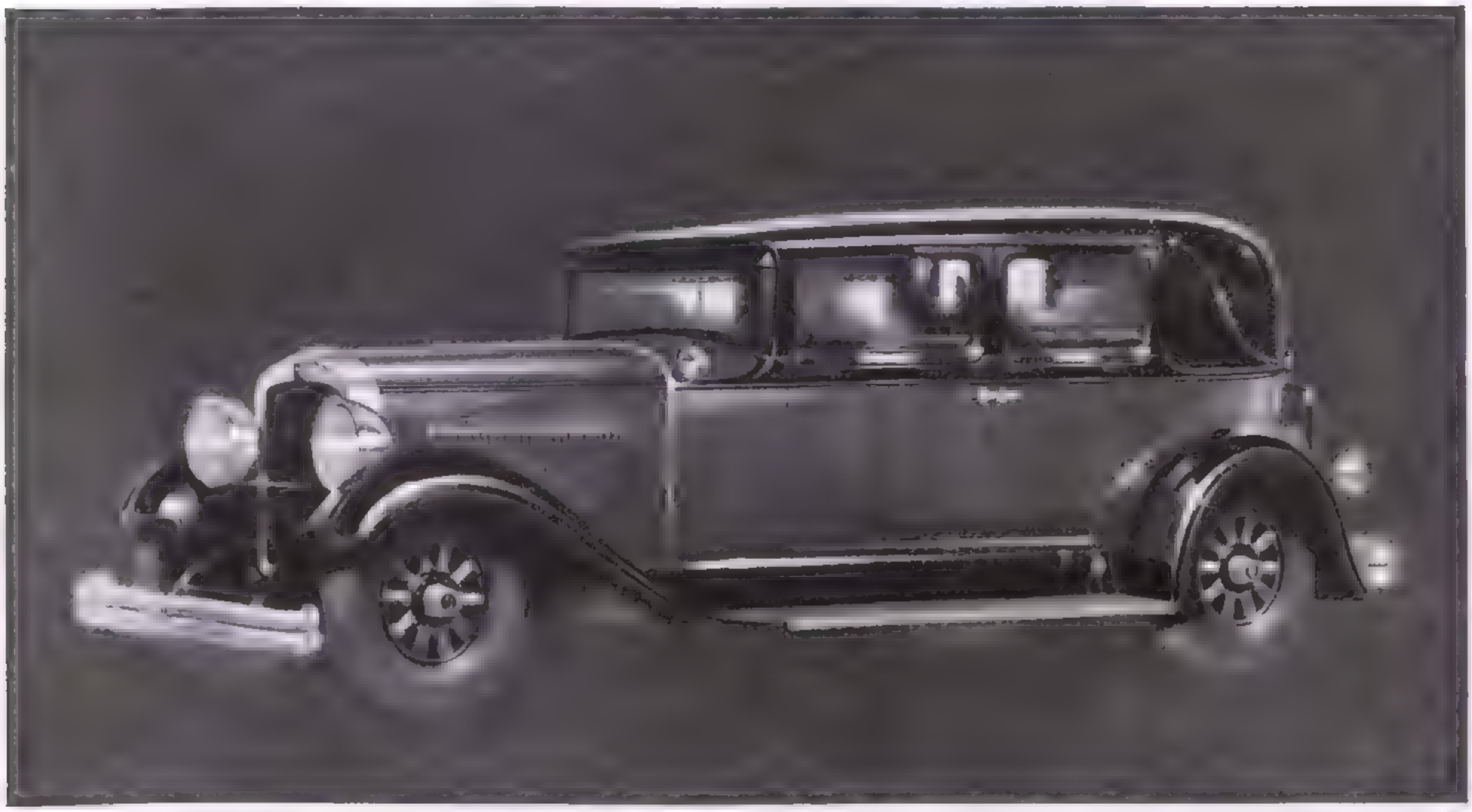

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THE NEW NASH "400" SERIES

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which was what Joe Bullock had suggested. They told Epic that he had saved the college money, the college honor, the college mascot and the great game. They were a happy, grateful crowd of youngsters.

The spokesman pressed into Epic's palm the sum of one hundred dollars. Mr. Peters protested pallidly—and then accepted the enormous tip. Thereupon the young men left and Epic wandered to the vestibule, where he stood staring pop-eyed at nothing at all.

Epic Peters was thinking. He was thinking of the treacherous Joe Bullock, and of how that vindictive gentleman had sought to ruin him.

And the more he thought of Mr. Bullock, the angrier Epic Peters became. He dropped one hand into his coat pocket and his slender fingers touched four celluloid cubes. He drew them forth and gazed affectionately upon them.

Magic dice! With one pair a man could shoot and win. With the other pair, a man's opponent could shoot with never a chance of success.

A thought came to Mr. Peters—a warm delicious thought. The dice seemed to swell in his hand, driving him relentlessly to his well-earned revenge. A smile creased his lips, and he started back toward the next Pullman. In the aisle of his own car he passed one of the young men whose cash capital he had saved.

"Where are you going, Epic?" asked this young gentleman.

"Back into the next Pullman," grinned Mr. Peters. "I is fixing to shoot dice with Joe Bullock."

THE METROPOLITAN MOSAIC

(Continued from Page 25)

sold their land it is to be bisected by an arterial thoroughfare or a back alley.

The planning has been that of the surveyors acting for real-estate owners, railway engineers acting for managers, and by individual architects and builders acting for clients. The cities consist of unnumbered haphazard, sporadic plans, neither singly nor collectively directed at future requirements.

Elihu Root has said that a city is a growth like that of a crystal responding to forces inherent in the atoms which make it up. And he added that the force from which that growth comes is the force of "individual enterprise, based on the desire for movement, the desire for a living, for wealth, for comfort, for society; all these desires existing in the hearts and acting on the minds of a vast number of units. That is the great force of life; that is the great force of modern civilization.

"That is the force that builds up a city. The individual human beings, in response to whose urge cities grow, never think about the conditions that are created by the bringing together of a great mass of other people like themselves. If we build a house, we build it in what we think is a convenient, comfortable and pleasant place to have a home. A thousand others, ten thousand, a hundred thousand, all have the same idea, but nobody thinks about the water supply; nobody thinks about the sewage; nobody thinks about what it is going to cost to deliver coal there; nobody thinks how far it is going to be from market; nobody thinks about the multitude of difficulties that are created by a great aggregation of human beings within a small territory. As a result the growth of the city is without any intelligent thought whatever regarding the great difficulties it has to meet.

"There is one other quite important influence added to this incessant reaching out for homes, and following the homes with stores, with schools, with hospitals, all without any thought about the fundamental needs of the city; and that is the real-estate operator in pursuit of his honorable business. He gets hold of tracts of land here and there which he can map and cut up into blocks and building lots and advertise and sell. He isn't thinking about the difficulties the city will meet. He is thinking about the people he can induce to come and buy the lots and build houses upon them."

Modern Cities on Medieval Plans

But this modern city, this multiplex urban disorder, is comprehensible enough if we look back a moment. It has the veins of a child and the body of a leviathan. These veins—otherwise, streets—are as worthy of thought as a cathedral, which should endure for centuries. They should be as carefully and deliberately projected. In reality they are the unconscious accident and petty circumstance of village childhood.

All means of movement in a city must go through the streets, or their equivalent—not only passengers and freight but water, gas, electricity and sewers. The city dies except for movement, and without streets for circulation it quickly burns to the ground.

Yet how did the street system of any great city come into existence? We may wonder at the beautiful vista in some old European city. But was the space which makes views possible deliberately intended to facilitate free movement or to promote beauty? Not at all; it is because some feudal prince wanted an open area to defend his castle from attack. Are Edinburgh and Nuremberg arranged as they are because the pattern is most perfectly adapted to the conditions of today? No; streets and alleys are what they are largely because retainers and dependents wished to be near the baronial castle for protection.

In New York the street beginnings can be traced to Indian trails, especially in upper and lower Manhattan and in Brooklyn. To some extent, of course, these lines were later modified by the wanderings of cattle and other simple needs of the early settlers, before they became frozen into their permanent mold.

Where Big Cities Take Root

Boston never ceases to complain of the congestion of its downtown streets, but let us see how they came into being. Boston was originally a very small peninsula, known as the Shawmut or Tri-mountain Peninsula. In 1630 it had only 783 acres, the sole connection with the mainland being along the neck, through High Street, now Washington Street. Although Boston is even now very small in relation to its metropolitan region, it has been enormously expanded since 1630 by means of filling in mud flats, and later on by annexation. But filling the flats was so slow and expensive that only a minimum of ground was given up to streets. Besides, the little settlement was hemmed in on every side by the sea. The work of expansion was carried on as need arose, but naturally, under the circumstances, with no thought to future requirements as far as a comprehensive street plan was concerned. Thus Boston has narrow, winding and disconnected streets.

Now, the city is an always changing mosaic; it has a thousand elements of the plastic. Houses are torn down like eggshells and streets are torn up like children's sand piles. Transitory is its very synonym. Yet the striking fact is that in its main features, in its street layout, in the arrangement of blocks and in its organic parts, the city is to a large extent permanent throughout the ages. Chicago and Philadelphia spent around a score of millions each for a mile or so of the far-famed Wacker Drive and Fairmount Boulevard respectively, and Boston spends nearly twice as much for a slightly longer major street improvement. The same is true in Detroit. Great cities chip at their granite and make but a tiny impression.

There are dead cities like Babylon, but that is because their civilization has gone. Oil and mining towns decay, but the great metropolitan centers remain substantially the same. Now and then there is a thorough rebuilding: Paris was greatly altered in the Third Empire, and Rheims is now being rebuilt to meet modern conditions and yet retain its old flavor. But it is singular how rarely even flood, fire or earthquake changes the set form. London, Boston, San Francisco and Baltimore all went through major fires or earthquakes.

Even as recently as 1906 San Francisco did not rebuild along any but the old conventional gridiron molds, although landscape architects tear their hair at the lost opportunities. Even after major disasters cities so often follow the line of least resistance back into their hard, unsuitable and grotesque matrix.

Why, then, are not new cities built to take the place of the old, new cities boldly conceived to meet present and future, rather than past requirements? The answer is that the great cities have equally great topographical advantages. They grow up where commerce breaks bulk and the agent of transportation is changed, where land and water transportation come together. Venice was an example for centuries: New York and Chicago are examples today. There are only two or three large cities in this country which are not on the ocean, the Gulf of Mexico, the Great Lakes or one of the major rivers. There is spontaneous development where geography, contour, transportation and commerce favor. Says Henry A. Barker, chairman of the Plan Commission of Providence, Rhode Island:

"We have here the converging valleys leading from all directions toward the trading place and meeting point at the head of tidewater, which, without greatly diminishing the available area of its surrounding territory, extends pretty well up toward the heart of New England and interposes a barrier to travel between Connecticut and Southern Massachusetts that one must go around. So, inevitably, there was a civic center at the apex, from which the pathways most naturally radiate. The logic of the situation has not in any way been altered by modern conditions of transportation."

But the very topography of the great city makes for congestion, traffic and otherwise. The earnest and civic-minded citizens who vainly match their puny efforts against the multiplying evils of congestion can always point as an excuse to the peculiar topography of their city. Pittsburgh is a triangle, with rivers on both sides and hills too steep to build upon. San Francisco is on a narrow peninsula; Manhattan Island and Boston are hemmed in by waters. Even a little bend in the Chicago River has held back that mighty metropolis in its growth.

More Latitude Than Longitude

But even where topography is more favorable the builders of cities have in the main been unable to provide for the future. Philadelphia soon overrode the boundaries of William Penn's exact plan, and despite its admirable features, the narrowness of all but two of the original streets means traffic congestion today. It is not correct to say that Manhattan Island was wholly unplanned. Under act of the legislature in 1807 three commissioners laid out the city from Houston Street to 155th Street in such an elaborate fashion that they anticipated ridicule in their report by saying that "it may be the subject of merriment that the commissioners have provided space for a greater population than is collected on any spot this side of China."

But Gouverneur Morris, Simeon de Witt and John Rutherford lived in the days when New York's supplies came by sailing vessel. Animals provided the only other transit. So they plotted out a vast number of streets running east and west from river to river, and only a few running north and south. Anyone who traveled the island longitudinally was expected to go by boat. The commissioners did not lack vision and boldness, but they made a mistake which is now proving almost fatal.

But why linger with the excusable if costly futilities of history or the granite-like rigidity of an ancient metropolitan mosaic? Are we any wiser today? It is tragic to admit, but we seem almost as fumbling and bungling with the so-called subdivision, which is the pattern out of which additions to our cities are built. The modern subdivision is, in reality, the new community or city.

When a farmer or other landowner, when a professional builder or real-estate man cuts up land into lots and lays out streets, he is not merely selling something; he is building a community. The fleeting act of selling soon gives way to a permanent, an inexorable form and pattern. In a single year 1400 subdivisions were reported in Los Angeles.

Adding Up the Subdivisions

The first idea of anyone who gives thought to traffic congestion is that we have too few streets and that an insufficient proportion of all city space is given over to them. Probably the direct contrary is true. Nearly 30 per cent of the city of Washington is in streets, and of all our cities the area given over to streets and other public uses varies from 22 per cent to 40 per cent. The difficulty, of course, lies in wrong distribution.

Old downtown Boston has plenty of streets; they seem to be innumerable. They fail, however, to match up. But there are new subdivisions on flat surfaces, with no topographical obstacles, presenting just as unrelated and discontinuous a street system. Too often each subdivision proceeds piecemeal and uncontrolled, fitting into nothing else and finally helping to form a whole great city made up of misfits. The speculative subdivision turns good truck farms into a "confused mass of small individual ownerships which cannot be rationally planned into any sort of neighborly unity."

Downtown Boston and Philadelphia cannot be brought up-to-date in an engineering sense, except at colossal cost. But it does seem as if even worse mistakes might be avoided in the new sections and the street layout kept from interfering with the major thoroughfare plan. Certainly it ought to be within human power to impress some reasonable degree of community intention upon the apparently insignificant group of lots and its innocent-looking street layout, instead of permitting it to become a menace. It is not the one subdivision which does harm; it is the hodgepodge.

"Why is it that you can't go along fairly straight lines from Brooklyn Borough Hall to Jamaica?" asks Edward M. Bassett, authority on zoning. "You go a little way, then have to turn to the right, then go a little way and turn to the left. You go through a conglomeration of misplaced streets. The one or two that go straight are very greatly congested; they are too narrow and are overburdened with traffic. Why is it? The reason is because buildings by the mile were put up in the beds of mapped streets by developers. When the city came along to open up the streets, there the buildings were, and the actual streets were opened along the line of least resistance instead of where they ought to be."

(Continued on Page 59)

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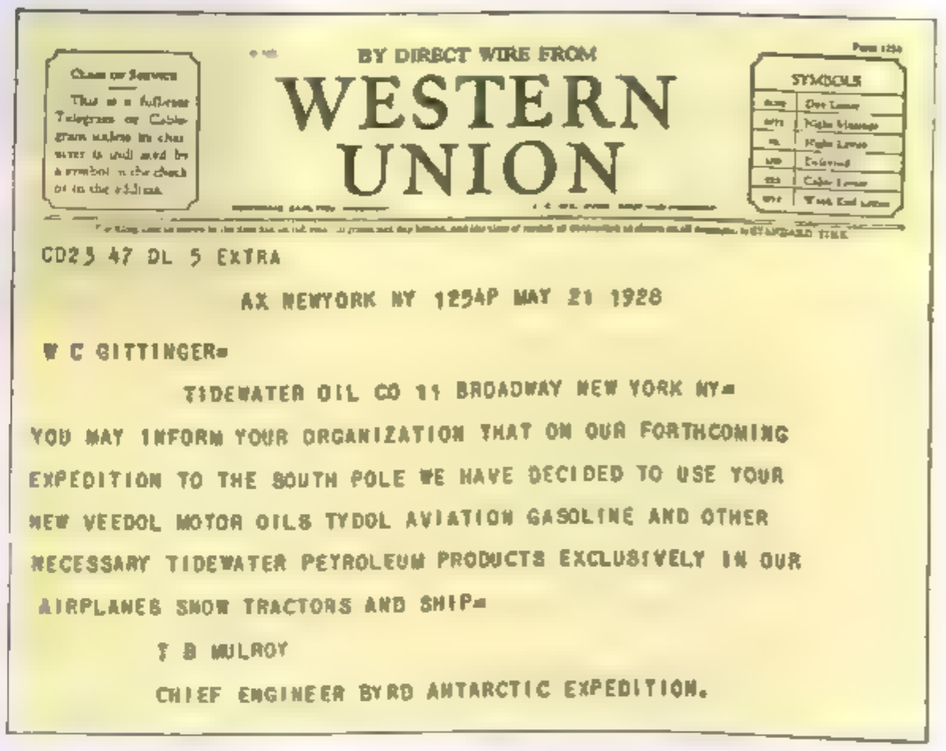

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There's quite a difference in rubber. Be sure you get the heels which come in the attractive box—marked with the name Goodrich

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(Continued from Page 54)

Then, too, when land is subdivided it is only rarely that areas are set aside for either parks or playgrounds. The land is platted on the assumption that all the space not required for streets will be used for either residential or business purposes. Yet in the built-up sections of the older cities we have learned the lesson in bitterness and death for half a century, that breathing spots are necessary.

Indeed as soon as the new subdivisions, rural until now, come together to form a really urban area the cry goes up for playgrounds. Then land already built upon must be condemned by the city and bought at exorbitant prices; although it should have been left vacant at the beginning, just as the streets were left vacant. Why in the name of common sense should a city build up solidly with no-playgrounds?

Now, it is very easy to blame the subdivider, the builder, the real-estate dealer, the farmer, the landowner and the individual house owner. Our cities have developed very largely on the basis of the immediate personal dollar return. Even the house owner the married man with children and living on a small salary—often seems more eager to be able to sell his home at an advance than to be assured of a stable, orderly, beautiful place to live.

There is nothing which so influences for good the lives of those who live in cities as the appearance of the place. But if it is to be orderly, dignified and noble, its districts must be protected from constant change of function due to speculation. This country has been built up on the basis of private enterprise, but even the best of qualities can be run to death. A tissue may be so abused that it becomes a malignant cancer.

Speculation in land and buildings is doing something of that kind to our urban areas. In a single town in Long Island, during a land boom when 9000 lots were platted in the eighteen months preceding July 1, 1926, there were already 20,000 other lots hanging upon the market in such forlorn condition that the owners did not pay taxes on them.

In a California community in 1920 one lot out of every three subdivided and available for use was set aside for business. But of course two residence lots could not support a business lot, so that obviously there was sure to be loss to the community in such overdiscounting of future values.

Office-Boy Street Planning

But we must not be too hasty in blaming the individual landowner or subdivider for his selfishness. Many would be glad to conform to the community's wishes and fit into the scheme of general development. But often there are no general wishes, no community intention, and no general scheme. Hundreds of cities have plans after a fashion, but there are not many whose master plan actually reaches the new subdivision.

Even if some well-meaning architect has a beautiful design, the subdivider who fits into it is not always certain that his competitors to the east and west, north and south, will be so complacent. Subdivider A may set aside land for a playground, but he is not quite sure he can afford the extra expense when his competitors squeeze the last inch out of their acres.

The nub of the matter, however, is still to be considered. It lies in the fact that to subdivide land costs real money, especially for the laying out of streets and the construction of the manifold utilities which must go with streets. To go one step further, we may say that the essential difficulty lies in an illogical standardization of streets, a meaningless sameness, wasteful, extravagant and inelastic, for which the subdividers are no more responsible than the rest of us.

It has no defense except in custom and the fact, as expressed by one prominent subdivider, J. C. Nichols, that the office boy can do it, thereby saving the nominal fees for expert advice and costing future generations millions of dollars in unnecessary expense. The repetition of this standardized street system is responsible for much of present-day traffic congestion, says the committee on Major Street Plan for Los Angeles, and will produce still greater problems in the future.

Now, it will be recalled that in most of our large cities the streets and blocks are platted on a rectangular or gridiron or checkerboard basis. This takes no brains, for it is a wholesale arrangement bearing no relation to function or use. It is easiest for the city surveyor; it is easiest for everybody, in the beginning.

It is convenient in selling lots by the front foot; sales and transferences require no change in formula. The least imaginative surveyor can handle the grid, and it lends itself to the haste of the pioneer. By using the grid plan and the narrow, regular rectangular lot, land can be marked out swiftly in advance before anyone knows whether a house, a shop or a factory will be placed thereon.

Fitting Streets to Their Needs

The New York commissioners, in 1811, considered circles, ovals, hexagons and stars, and realized that their employment would "embellish a plan," but decided against them on the ground that "straight-sided and right-angled houses are the most cheap to build and the most convenient to live in." But as time goes on we learn that the grid is one of society's most onerous burdens, for while it may fit the convenience of the drafting board and also make easier the sale of lots, it imposes form without reference to use.

The checkerboard street system is applied without regard to topography, building sites or natural lines of communication. As well expect one suit of clothes to fit all men. It has no regard for grades and makes unnecessary expense in leveling and filling. It renders the city monotonous and stereotyped, destroying individuality, natural charm and beauty. It prevents great monuments, such as the palace at Versailles, from being the focal points for a series of magnificent avenues. It makes no provision for the disposal of buildings of varying sizes and degrees of importance.

We are only now beginning to learn, and the automobile is emphasizing the lesson, that each street should be designed for its appropriate use in relation to the character of the building development. More and more we must learn to keep residential streets narrow, so that property owners and taxpayers can afford adequate width for the streets required to serve through traffic and more intensive building. It becomes just as necessary to study street widths, sidewalk and curb widths and grades, as it is to study the size of water or sewer mains.

The street needs of heavy manufacturing, light manufacturing, retailing, apartment houses, row houses and detached houses are all very different. The street plan determines the block plan and the block plan determines the lot plan. But the size and shape of blocks and lots also differ entirely according to use. To make them uniform, as we have done in most cities, is wasteful in the extreme.

The checkerboard plan originated in the days of animal transportation, when there was no need of street differentiation. Yet we follow it blindly. Streets are now the great burden upon the urban dweller. As long ago as 1916 Mr. Nichols said that at least twenty or twenty-five millions of dollars had been wasted in Kansas City in unnecessary street widths and paving in residential sections. Streets often cost more in a new development than the land upon which interest must be earned. Naturally any reduction in the number or size of streets means an increase in tax ratables as well as a decrease in fixed charges. The subject is clearly set forth in a report on land values of the Regional Plan of New York:

"Now, where there is no plan to control development, subdividers have to make streets conform to a uniform rule of width. This results in most streets being unreasonably wide because they have no regard to differences in the types of building development and to the many variations in street use. The result is that street patterns are the same in single-family, apartment-house and business districts. This is burdensome to residence districts, discouraging to business districts and costly for the city. Furthermore, when most streets are too wide for the purpose of single family residence, the owners of lots are placed under an artificial inducement to convert their land to more intensive use."

Then, too, cities should permit subdividers to make purely residential streets narrow, instead of the old-fashioned uniform width, in return for dedication of part of the land to playground use. Every unnecessary street improvement, it must be repeated and emphasized, creates a perpetual burden of street maintenance, policing, lighting, cleaning and repairing. The automobile is annihilating distance; there is no reason why strictly residential blocks should not be built much larger than formerly that is, with fewer streets.

Of course all this means that traffic must increasingly be kept off of residential streets. Obviously, with the mounting numbers of automobiles, they will have to follow designated main routes, somewhat like steam railroads and trolleys, instead of following their own sweet will. We constantly speak of traffic needs, but a city or town is a place to live in, not merely an accommodation for traffic. There is just as much need of protecting property from traffic as to care for traffic itself. It is just as important so to plan the newer portions of cities as to discourage traffic on quiet residential streets as it is to provide main arteries for it elsewhere.

A Town for Today's Conditions

Obviously the future will see increasing numbers of dead-end or cul-de-sac streets in residential neighborhoods. Provided there is sufficient turning room at the end for fire engines, the dead-end street is safer, quieter and cheaper. We cannot afford to go on fitting our whole street scheme to miscellaneous motor traffic.

In the projected suburb of Radburn, between New York and Paterson, New Jersey, which is being designed for automobile conditions, the houses will face on parkways, with only a sidewalk. In the rear of the houses will be cul-de-sacs for automobile ingress and egress, but without sidewalks. Naturally these cul-de-sacs will lead out into an arterial highway. If the open spaces in front of the houses be called streets, then children can play in the streets there as safely as a hundred years ago.

Of course a well-conceived distribution of low-density areas, as the Committee on Community Planning of the Institute of Architects expresses the idea, "would conflict with the universal expectation of rise in land value in residential as well as in other districts." Perhaps we need revision of our system of land taxation to prevent speculation. Too much of our urban land is taxed for its potential building value, which prevents desirable stability. But in any case, what do we want—a good city to live in, or one with rising land values, more people, more traffic, increasing density, mounting taxes and all the rest of the well-known vicious circle?

For there is utterly no escape from the fact that the street is a function of the building and the building a function of the street. If we have wide streets, heavily paved and carrying a large volume of traffic, we must erect tall buildings to meet the carrying charges; and by the same token, if we erect tall buildings we are driven to further expenditures to widen or duplicate the streets.

But let us look at the subject from a slightly different angle—that of the house on the street. Nothing would do more to reduce housing costs than a reduction in the number and expense of streets and the

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services which they must carry. Excessive street frontage is understandable if the sole idea is to sell a lot; it is a burden for those who want a permanent home. I do not want to enter into the argument concerning the respective merits of the detached house, the semidetached house, the row house or the apartment. But plainly enough, the coming of the automobile must alter our thinking on this whole subject.

In the future housing must combine the advantages of these different types, if people are to live in urban communities at all. The long rows of sliver, boxlike, wooden-soldier houses of the cheap automatic development do more than involve a wasteful street plan and kill off variety and interest. They prevent a sensible concentration of open spaces. The shoe-box type of house, it is true, has the privacy of a back yard. But this is usually wasted, and is used very little for gardening nowadays. By a grouping of houses the interior space can be used for a common playground or recreational area.

Once the streets were used for playing, walking and general congregation, which is perhaps one reason we have so many of them. Now they have become almost the equivalent of railroad tracks. Thus it would appear sensible to build largely on the perimeters of land spaces, leaving the interiors for safe play areas. In other words, to meet modern urban conditions we should use the principle of the hollow square.

The Euclid Village Case

As time goes on the architect will be able to build more by block and less by the sliver system. This does not necessarily mean apartments; it does mean arrangement and unified treatment. No one doubts the superiority of the actually detached single-family house just so long as it is far enough away from city costs to support itself. But there has been untold financial suffering among people of small means in Queens Borough of New York City, and around Los Angeles because their little, narrow single-family shacks could not support the special assessments which the oncoming city made necessary.

We must not forget that a steady elaboration of public utilities leaves the individual very little money for the actual structure of his house. Mechanical equipment, such as plumbing, lighting, refrigeration and garage facilities, absorbs an ever larger proportion of the available funds. True enough, they make life more comfortable and enjoyable in many ways, but they alter the whole housing problem.

Of course we have congestion—of people, buildings and traffic. Our architects, engineers, builders and contractors have become marvelously efficient in the mere swiftness of individual construction. Whether it be a skyscraper in lower Manhattan, a dingy row of inverted shoe boxes in any one of a score of Eastern cities, or a flock of ugly biscuit-dough bungalows in Los Angeles—up they go like one of Aladdin's operations.

But all this intense building individualism has but slight relation to order, system and unity. What I am driving at is that the mere increase in the technic of rapid building construction as applied to the old, outworn, rigid, automatic subdivision is merely carrying our cities on closer to the brink of complete disorder, traffic and otherwise.

Yet we have made some progress, if in no other respect than in the rapid adoption of zoning laws. The pressing need for this measure, which regulates building development and the uses of property in a city by means of districting, is shown by the fact that since 1916 some 30,000,000 people and more than 500 communities have come under zoning ordinances. This shows the conviction is widespread that community self-control is necessary if life in cities is to remain tolerable at all.

Much fault has been found with zoning, and in its swift adoption the country over errors have no doubt developed. Zoning looks cheap and easy; it can apparently prevent so many obvious injustices. It looks like a weapon to protect the poor; the rich can litigate or enter into private agreements for restriction, but zoning automatically does the same for the poor.

So there has been some tendency to look upon zoning as an end in itself, although in reality it can be only the legal mechanics for carrying out sanity and order in the city. Zoning is inclined to be negative and restrictive; it focuses attention upon stabilizing existing uses and values. It tends to become rigid and sometimes prevents the best arrangements. The city needs positive and constructive as well as negative action. It is important to prevent a glue factory's being built on Park Avenue in New York City, but it is also wise to encourage new housing developments which differ from those of the past.

Yet gradually zoning is taking on new meaning wherever it is combined with a comprehensive or master city plan. The United States Supreme Court has upheld zoning in a very broad sense, in several decisions, especially in the Euclid Village case in the fall of 1926. There are always selfish interests who insist that zoning should not go beyond the prevention of practices dangerous to safety, health and public morals. But the Supreme Court has swept that narrow contention aside; states can pass laws giving communities the power to pick and choose among uses not in themselves dangerous.

Justice Sutherland, in the Euclid Village case, remarked that with the great increase and concentration of population, problems develop which require and will continue to require additional restrictions in respect to the use and occupation of private lands in urban communities. He adds that such regulations are now wise, necessary and valid, but would have been rejected as arbitrary and oppressive fifty years ago. It is analogous, he says, to traffic regulation, which would have been condemned as fatally arbitrary and unreasonable before the automobile came.

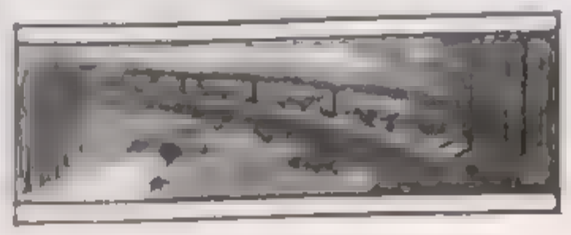
"In this there is no inconsistency, for while the meaning of constitutional guaranties never varies, the scope of their application must expand or contract to meet new and different conditions, which are constantly coming within the field of their operation. In a changing world it is impossible that it should be otherwise."

Patterned Individualism

Nothing is so characteristic of our cities, so demoralizing to humanity, so costly to maintain and so destructive of economic values, as the blighted area. But the blighted area is really nothing except one in which industry, stores and different types of homes have become mixed in heterogeneous fashion. Zoning cannot wholly stop the change of areas, but it can prevent much premature and unwise invasion of one area by uses wholly suited to another. It does not interfere with private initiative. There is as much building and expansion in carefully zoned cities as in those without such regulation.

Individual initiative has more scope where it is protected from destruction. The great surgeon has no initiative in building up his hospital if a garage is allowed next door and by its noise prevents the patient from sleeping. There is no individual initiative in allowing automobiles to smash one another to pieces at an unguarded street corner. Where the individual is helpless community action becomes necessary.

This country has developed through individualism, but in our cities it is a greater and truer individualism which fits and keys into some decent pattern. We all agree that there must be more spaciousness in urban development and a closer relating of the problems of design, density and use of buildings to problems of transportation and traffic. This means foresight and the impression of certain legal qualities upon the development of land, along with the regulation and adjustment of activities to areas.



Fundamentals for Children

The Comic Strip

"NOW, children," said Miss Primm, rapping for order, "I hope you have studied your first lesson in reading. Bobbie, you tell us what it means when you see a big exclamation point."

"That's easy," said the lad. "That indicates the man has been surprised—perhaps, though not necessarily, in an unpleasant manner."

"Correct. And you, Jennie, what does the big question mark mean?"

"The man doesn't know what is going on. Maybe he is on fire and hasn't figured where the heat is coming from, or maybe someone socked him in the jaw when he expected a cordial handshake. Generally speaking, any time the man finds himself in a situation which is totally different from the one he expected, he should register a question mark. In some cases the question mark and the exclamation point are somewhat synonymous, though the former should be used when the element of doubt is pronounced."

"That's about it. Now, Oliver, what about the dotted line?"

"The dotted line," exclaimed the boy, "is a simple and convenient method of indicating extreme concentration. As a rule it runs from the man's eye to the object on which he has focused his attention to the exclusion of all other matters."

"I believe that makes it clear. Betty Sue, if the man is in a quiescent condition with a little halo of *z*'s near his head, what is the situation?"

"It is obvious, Miss Primm, that he is asleep. If the *z*'s are lower-case he perhaps is merely dozing, and if they are large ones he is absolutely dead to his environment."

"Right you are. Now, Elbert, if the man is prone or in an otherwise relaxed condition and the little scene above him depicts birds, flowers and astral phenomena, what has happened?"

"That's a cinch," said Elbert. "Under those conditions the man has been knocked cold or cuckoo, or both. One little distinction, I believe, could be made. If stars predominate, the man perhaps is definitely out; if birds are in the majority and have their mouths open as in song, the man has not lost all consciousness but has merely been transported to another realm."

"And suppose, Winifred, we see a series of lines radiating from a central spot?"

"Two bodies have come together with considerable force and noise. For example, the man often is swatted in the seat of the pants with a large paddle."

"I see," said Miss Primm, glowing with pride, "that you have done some good studying. Now before you answer the last question think hard, because it involves a matter of delicacy. Suppose the man is surrounded more or less by a miscellany of all we have mentioned, with a few asterisks, cuneiform characters and alleged Chinese letters thrown in—then what? . . . Jean Annette, you try."

"Please, teacher, I know, but I'd rather not."

"Very well; Roscoe will have to tell us."

Roscoe weighed his words carefully. "Under the circumstances something has happened to put the man in a rage and he is expressing his feelings in violent, unconventional language. For obvious reasons I will not say whether I could give examples of violent, unconventional language, but even if I could I would have to restrain myself, as such a demonstration would not be appropriate in a mixed class."

—*David B. Park.*

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OLIVER'S BOOK

(Continued from Page 11)

"What's the bright idea, Oliver? You going in to play with the swans?"

He whirled and there stood Barbara.

"Are you still tagging after me, woman?" he asked sternly.

Barbara whacked her right boot with a riding crop. She regarded Oliver through the magic, all-seeing haze of a woman's narrowed eyelids.

"I guess you were tagging after somebody just now, weren't you, Oliver?"

"Tagging after who?"

"Phyllis Milford."

Oliver tried to put down the blood that spread to his face, with a look of bitter scorn.

"Why, you poor miserable little flapper," he said, "don't talk about things you couldn't understand in a million years! Not in a million years!"

Barbara grinned.

"You can't high-hat me," she declared. "I can understand enough to know you've got a crush on Phyllis. But you might as well get over it. She's going to marry Jimmy Paxson. And if you want odds on it I'll lay three to two. Want to bet ten?"

Oliver's tone changed to one of amused condescension.

"I don't want to steal your money, child," he said. "Miss Milford wouldn't think of marrying a cad like Paxson."

Barbara tossed her black bobbed head.

"I suppose you think she's going to marry you. Well, let me tell you something, Oliver Hilles. She thinks you're just ridiculous. The idea of your tagging after her. Why, she's been out fifteen years at least. She's twenty years older than you are, at least."

It was more than Oliver could stand.

"Dry up, you little pest!" he said, striding off toward the polo field and home.

"Oliver, I'm sorry. But you made me mad. Anyway, Oliver, you're coming to my party tonight, aren't you? Aren't you, Oliver?"

One parting shot: "No, I'm not. I wouldn't come to your party if they—if they dragged me there in a hearse."

That halted her with tears in her eyes. She stood staring after him. Her expression was dangerous.

"I'm going to find out what you say you're working at, Oliver!" she called.

Oliver did not deign a reply. He underestimated this child's capacity to make good her words. He reflected with grim satisfaction that when Our Elders came out Barbara would have no difficulty in seeing herself in the character Babs Gardine. This character was described as a silly, empty-headed little flapper who went about proposing to man after man and got turned down ignominiously every time. That would hold her! He just guessed that would hold her.

At dinner that evening Oliver renewed his demand to be allowed to work his way to Europe on a cattle boat in the near-approaching summer. He did it merely as a matter of principle, not because he expected to have to go to Europe that way. Author Hilles and his bride would have a bridal suite on the Aquitania. The trip to Europe alone he was sticking out for as an assertion of his mature manhood.

His father, a gray-haired, haggard cotton broker, made his usual reply:

"Now, Oliver, we don't want you sent home with your face kicked in by a steer or mashed up in a fight with some tough seaman."

His mother, sweet faced, adoring, but surprisingly stubborn, said, "We couldn't bear to have you that far away from us, dear. You might get sick. We'll drag dad away from business long enough and all go to ether."

Oliver could have suffered their refusals better had they been based on objections worthy his status as a man of the world. Had they said "We don't want you getting involved with some low-caste woman on the left bank of the Seine" or something like that, their attitude would have seemed to him almost logical. But getting sick and being kicked by a steer were contingencies altogether absurd.

He eyed them with lofty amusement this evening. How flabbergasted they would be when Our Elders was off the press. He had often pictured the scene. He would walk into the living room and toss the book on the table.

"Here's my first," he would say casually. "I thought you might care to look it over sometime."

"When are you folks going to get through babying me?" he inquired.

His mother smiled and patted his hand.

His father shot him a grim glance and said, "As soon as you can eat soup without spilling it on your necktie."

Oliver was busy for some moments with his napkin.

Mrs. Hilles asked, "Are you going to Barbara's party tonight?"

"No, mother; I'm giving that little flapper the go-by. Anyway, I have to work."

Mr. Hilles grunted.

"She's just the right age for you," he said. "Don't let me hear of you chasing around with any older girls. And what is this about work? Did I hear correctly?"

His mother came to his defense.

"Oliver does work, dad," she asserted. "He is learning to write. He is going to be a real author some day."

"I hope you're not writing poetry, son," said his father nastily.

"Oliver won't tell me what it is, but I'm sure it's good," defended his mother, reaching over to rumple his straight dark hair.

Oliver suffered this in silence. He would heap coals of fire soon enough. His mother begged him to let her read what he had written and his father said he hoped it was the sort of stuff he could let mother read, and mother said she was sure of that. Then his father said he hoped Oliver wasn't going to turn into an infant prodigy, as he had come across an infant prodigy's book not long ago and felt sorry for the prodigy's parents ever since.

Unable to get a rise out of Oliver, his parents turned conversation to gossip. Oliver listened with no show of interest at first. Our Elders was so near completion that he had no further use for his parents' gossip, they having already thoroughly discussed all their friends, discussions which Oliver had transferred, with commendable attention to detail, to the pages of his novel.

But finally Mrs. Hilles said, "I saw Phyllis Milford riding home from the horse show in that Paxson fellow's car. Maybe she's going to take him after all."

Mr. Hilles said, "Why not? He's got several millions."

Mrs. Hilles said, "I know, Tom, but he is so notorious. I can't believe that she can overlook his reputation."

Mr. Hilles said, "Why, my dear, that is the secret of his charm. Especially for a girl like —"

"Stop!" said Oliver, upsetting his chair with the suddenness of his struggle to gain his feet. "Stop! I won't have Phyl—Miss Milford's name linked with Paxson's in my presence!"

His father looked at him, stunned. His mother gasped. Oliver, with great dignity, turned on his heel and left the room. His mother hurried after him, begged him to return and have some tapioca pudding. With sad, calm patience Oliver refused. He didn't like tapioca much anyway.

"Now, what in the devil has got into that boy, Nance?" said Oliver's father.

Mrs. Hilles smiled.

"It is spring, dad, and Oliver is eighteen and Phyllis Milford is quite a fetching girl," she replied.

In his attic retreat the harried lover and misunderstood genius, Oliver Ranceforth Hilles, prepared to finish Chapter XXVIII, the final one of the book.

For artistic environment Oliver had two trunks, a drafting board propped on an old washstand, a portable typewriter, a table, a green-shaded droplight ingeniously supported by a series of strings tied to nails in the ceiling, a chair, a dictionary, a copy of Writing the Novel, a stack of carbon paper and a portfolio labeled Notes. In this room Oliver had labored off and on since January, when he had finished prep school and had begged off starting college until the fall.

His first act was to remove the ragged Navajo rug from the center of the floor and take up two boards. From the aperture thus revealed he drew forth the original and the carbon copy of his manuscript and a picture. The picture—a Sunday newspaper print of Miss Phyllis Milford crinkly mounted on a piece of cardboard—Oliver placed on the table beside his typewriter.

He then opened his portfolio. It contained a great mass of cryptic notes scribbled down on all varieties and colors of paper; also a page labeled "Outline of Our Elders by Oliver Ranceforth Hilles." This Oliver consulted briefly. It ran in part as follows:

MAJOR THEME. Noble character of Phyllis Tilford. Great love of Ronald for Phyllis. Perfidy of Paxson James. Discovery by Phyllis of Paxson James' unworthiness. Ronald and Phyllis reunited.

MINOR THEME. Satire on older people who think they're so smart. Exposé of sins of society. Point out how young people are wild because their parents are much wilder. N. B.: Be sure to show up divorce scandals of Montgomery Smiths and the Hilliards and silly behavior of Barbara Gardiner.

Most of the notes dealt with the behavior of one James Paxson. Among them were these entries:

JAN. 2. James Paxson drunk at New Year's party. Disgusting remarks overheard at his table.

FEB. 12. James Paxson was to be named corespondent in George Rodgers' divorce, but he settled out of court. Details as related by mother at bridge party.

MARCH 3. Overheard James Paxson bragging of goings-on with married woman at bridge tournament at Racquet Club. Verbatim statement of James Paxson.

APRIL 21. Overheard James Paxson tell dirty story locker room country club.

APRIL 29. Revel scene first dinner dance at country club.

MAY 1. James Paxson linked with suicide of Mae Tiffany, chorus girl. Willie McCready and Peter Dreiland—what they know about James Paxson.

Oliver's only regret as he started the last chapter of Our Elders was that he had no satisfactory ill fate to bestow upon the character Babs Gardine. She had been snubbed by a succession of men, but as Chapter XXVIII opened she was still enjoying good health. Oliver decided that the structure of his last chapter would permit one paragraph telling of Babs Gardine's final comeuppance.

He wrote on Page 376:

Ronald heard from Patricia Wentworth late in June that Babs Gardine had got herself into a disgraceful affair with a taxicab chauffeur and her family had packed her off to a nunnery in France. Ronald was not surprised.

Then Oliver hastened on to his big love scene, which was to close the book. In this scene the eyes of Phyllis Milford are at last opened to the unworthiness of Paxson James and she sends for Ronald Davidson. Oliver prepared for this scene by staring for fifteen minutes at Phyllis Milford's picture. Finally:

"Oh, Ronald, why didn't you tell me the truth about this man?"

Ronald took both her lovely hands very gently in his.

"A gentleman can't speak ill of another man behind his back, dear. Don't you see?"

"But you must have had a great faith in me, Ronald, to stand by and watch me come so near to marrying that awful creature and not say a word."

To Ronald her clear blue eyes promised all that was fine and worth while in life.

"Dear girl," he said softly, "I had faith in your soul. I knew you would see rightly in the end." Then he added, with a flash of his old cynicism: "I don't believe in *mésalliances*. No girl ever really married beneath her. If a girl marries a beast, then in her true nature she is as much a beast as he."

She did not answer, but moved closer to him and presently, across the sweet-scented space which separated them, he found her lips.

It was very late when Oliver finished his final draft of Chapter XXVIII and wrote The End. Holding the thick manuscript before the picture of Phyllis, he said dramatically "For you, my dear." Then he looked a while at a pallid moon which seemed to be weeping teary stars on the top of a poplar tree outside his attic window.

Tomorrow he would hand his precious book to Phyllis and she would read what he had written for her and know how much he loved her.

He stuffed the carbon copy into the old hiding place. But he took the first impression of his manuscript downstairs to bed with him.

Oliver did not awaken until nearly noon the next day. When he went downstairs Mrs. Wheaton, the housekeeper, met him in the hall.

"Barbara Gardiner was here early this morning," Mrs. Wheaton informed him. "She said you had her saddle blanket. I wanted to wake you up, but your mother said Barbara could hunt for it. She went up to the attic ——"

Oliver emitted a cry of pain and bolted up the stairs. Dog-gone that girl! Dog-gone her!

It was as he feared. His attic workshop had been ransacked, and by no gentle hands. The floor boards had been torn up. The carbon copy of his manuscript was gone.

"Darn her!" cried Oliver hoarsely. "I'll wring her neck!"

The loss of the carbon copy did not hurt so much. What tortured him was the thought that someone else—and Barbara Gardiner of all persons—would read his book before Phyllis saw it.

This reaction led him to change his first plan of going over to Barbara's and wringing her neck.

He wrapped up the original manuscript, and scorning breakfast, got out his roadster. He drove straight to the apartment in town where Phyllis lived with her widowed mother.

Phyllis was at home. She followed the maid to the door.

"Why, Oliver," she exclaimed, when she saw his tragic face, "what has happened?"

He shoved the manuscript at her.

"Here's my book," he said. "Can you read it right away? Will you please read it right away?"

"Why, yes, if there's such a great hurry. But why ——"

"Barbara Gardiner stole the carbon copy, and I wanted you to read it before anybody else. Will you read it? Right away?"

Phyllis promised, wondering if she could skip through the thing before James Paxson called that afternoon.

"And will you call me up at home as soon as you get it finished?" Oliver implored. "I'll wait there till you call me."

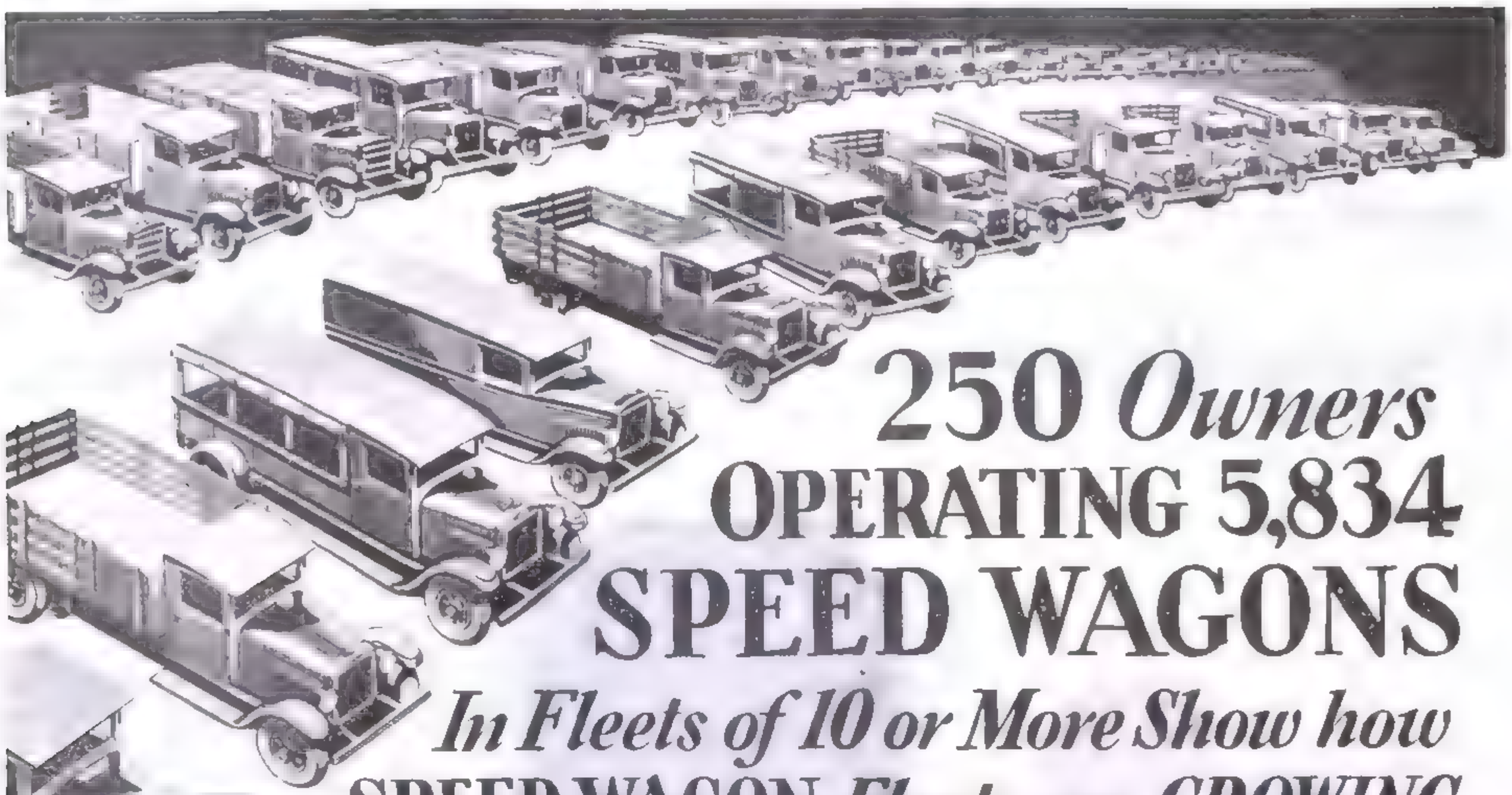
"Very well, Oliver. I'll do my best."

"Thank you. I sure thank you," blurted Oliver. Snatching at his forelock, he ducked his head and hurried off down the hall.

Phyllis laughed when the door was closed. To her mother, who asked whether anyone they knew had been killed, she said, "No. It's that funny Oliver Hilles. He's written a book."

But because she was touched by Oliver's love and the least bit curious to see what he had written, she sat down after luncheon and opened the manuscript of Our Elders. To her surprise it proved a very readable book. There was hardly a page but what contained some startling revelation.

(Continued on Page 66)



250 *Owners* OPERATING 5,834 SPEED WAGONS

In Fleets of 10 or More Show how SPEED WAGON *Fleets are GROWING*

Just a Few Examples—

A big oil executive—said to be one of the best informed highway transportation experts in the country—has put his approval on the purchase of 50 Speed Wagons for his company.

In Florida, a dairy company has purchased 38 Speed Wagons.

Twenty-three Speed Wagons are being used for forest service in Montana.

One of the Nation's biggest packing concerns uses 32 Speed Wagons in their branch plants.

In Los Angeles, a nationally known company now operates 50 Speed Wagons

An amusement organization in Kansas has purchased eleven Speed Wagons for traveling circuits under all conditions of roads and weather.

A baking company in New York has increased its fleet to 600 Speed Wagons.

In Maine, 30 Speed Wagons were recently purchased by one company.

A Southern department store now uses 15 Speed Wagon Tonners, 1 Standard and 2 Master Speed Wagons.

In a single group of 250 Speed Wagon owners, 5,834 Speed Wagons are now operated in fleets of 10 or more!

This is only one indication that the Speed Wagon fleets are *growing*.

Growing at a pace that keeps production at top speed. Growing in a myriad of individual businesses by the tens, twenties and thirties!

Such growth is not an accident. It has been going on consistently for a long time. It is the result of the mass experience of buyers who know motor truck costs and motor truck values. These buyers recognized Speed Wagons as leaders when Reo had only a *few* Speed Wagon models to offer.

Today, there are *thirteen* new Speed Wagon wheelbases—capacities from ½ to 3 tons. Speed Wagon performance and Speed Wagon long life are now available for 93% of all hauling requirements. New low prices put Speed Wagon values even further in advance of anything else on the market.

Try out a new Speed Wagon—start it, step on it, stop it, park it. A demonstration is yours for the asking.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Lansing, Michigan*

JUNIOR—Capacity ½ ton. Chassis $895

STANDARD—Capacity 1½ tons. 133-inch wheelbase, Chassis $1245. 148-inch wheelbase, Chassis $1345

SENIOR—Capacity 2 tons. 175-inch wheelbase, Chassis $2090

TONNER—Capacity 1 ton. 125-inch wheelbase, Chassis $995. 138-inch wheelbase, Chassis $1075

MASTER—Capacity 2 tons. 148-inch wheelbase Chassis $1545; 164-inch wheelbase, Chassis $1645

HEAVY DUTY—Capacity 3 tons. 159-inch wheelbase, Chassis $1995, 130-inch wheelbase, (Dump) $1935

GENERAL UTILITY—Capacity 1½ tons 143-inch wheelbase, Chassis $1345

Chassis Prices at Lansing

SPEED REO WAGON

NEW 4-wheel brakes—hydraulic, not mechanical—two-shoe internal expanding, not external contracting. Always in adjustment, protected against dirt and moisture, working equally as well in reverse as in going forward.

NEW low prices—price reductions ranging up to $260 put Speed Wagon values, like Speed Wagon engineering, even further in advance of anything else on the market today.

You are being invited to now...between Aug. 11 and Sept. 1...

ESTATE HEATROLA, that luxurious home-

IT sounds like an amazing offer, and it is—but, of course, there's a reason for it! You see, during these balmy Summer days, people are not likely to think of Winter with its howling winds and freezing temperatures. And so, almost everyone waits until Fall to replace the half-hearted heat of old-fashioned stoves with the whole-house comfort of the beautiful Estate Heatrola.

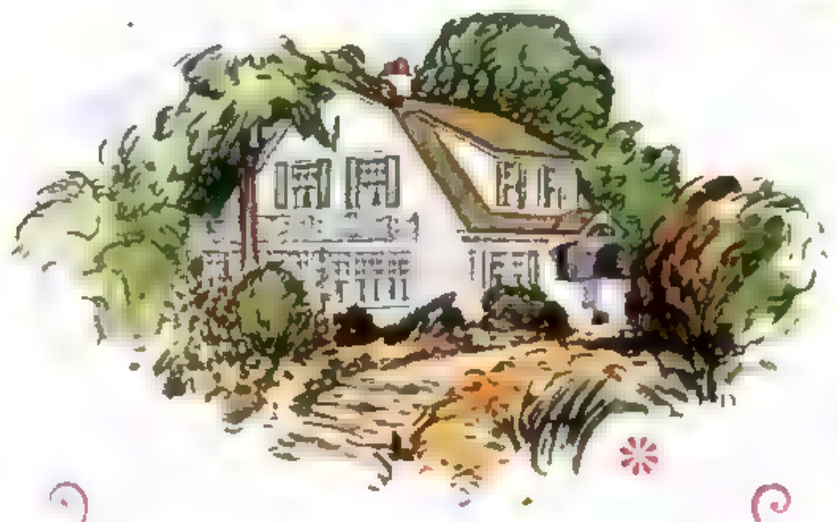
This makes it hard for us, and for you, too. In the Fall, our great plant must run day and night to supply the demand—and, in spite of all we can do, many homes do not begin to enjoy Heatrola comfort until after the cold weather has begun.

The Seventh Annual Heatrola Free Coal Club is now forming. *Again this year, the handsome Heatrola will change thousands of old-fashioned "parlors" into modern living-rooms . . . thousands of half-heated houses into cozy, hospitable homes*

Estate

© 1928, The E. S. Co

join a very unique club. By enrolling you insure early delivery of a genuine heater...and a supply of FREE COAL!



Naturally; we would like to have people order their Heatrolas now, while we have more time to make them. We would like to feel that they have their Heatrolas installed, ready for the first frosty days.

And so, to encourage them to do this, we are offering *free* coal to those who place their orders between August 11 and September 1.

You know the Heatrola, of course

Almost everybody who is now dependent on spotty "parlor stove" heat is planning to own a Heatrola, some day.

For almost everybody knows somebody whose home is always flooded with cheery, even Heatrola heat — that balmy, softly moistened heat that is so kind to the nose and throat.

And who hasn't seen and admired the graceful, cabinet-like Heatrola, agleam in its modern setting —in perfect harmony with the other fine furniture?

So, as you would naturally expect, every year thousands of people make up their minds to order the Heatrola a few months earlier than they had intended to, and thus get a supply of coal, *without charge.*

To take advantage of this generous offer . . . go to the nearest Heatrola dealer and ask to be enrolled in the Seventh Annual Heatrola Free Coal Club. Your membership fee, which is only $2, will be applied on the purchase price of your Heatrola.

This Fall an Estate Heatrola will be installed in your home, ready, when Winter comes, to circulate luxurious warmth to every nook and corner, upstairs and down. And, at the same time, you will get a ton of *free* coal! (A half-ton, if you live in a hard-coal district.)

New low prices now in effect

See your local Heatrola dealer at once, and get full details of this generous offer and the new low Heatrola prices. Or write direct to The Estate Stove Company, Dept. 6-A, Hamilton, Ohio, or any of the Branch Offices.

Branch Offices: 241 West 34th Street, New York City; 714 Washington Ave., N., Minneapolis; The Furniture Exchange, San Francisco; 829 Terminal Sales Bldg., Portland, Oregon.

One of Heatrola's many exclusive features—the Intensi-Fire Air Duct, heart of Heatrola's double air-circulating system. This ingenious device greatly increases Heatrola's heating capacity by capturing and *utilizing* the heat that in ordinary heaters goes to waste—up the flue.

Beautifully attuned *to the* best modern taste

IN MODERN bungalows, in attractive two-story houses, in cozy small homes of the better class—in old houses as well as new—*everywhere* you will find the Estate Heatrola beautifully "at home"—circulating luxurious warmth.

For the Heatrola, aside from its superior heating qualities, is in such good taste. It harmonizes so perfectly with the other fine furnishings . . . inconspicuous, save for its conspicuous good looks.

Of the thousands of women who have an Estate Heatrola in their homes, many are especially enthusiastic about its healthful, cozy comfort; others praise its cleanliness; still others tell of its remarkable fuel economy.

But almost all of them were originally attracted to this most popular of home-heaters by its beauty of line and finish.

The Estate Heatrola is thoroughly in accord with the movement for greater beauty in the home . . . it has converted thousands of "parlors" into *living-rooms* of charm and distinction.

Pictured above is one of many Heatrola-heated homes built from plans made by The Architects' Small House Service Bureau. If you are planning to build, ask us for free plan booklet.

For Smaller Homes—Estate Heatrola Junior. A smaller Heatrola with all the important features of design which have made the Estate Heatrola famous. Especially designed for homes of three to four rooms, apartments, stores and small buildings. Free Coal Club members who order this Junior Heatrola will receive a half-ton of free coal. (One-quarter ton in hard-coal districts.)

Mail this coupon, today...

THE ESTATE STOVE COMPANY
Dept. 6-A, Hamilton, Ohio

Please send me free illustrated booklet, "The Story of Estate Heatrola," and full information on the Free Coal offer.

Name _____

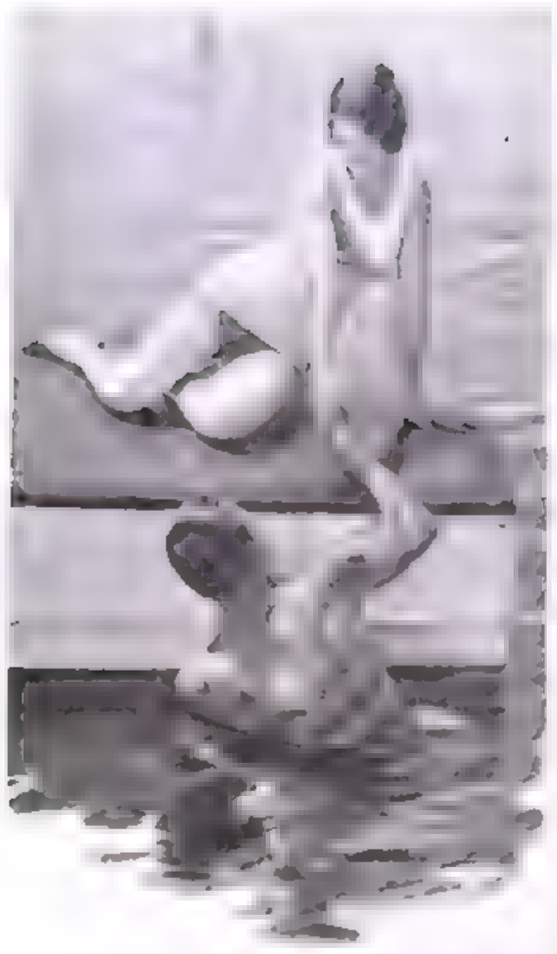
Street or R. F. D. _____

Post Office _____ *State* _____

New Low Prices Now in Effect

HEATROLA

There is only *One* Heatrola — *Estate* builds it



Everywhere
. . . the Sun
takes his toll
scorches
sickens

THE caress of warm wind on brown arms, strong muscles cleaving crystal water . . . the heart of youth beats strong in summer!

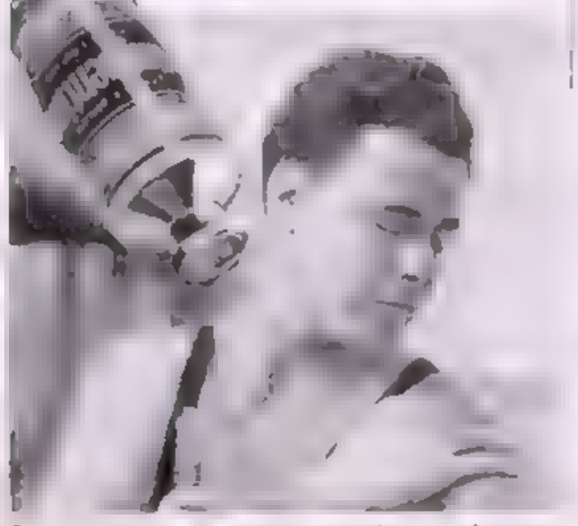
But then, without warning—*sunburn!* Fiery, ugly skin—sleepless nights, wretched days . . . Take no chances!

Be ready with Unguentine.

This is the dressing surgeons use for sunburn as for all burns. It soothes at once, prevents serious inflammation, guards against the sickening toxins that form in the injured tissues—spread it on at the first sign of redness. You are protected against further exposure. The precious outdoor hours are saved.

Apply Unguentine before exposure, too. You are assured of a healthy tan, without painful burning. At your druggist's, 50c. The Norwich Pharmaca Company, Norwich, New York.
Canada—193 Spadina Avenue, Toronto.

Unguentine



Be ready for sunburn with this famous dressing

(Continued from Page 62)

Meanwhile, Oliver was on a woman hunt.

He chased Barbara over boulevard and parkway and hill and dale, coming upon her finally as she was about to drive off from Number 7 tee at the country club.

"Where's my book?" he shouted at her.

She dubbed her drive, swore and turned about.

"Where's my book?" Oliver shouted again from a distance of four feet.

"Oh, so it's you, is it?" she remarked calmly. "I tried to phone you, but Mrs. Wheaton said you'd rushed out like a goofy guy."

"What did you do with my book, woman?"

Barbara remembered something and grinned delightedly.

"Say," she said and there was profound admiration in her voice "that book is hot stuff. As soon as I got it over to my house I started to read it and mother heard me squealing. She read some over my shoulder and then took the book away from me. She said I was too young to read it."

The thrill of authorship, thus stirred, mollified Oliver somewhat.

"You've both got plenty of gall reading my book without my permission," he observed severely. "Is your mother still at home? I'll go over and get it."

Barbara grinned again.

"No, mother isn't home. After she'd read part of your book I heard her say 'Oh, this is rich—simply rich.' She went to the telephone and called your mother. Your mother came over and she and mother read some more of the book together. Then your mother said they'd better take the book down and show it to your dad. I bet you catch hell tonight, Oliver." Then, she added: "But it sure is a swell book. I didn't think you had it in you."

Oliver received this news with some misgivings. His eyes narrowed. Dog-gone Barbara! Dog-gone her! Little meddlesome pest.

"I guess you read what I said about a girl in the book named Babs Gardine, didn't you?" he inquired.

Barbara's eyes widened.

"No, I didn't read that part."

"Well," said Oliver, "when the book is published I advise you to buy a copy and read what I said about Babs Gardine. She's a poisonous little pill and I got her from you. She's you to the life, that's who she is."

He turned his back on the woman and strode off, a little disappointed at Barbara's delighted giggle. Barbara thought it very jolly to be in Oliver's book at all.

Oliver drove home and waited nervously for Phyllis to call. He waited until half-past four and then he telephoned her.

"Miss Milford? This is Oliver Hilles. Did you get time to read my book?"

Her voice sounded a little strained.

"What? Oh, yes, Oliver. Yes. I finished it a little while ago, Oliver. I was just going to call you. I—I want to talk to you about it. Could you come over?"

In ten minutes he was in Phyllis' living room. His lady wore a pale gray gown and held his book in her lap—his book. Her face looked drawn and tired, as if she had been through some emotional crisis. Oliver sat stiffly on the edge of his chair, disturbed to notice for the first time how large and old Phyllis looked. In previous imaginings he had thought of her as willowy and without weight, as beautiful and ageless. She was still beautiful, but she looked just like any other thirty-year-old blonde who has done a great deal of worrying lately.

"Oliver, this book—did you mean to have real live persons in it?"

He discovered that her eyes were not blue, but gray. In the book Phyllis Tilford's eyes had been various shades of blue.

"I guess I did," said Oliver. Then he gathered courage: "You are the principal character, Miss Milford. I—I hope you don't mind, or think I was impertinent or anything like that. I didn't mean to be."

"Oh, no, no. No indeed," she answered quickly. "But I can't claim to be such a nice person as your heroine, Oliver. Really I'm not."

"Yes you are," said Oliver thickly. "I think you are."

She smiled, a warm smile and tender.

"Thank you, Oliver," she said. Then, after a pause: "And this man in the book—this Paxson James. Did—did you draw him from life also?"

"Yes, I did. Mostly from life."

She flushed. "Were all the things you said about him true?"

Oliver decided not to lie.

"I made up some of the things," he said, "but I put in mostly the truth."

"I see," she said.

The manuscript of Our Elders was about to slip off her lap unnoticed. Oliver rescued it and stood up. She got to her feet also.

"Oliver," she said, out of another silence, "I'm going to ask you to do me a very great favor."

"I'd do anything for you," said the boy huskily.

She pressed his hands, which gripped the manuscript.

"Change all the names of the characters before you send it to a publisher, will you, Oliver?"

Oliver drew a deep breath.

"I won't publish it at all if it is going to embarrass you," he said.

Phyllis had debated with herself whether any publisher would take Oliver's book. But she had decided there was no telling what publishers would take, judging by some of the books she had read recently.

"I couldn't ask you to make that great a sacrifice," she told the boy. "It is sweet of you to offer, but ——"

"I wrote it for you mainly, Miss Milford." And after a gulp: "I don't care much whether it gets published or not. Only this character Paxson James—he ——"

Phyllis Milford drew herself up. She was several inches taller than Oliver.

"Your book has counted, Oliver," she said. "I want you to know that. Reading it has helped me in a decision I was about to make. Do we understand each other, Oliver?"

Oliver nodded quickly, his eyes moist.

When he was at the door she had recovered her poise and was gay, almost flippant.

"By the way, Oliver," she said, "where did you get your hero, Ronald Davidson? He is such an odd character. I never met a man quite like him."

It wasn't the way this interview should have turned out at all. By rights Phyllis should have said: "I love Ronald Davidson, Oliver, because I know he is you, to the life."

The blow left Oliver in a dumb, aching misery. She hadn't seen that he was Ronald Davidson. She had not understood.

"Aw," said Oliver, after a very awkward silence, "he's just a guy I thought up."

"I guessed that, Oliver," said the lady fair, and laughed. But she squeezed Oliver's hand hard when she said good-by.

While Oliver was driving his stricken way homeward his father and mother were holding a council of war in the Hilles living room.

Mrs. Hilles said, "Oh, make him change some of the names and let him send it off, Tom. It's very juvenile, after all. There isn't much chance of a publisher accepting it."

Mr. Hilles said, "I've read best sellers that were just as immature, Nance. Changing the names won't help much. Why, Nance, that kid has dragged more skeletons out of closets than even I knew about. Besides, the youngster shows talent. If he got a book across at eighteen it would ruin him."

Mrs. Hilles said, "Well, perhaps you're right, Tom. But it does seem a shame after he has worked so hard."

When Oliver arrived his father did the talking.

"Son, we've looked through your book," he said, not without embarrassment, "and we think it shows great talent. But for various reasons we think it unwise for you to send it to a publisher. We want to make a business proposition to you. What will you take to lay this book on the shelf? I believe that when you read it five years from now you will be glad you did."

"But it does show wonderful ability, Oliver, and we're very proud of you. You will be a great writer some day," put in his mother.

Oliver rubbed a hand across his brow in a gesture of overwhelming world-weariness. But behind his hand a tiny gleaming light awakened in Oliver's eyes.

"I don't know, father," he said languidly. "I've got to get away for a while until I get a grip on myself. If I withdraw my book from publication, how about that trip to France?"

Mr. Hilles winced slightly and rolled his tongue in the cheek his wife could see.

"All right, Oliver," he agreed. "We will all leave the first of June for Europe."

"No," said Oliver stoutly, "I'm going alone. I'm not a kid any longer. I'm going alone on a cattle boat."

The compromise finally arrived at was that Oliver might go to Europe alone, but not on a cattle boat.

Later that evening Barbara Gardiner came by. Oliver was sitting on the garden wall, his head between his hands, trying to grieve over the loss of Phyllis.

"Did you catch hell, Oliver?"

He scowled at this girl, but perceived as he did so that she had on a becoming peach-colored frock, and prob'ly wouldn't be so terrible when she grew up and got some sense.

"I'll write you all about it when I get to France," he said levelly, so she'd get every word.

Barbara brightened into great animation.

"Oh, are you going to Europe this summer, Oliver? So am I. Prob'ly I'll go over on the same boat with you. That will be swell."

Oliver groaned. Phyllis Milford faded suddenly; a memory as sweet as the breath of the garden, but quite as evanescent. Oliver, looking up to heaven, had the calm, certain prescience that this little maiden in the peach-colored frock would tag after him always.

The Kelvinator-Washington Co.,
Washington, D. C.

Gentlemen:

My experience covers eight years with one Kelvinator. It is operating, and has always operated, to my entire satisfaction. Its cost of operation has been negligible.

Very truly yours,

★

★ *The letters used in Kelvinator advertising are genuine. For obvious reasons we do not publish the names of the writers, but they are on file in our Detroit offices*

"My experience covers eight years with one Kelvinator"

IN CHOOSING an electric refrigerator, as in the selection of any other household device, trustworthiness is the first consideration.

Kelvinator's long record of satisfactory service cannot be duplicated. Since 1915 . . . when the first Kelvinator was installed . . . this same quality of reliability has been carried down through the whole Kelvinator line.

The Kelvinator to which this letter refers is only one of many that have given from six to twelve years of *proof* of their quality. Day after day, year in and year out, they have run smoothly and quietly along, delivering the crisp cold of Kelvination that means so much to the health, leisure and comfort of their owners.

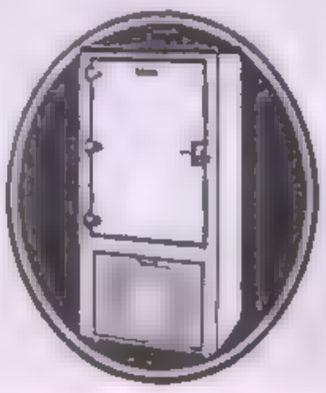
The Kelvinator of today is improved and refined . . . even more reliable and longer lived. Yet it costs less to buy and less to run. Kelvinator service has extended across the whole nation . . . over the entire world, in fact. Sizes and styles of cooling units have been created to fit every household need and every pocketbook.

You may have Kelvinator with your present refrigerator, if you wish. Or you may select a splendid new one from the great Kelvinator line . . . sixty-three models. They are moderately priced, in keeping with their size and design, and may be purchased on a most convenient extended payment plan.

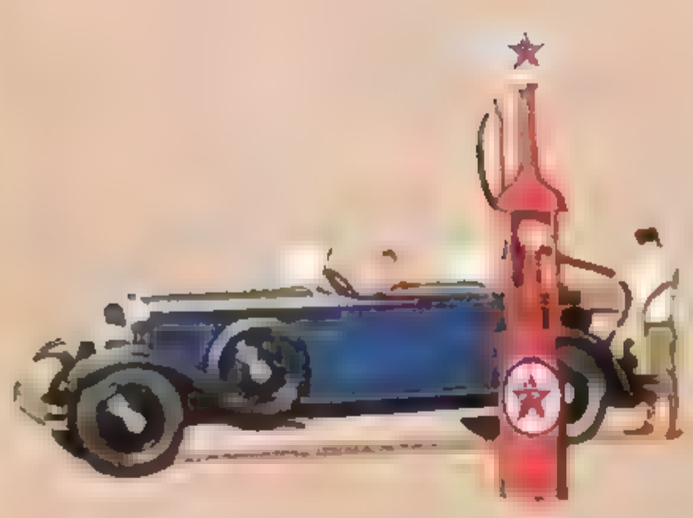
Ask about the Kelvinator today . . . it is one of those rare combinations in home equipment which is at once a luxury and an economy. Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit; Kelvinator, Ltd., London, Eng.; Kelvinator of Canada, Ltd., London, Ontario.

Kelvinator

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR



Kelvinator Model P-5— Seven square feet of shelf space. Easily cleaned white porcelain inside and out Attractive French gray trim. Ready to use.

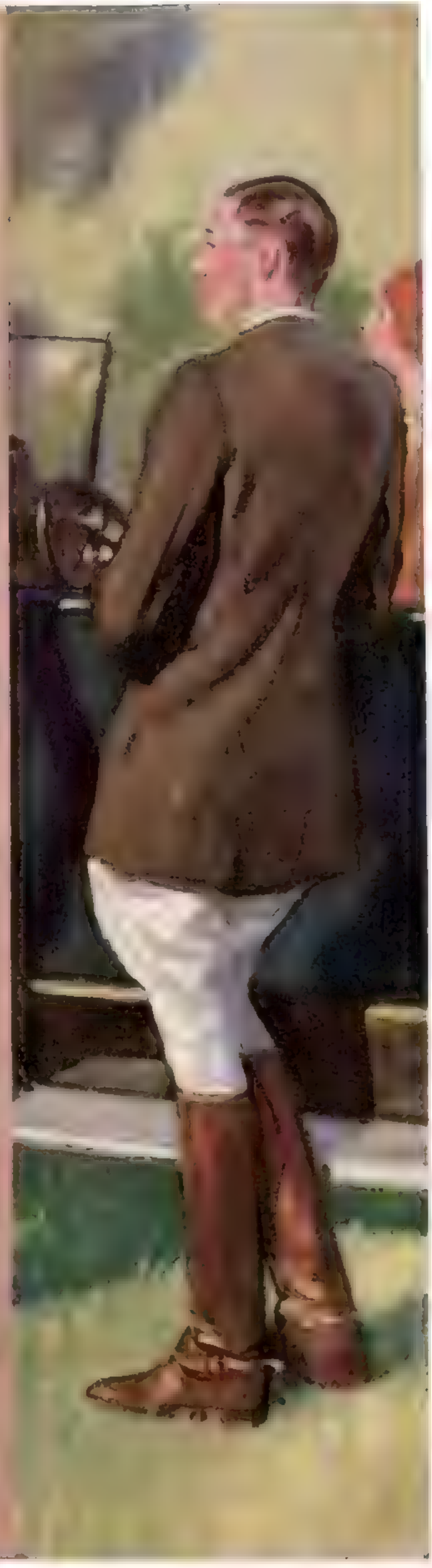


THERE is nothing like it—nothing quite so thrilling as the instant obedience of a seasoned polo pony—unless it is the smooth, unfaltering power response of the *new* and *better* Texaco. A *different* gasoline—the gasoline that forms a *dry gas.*

Wherever you see the Texaco Red Star with the Green T drive in for the *new* and *better* Texaco Gasoline and the full-bodied Texaco Golden Motor Oil.

THE TEXAS COMPANY
TEXACO PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

The NEW *and* BETTER
TEXACO
GASOLINE



WYOMING RED EDGE SHOVELS

"The Meanest Man in Town—"

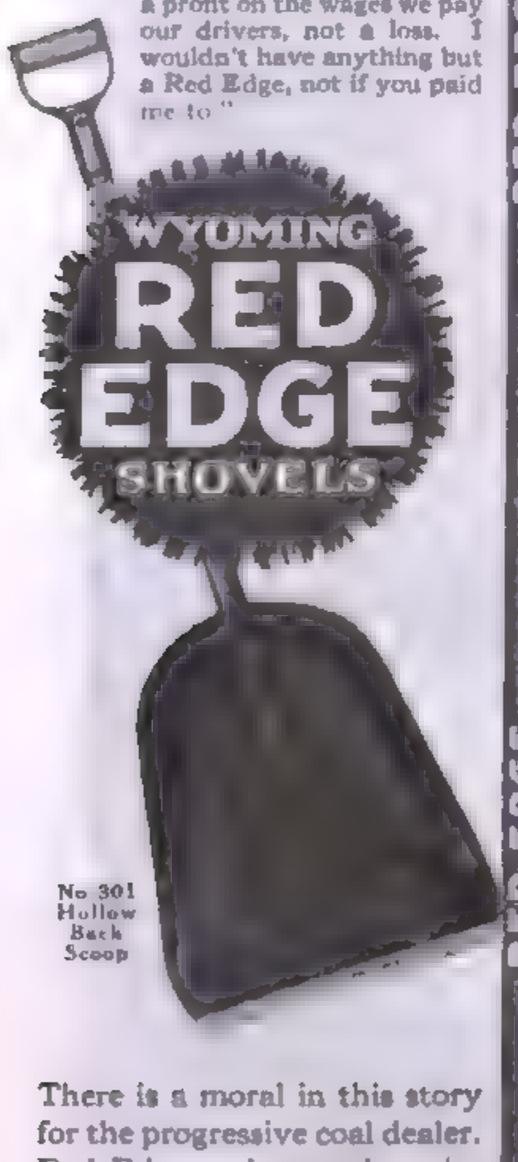
IN a certain city there is a certain coal yard which sells not only coal, but coal-yard supplies. The Red Edge representative noticed that this yard had on hand three gross of a certain shovel. But you can't hate a man for asking.

"Want any Red Edge today?"

"Sure, send me down a dozen," replied the proprietor.

"Glad you haven't gone back on Red Edge," said the representative.

The proprietor laughed. "You don't think for a minute we use *those* shovels?" he indicated the three gross. "I sell them to my competitors. No, sir, in this yard we want to make a profit on the wages we pay our drivers, not a loss. I wouldn't have anything but a Red Edge, not if you paid me to."



No 301 Hollow Back Scoop

There is a moral in this story for the progressive coal dealer. Red Edge makes work easier for the men and yet lifts more coal for the same payroll. Incidentally one Red Edge outlasts two or three ordinary shovels.

THE WYOMING SHOVEL WORKS

WYOMING, PA.

We Spent 58 Years Learning to Make One Grade of Shovel

WYOMING RED EDGE SHOVELS

SWAG

(Continued from Page 21)

convicted of a crime and the law says, because of that, his testimony is no good. Can you beat that?

All this dope I got from Red as time went on. I tell you about it right here because I want you, as I said, to see what a groundwork Bill had to work on. Then you'll understand better why things happened as they did.

I went back to the store and Bill was there. I reported all about the sale; told him we had got everything at the price written on the list. He just smiled and nodded. He knew he would, all right.

Byra came in about three o'clock, and I was sorry that Bill was there. I could see his eyes following her around with a hungry look, just like mine did. She spoke to us both very pleasantly, and from that I knew she didn't want Bill to know we had quarreled. She had hardly got seated at her desk when Bill went to her.

"There is a piano recital at the hall tonight," he told her, "and if you would like to go to it I certainly would like to take you."

Byra cast a queer look at me and answered, "Thank you so much, Bill. I'd love to go."

I never let on, but I could have bitten a nail into three parts with just one tooth. I went over back of the counter and checked over some bales that we had there. At last I turned around to Bill and said maybe I had better run over to Marks Brothers to see if I could sell some of the bales. Right at that moment, before Bill even had a chance to answer me, George the detective walked in. He was sneering just the same as usual.

VIII

WHEN George appeared I heard Byra kind of sigh, and I looked at her. All that I saw in her face was disgust; there was nothing of worry or fear. I wondered more about my own face. George just sauntered in and his lip was lifted at the edge by that same sneering smile.

"Hello, Bill," he said, easy-like. "Hello, lady. . . . You, too, kid."

"Hello," I said, still watching Byra. She didn't answer him at all.

"Howdy," Bill grunted. "Nice day." Even to George, Bill smiled.

"Ain't it?" George grunted. "Nasty thing about that truck of yours, wasn't it, Bill?". George could drawl great when he felt that way. He felt that way then.

"Truck?" Bill asked, his eyebrows hooking up and a look of surprise coming to his face. "Hit somethin', did it?"

"Somethin' hit it," George drawled. "I figured you might not know about it yet. Thought I'd tell you. Cops, you know—they like bad news." He was laughing at Bill without putting a smile on his face at all; that is what he was doing. I saw that.

"Bad accident?" Bill wanted to know. Byra was scared and had got a little pale, and stood up behind her desk, her big eyes fastened on George. "Anybody hurt?" Bill asked.

"I guess nobody but the insurance company," George said. "You carry insurance, don't you?"

"Sure thing. . . . Was the truck wrecked completely? I'm glad nobody was hurt," Bill said.

George laughed then out loud, but his lips didn't smile with the sound. "You don't get me at all," he said. "Somebody waited until that truck of yours was all loaded up fine, then they stole it. Waited, they did, till the driver was in for some chow, then drove it off. The driver reported the theft downtown."

"Is the truck gone?" Bill asked. Into his voice he put a startled tone.

"Nope. Found abandoned in the street," George answered, "not far from where it was stolen."

"What's the big idea?" Bill asked. He was fishing out his cigarette case, and he flicked the gold lighter and lit up a smoke. George just waited. Bill never offered George a smoke at all. Byra had dropped into her chair again, and in the back of my mind there were a million ideas milling around. I thought right away of what Red had said about the truck, and I was trying, with bum luck, to put the things together and see through this newest development.

George shrugged.

"That truck was loaded with silk!" Bill said, his manner getting more and more excited.

"No!" George sneered.

That was the way the story came out. Just questions and answers, and all the time you knew that both of them were scheming with every question and every answer. It seemed to me that Bill came off best, because George never learned a thing, and even when I was dead sure there was a crooked scheme afoot with Bill, I couldn't tie to anything in his manner or statements to lead me to the facts.

George finally dug out one of his cheap cigars and started puffing that. It was a good thing Byra and me were used to the smell of rags. When he had the thing burning as well as anybody could make it, he sat calmly on the counter near me and told the story.

"Yeah," he began, "the truck was knocked off while the driver was in for chow. It went around this morning to Belzer's and was loaded up with about twenty cases of silk. Then it started for here—I didn't know you was in the silk business—but the driver stopped off for somethin' to eat, and while he was inside, the truck was stolen. Of course the first thing he did was holler for help! He called the police right away an' made his report. It was about an hour later that we picked up the abandoned truck. Everything looked all right then too. The cases was exactly the same and everythin', except that the silk was gone!"

"I'm glad," Bill said, all quiet and easy, "that the stuff was swiped before it got into my hands. Belzer is responsible until delivery. . . . I suppose he's insured. It's gettin' so that a man can't write home for money without losin' the letter, ain't it? Imagine that, knockin' off a whole truck right in broad daylight, and while the streets are filled with smart detectives!"

George grunted again and sneered. He seemed to be looking at me a lot. It was to me he spoke next.

"You been away all mornin'," he suggested.

"And if he has," Bill snapped at him, walking right up close and sticking out his face just like he had that first time over the body of Uncle Isaac, but never raising his voice—"I say, cop, if he has it's no business of yours! He's workin' for me, understand? For me! And he does what I tell him to do. I'll be responsible for that!" Bill had got mad awful sudden.

"And you might as well get this, George, and get it straight," he went on: "You got a face I hate to see. I don't like you and I don't like your looks. You hang around here altogether too much. Unless you've got some business here—and right now—get out!"

Bill raised his hand and pointed at the door, and I saw his finger tremble a little. But for one time, that was the maddest I ever saw him. His jaw worked like the cutting of a chisel and the words he spoke sounded like they might have been chips flying from its blade.

If I had been George I would have fainted, I think. Bill was a terror when he was like that. But George never moved. His lip lifted a little higher and there was insolence in his voice when he spoke.

Then he drawled just as he had been doing all along: "I ain't got any business here, Bill."

Bill's hand was still pointing. "Then get out!" he said. I heard Byra gasp a little. I was having a day's work to keep my knees under me.

"I won't get out, Bill," George drawled, his eyes watching Bill with the steadiness of a snake's after a tadpole. The lids were only half open. "Now what do we do?"

"I'll throw you out!" Bill grated.

"Nope, that won't come off," George sneered.

Bill made a quick lunge at him. Byra screamed right out loud. I ducked farther back of the counter. But Bill did not get hold of George at all. I certainly was surprised at the way George handled himself. Just his shoulders and his right arm moved.

I heard a crunching sound and Bill's teeth clicked mighty hard. Then I saw that George had pasted him with his right fist, and Bill teetered on his feet a second, then just sank out of sight the other side of the counter. His burning cigarette flew out of his mouth and landed about ten feet away.

Like a flash George was off the counter and had started to the door of the rear room. As he went he snatched a pistol from under his coat, and I saw him standing there in the door of the partition, one eye in the back room and the other on Bill. The pistol was ready in his hand. His cigar lay on the counter, a little spiral of smoke creeping from its end.

Byra was white as a bleached snowdrift and there were tears on her cheeks, but she roused up first, and I saw her rise and go toward Bill. I started over the counter, but George jerked his gun and told me to stay where I was. It was a rotten mess. I had no idea what George was doing or who might come after us through that back room.

Byra kept going and got to Bill and asked me to bring a cup of water from the rack in the corner. I looked at George and he told me again to stay where I was. Then Byra went to the rack and got the water, and that brought Bill around. I heard him grunt and heard his feet scraping on the floor. Then his head appeared above the counter, and he certainly looked queer as Byra helped him up.

But he just grinned a little when his senses had come back entirely. He looked at George, and I saw that the detective was certainly watching himself right close. The sneer was still on his lip, but he said nothing until Bill spoke.

"Pretty neat, George," Bill mumbled at last. Then he seemed to realize that Byra was there, and he leaned down and brushed off his clothes. After that he looked at George again. "A little theatrical, ain't you?" he asked, looking at the pistol.

"A bit, at that," George agreed, "but all the clean paint and new furniture in the world can't change the fact that one guy was bumped off from this room here!"

Bill did not answer. He was adjusting his tie and brushing his clothes again. Byra offered him another drink and he drained the cup, then smiled at her. There was a lump under his chin and it made his face look queer.

"Thanks, Byra," he said. "You can't expect much of a cop, even with ladies around."

George grunted. I thought that Bill was a little wrong there, because he was the first one to start trouble. George was certainly a surprise when it came to action. I guess Bill learned a lesson, because there was nothing of fight in his manner when he got up. George sauntered around the store a minute or two, and it was plain that all he wanted to do was make Bill see that he was ready to go on with the battle if that was what Bill wanted. Bill did not want that. George kept a close eye on Bill and on the back room too. Finally he winked at me and walked out of the door and into the street.

Byra was just as pale as ever and my knees still shook. Bill grinned a little sourly and took Byra's arm to lead her

(Continued on Page 74)

Wild Horse Power

INDUSTRY CAN'T AFFORD THE FEED BILL

Brute power never takes kindly to harness. Bucking and thrashing, it asserts its wild nature when man demands that it work for him. This is as true of electric power as it is of horse flesh. Electric motors are ever eager to throw off restraint—to thrash about in defiance or idle instead of labor.

That is why alert purchasers of electric motors give close attention to the selection of Motor Control equipment. Motor Control is the harness for electric power—and industry today cannot afford "wild" horsepower in motors. Thus progressive machinery builders and users, who insist on full utilization of every electric motor installed, specify Cutler-Hammer Motor Control and recognize its performance as too vital to allow for substitution.

The CUTLER-HAMMER Mfg. Co.
Pioneer Manufacturers of Electric Control Apparatus
1259 St. Paul Avenue Milwaukee, Wisconsin

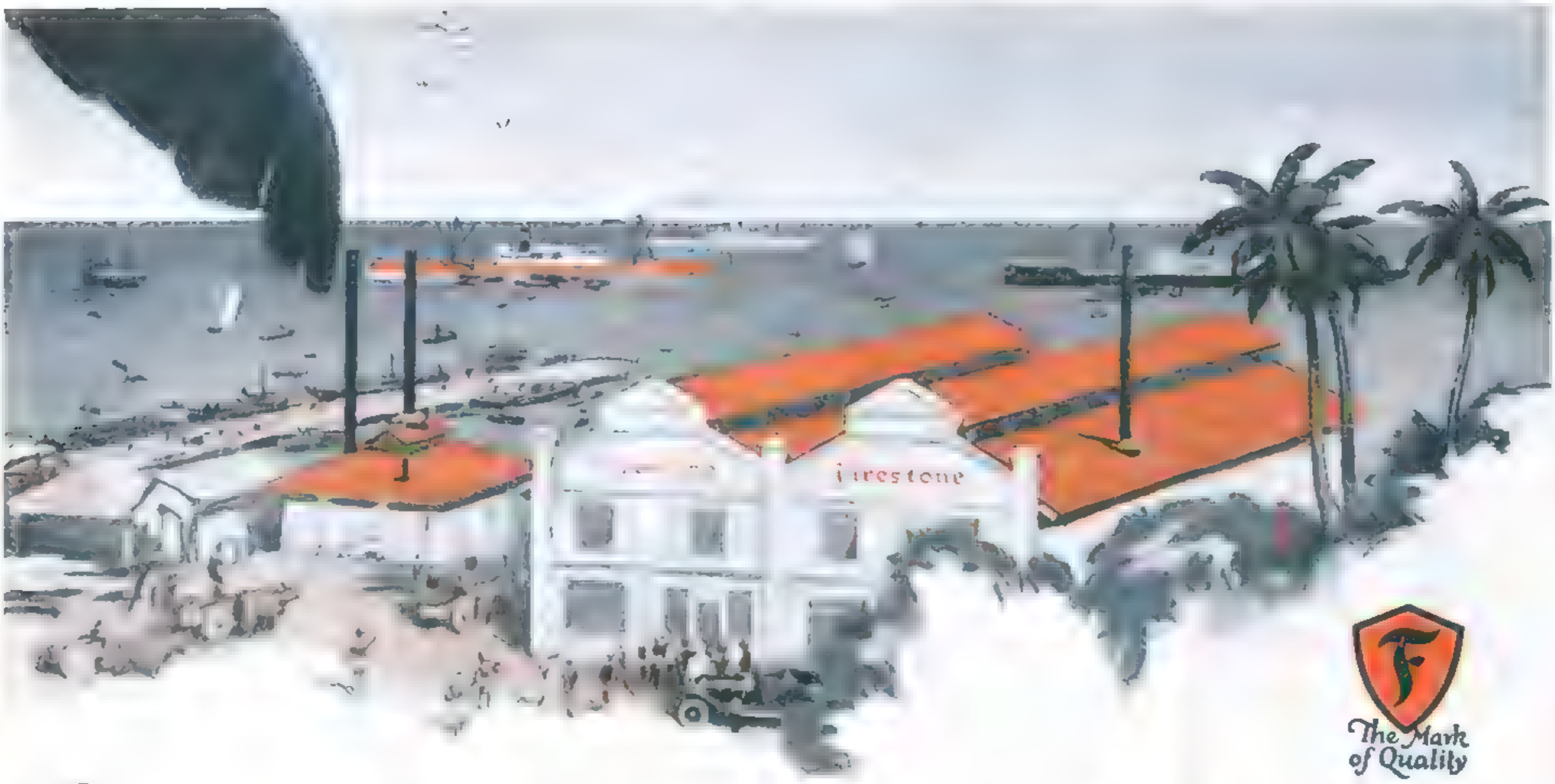
Thirteen Times The Manpower of Industry
Hidden Away in Electric Motors

Electric motors in America's industries today provide working capacity equal to 250 million workmen. That is more than 13 times the actual number of men employed. How effectively this army of "unseen" workers is used to bring down costs is determined by the care with which Motor Control is selected.

CUTLER HAMMER

The Control Equipment Good Electric Motors Deserve

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE



Saving Millions For Motorists

BY CONTROLLING RAW MATERIALS

HERE, at Singapore, where East and West meet, is the headquarters of the Firestone chain of ten separate rubber-buying offices in the Straits Settlement. This world market is the strategic center of contact with the native planters. Here special facilities enable Firestone to secure the best rubber at lowest prices. Here, also, is the rubber capitol's largest and most modern preparation plant and warehouse where rubber is washed, refined, graded and packed for shipment to Firestone Factories in the United States and Canada.

In Singapore, was the beginning of those Firestone activities which now span three continents and safeguard America's rubber supply against foreign monopoly. And now, in Africa, beyond the confines of civilization, Firestone plantations are established; a million and a half rubber trees already planted and two 50,000 acre plantations cleared. Daily communication, by private Firestone radio service, gives news to the outside world of the tremendous strides made in this far-away land. The repeal of the British Rubber Restriction Act logically follows this success, with the result that American motorists can now buy Firestone-built Tires at the lowest prices in history.

Firestone obtains cotton in the primary markets, and the essential weave for best results with Gum-Dipping is assured in the Firestone Cotton Mills—the largest in the world devoted exclusively to cord fabric.

And so, everywhere, the Firestone work of saving millions for motorists goes on—securing the best materials, at lowest prices, improving, refining, developing along all lines of tire manufacture.

The Firestone Dealer is supplied with clean stocks of Firestone-built Tires from the nearest of 150 Factory Branches and Warehouses. He has a tire for every purse —the famous Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires; the standard quality Oldfield; Courier, outstanding value in the medium price field; and Airway, meeting all competition in the low price field.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

Firestone

THEIR OWN RUBBER Harvey S. Firestone

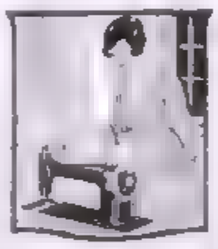
3 IN 1

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Why is it called *3-in-One?*

This question has been asked thousands of times by housewives the world over. Here's the answer:

3-in-One Oil has three great primary uses—



It lubricates. It cleans and polishes. It prevents rust and tarnish.

3-in-One lubricates every light mechanism about the home, from sewing machine to family clock. Locks, bolts and hinges, oiled with 3-in-One, work smoothly, without squeaks or creaks—the talking machine stops "hitching," the go-cart loses its accustomed rattle.

3-in-One cleans and polishes fine furniture, woodwork, oilcloth, linoleum. Also makes economical dust cloths and polish mops out of ordinary cloths and mops.

You'll never know how easy it is to keep your house always spick and span until you clean and polish with 3-in-One.

3-in-One prevents rust and tarnish on all metal surfaces that are not lacquered. Rub a little on the bottom of irons after they cool and you won't have rust to remove next time you iron. Use regularly on range to prevent rust and on faucets to keep them from tarnishing.

3-in-One is different from ordinary oils. A scientific compound of several high-quality oils, it's better.

At all good stores in 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans and in three sizes of bottles.

FREE: Sample and Dictionary of Uses. Request both on a postal card.

Manufactured since 1894

THREE-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY

130 William St., New York, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 70)

back to her desk. Then he walked over and got a drink for her.

"I'm mighty sorry, girlie," he said. "I guess I lost my head as much as George did. It was hard not to sail into him after I got up. But I would not do that with you present." Byra took the drink and nodded thankfully. I thought Bill was a liar.

"After you rest a minute," Bill said then, "you had better go home, Byra. I'll call for you at eight o'clock."

"But you mustn't try to go out tonight!" Byra told him. "Some other time—you are hurt."

"I'll be there at eight, Byra. I'm not hurt," Bill said. His eyes were soft in spite of what had happened. "There is nothing I'd rather do, ever, than be with you." The way he said that made me glad that George had pasted him. Byra just gulped and nodded. She took another drink from the paper cup and then said she thought she would go home and lie down. Bill nodded.

I went and got her hat and coat, and she thanked me when I helped her put them on. I guess the fright she felt went to her head and wiped away any anger toward me, because just before she walked out she squeezed my arm the least little bit.

As soon as she was gone Bill grabbed the telephone. While he was waiting for the number the bell on the back door tinkled and Red came in. He had driven up with a load of junk that was ready to go to the cellar. He was humming to himself and seemed happy. He walked into the front room and saw us there. He stopped his humming the minute he saw me. A fool could have told that something was sour by the way we looked. Just as he was about to speak, Bill got the number.

"Hello—hello. . . . That you, Dennis?" Bill asked. "Good! This is Bill—Bill Nigel, Dennis. I want you to do something for me, an' I want you to do it quick. . . . Thanks. I knew darn well you would, Dennis. I want this detective, George Taylor, pushed out into the sticks, or back in harness. . . . Yes, that's right—George Taylor. What? . . . Does that make any difference, Dennis? Ain't it enough that I want it, without tellin' a lot of details?"

Red was opening his eyes a lot as he heard that, and so was I. This Dennis, I guessed, was the ward boss, Dennis Mulcahey, and Bill was chasing George out of the district once and for all. That was a good thing. Mulcahey talked for a minute or two and Bill just listened. But when he hung up he repeated George's name and I heard him thank Mulcahey in advance. I felt that we had finally seen the last of that pest George, and I kind of heaved a sigh of relief that this was so.

Red stood there picking at his hairy arm again, and once in a while he would suck his upper lip into his mouth like he was biting at the uncut hair there. His eyes showed surprise.

"You're fin'ly gittin' rid of that guy, eh?" he said when Bill had finished. "It's about time! He's a nuisance, that George—always prowlin' 'round. He's been givin' me the willies ever since that old counter rat was bumped."

"Shut up!" Bill told him. "The way you roar all the time you should have been born a sea shell!"

Red shut up like he had been struck with paralysis, but his eyes were mad. He turned away and unloaded his junk, and I could hear him dragging it across the floor over to the cellar hatch. I wondered if it was marked junk, but I decided, when he handled it so openly, it was not.

Bill went out the back way toward the other building and I just stayed there to mind the store and office. Red kept mumbling to himself back in the other room, and every time he tramped in and out, or up and down the cellar stairs, I thought about the passage there. I was still trying mighty hard to figure out the Belzer deal and just what had happened to the truck.

It seemed to me that George was wise to something. Why was I so dumb I couldn't see it? Right there I pulled the first intentionally smart thing I ever did. I decided to play Red against Bill. Red loved to appear smart, just like all guys do who are really dumb. I figured to act very dumb and let him boast me an education. I went back to the rear room.

"What's eatin' Bill?" he asked me. "First he puts the rap on that bum dick, then he jumps all over me. I'm the hardest-workin' guy he's got around here an' all he does is play me for a sucker! I won't go for that stuff forever, you know. . . . It will cost him plenty to chase that cop too!"

"He was nasty to you," I agreed. "Mebbe he's afraid you are gettin' too smart, Red. He knows you ain't a fool!" I said it like Bill must realize how very smart Red was. It went over sweet as honey. Red stopped, hooked his dirty thumbs in his armpits and proved that he was satisfied with himself.

"I think you're the smartest one of the bunch!" I said. "I'm still figuring on that truck deal, Red, and I can't make head or tail out of it. But mebbe you're only kiddin' me on that."

"Kiddin'?" Red blurted. "I ain't kiddin'. That's the commercial-fence racket, kid. I seen through that right away. Belzer was stuck with some silks, or else he got 'em on credit an' insured 'em. Then him an' Bill got their heads together an' fixed it up to run the silk out on that truck an' just switch cases on the way. You'll find out, when the evidence comes in, that there will be witnesses to prove that the cases were on the truck when the driver went in for chow. They'll have witnesses planted to prove that the driver left Belzer's place and drove straight to that restaurant. They'll swear there was no stops on the way. The witness will be some planted guy that'll swear he got a ride from the driver and the cases never was touched. Mebbe they'll have a couple o' young guys ready to swear they was hitchin' on the back end o' the truck an' beat it when they stopped in front o' the restaurant. They'll be smart about it, kid!"

He continued boastfully: "But what really happened was that the driver got the silk and drove to some place where those other cases were planted. The cases are exactly the same, see? They switched quick as the devil, then drove the truck up to the restaurant with the empty cases aboard and had a second driver all set to park it a few blocks off. That's the game. I'm tellin' you that it's bein' done every day! It's the commercial-fence game. Sometimes even big merchants, when they get in a credit jam, pull that game, kid! Bill works with 'em. Bill gets the silk for almost nothin'; the merchant collects his insurance or beats his creditors, and adds that to whatever Bill pays him. Stores are rented every day just to pull that racket. The police can't very well beat the game, either. If they don't nail the works right while the switch is goin' on, what hope is there for the cops? It's a laugh! Even if they do catch the switch, what can they prove? Invoices are always mailed an' everythin' is made to look reg'lar!"

I went up front, because a rag buyer had come into the store and wanted to look over some bales we had there. We used to take ordinary-run samples of the rags and put them in small bales. Buyers could look those bales over and then order whatever quantity they wanted, or that we could furnish. While I was out there, Red went on with his work, and when I had finished he was down in the cellar.

I had another bright idea then. Bill had a copy of the credit-rating books and I went to them to locate Belzer. He was not rated. I thought a man handling all that silk ought to be in the book. It began to look like Red was right. I was sure of it later, when Belzer himself showed up at our place. He asked for Bill.

"Tell him, when he comes back," he told me, "that Belzer was in. I was robbed this morning, understand? All my stuff was stolen off Bill's truck, and just on account of that the insurance company has canceled all policies, even the fire insurance on the building I rent. I am going to lose my lease. Tell Bill that, please. He'll understand."

That convinced me that Belzer had a bad record. If not, why would big insurance companies treat him that way? My own ideas encouraged me a lot, and I began thinking harder. Thinking of Bill and Byra was enough to make me brave. I determined I would sneak down into the cellar that night while they were at the recital and see what I could learn for myself. Anything to get proof enough to convince Byra that we should both quit Bill.

So I closed the store at the usual time and went over to the little restaurant where I always ate and had some dinner. My appetite was punk. I was all jumpy, and nervous as the nostril of a hungry pup. But I had to make a showing, so I ordered food and did my best with it. It cost sixty cents.

Then I went back to my room and just waited. Dark had come, but I decided I would not start anything until about nine o'clock. Once I got caught down there, it would be hard to explain, but I was willing to take a chance. What I wanted most of all to do was find out how Red opened that door to the tunnel. I knew he did it from over near the forge and I thought I could find out easy enough. Then I would investigate the other building.

I was very jealous about Bill and Byra, and I was lonesome for Crab Daniels. Lonesome as a single parrakeet, I was, and blue as the water in the lake on a sunny day up home. Every sound I heard seemed to have added something to itself, if you can understand that. The very light in my room seemed to tremble on the wall and I got to remembering that old Uncle Isaac used to use that room now and then. I wondered if, after all, there was anything in the ghost idea.

About quarter-past nine I went down into the store. The lights from the street dissolved the darkness of the place, but it painted a million strange pictures where I knew there was none. Once I stood still for a full minute gazing at a shadow in the corner. I could have sworn it was a man, but it was nothing but the hat tree with Bill's raincoat hanging there. I recognized it finally, but the jolt left me short-breathed and jerky.

I opened the cellar hatch just as quietly as I could, but every rope and pulley on the thing sang a song like a regiment on the march. It opened halfway and I slid through it, letting it come down as gently as possible. The cellar was dark and I knew nobody was down there. The building was pretty old and there were a good many rats in it. I could hear them quite often. It is funny how much noise a rat can make.

I crept down the stairs after closing the hatch over me. At the bottom I sat there on the step and waited a long time just to be sure that everything was all right. Then I got up and felt for the plank wall on the inner side of the room where I knew the light switch was. Nobody outside could ever tell when the light was on, and I could work better and feel better out of the dark. My hand ran along the planks with a soft swishing sound. I was panicky, and when I missed the switch a few times I began to tremble and think about beating it back upstairs and forgetting this prowling business. But I felt I was doing it for Byra, and if things went right that night I could get enough facts to show her the truth and we could both get out while we had a chance.

At last I found the light switch. When I snapped it on, the sound was like a pistol shot. It scared me to death. My mouth was dry and my hands were wet. But the room was empty. Everything was calm and as it should be. That steadied me.

I went over to the forge and saw the little switch that started the fan in the stovepipe. It was good to see something I recognized and knew all about—something harmless. On the wall I saw that pistol. I hated that. There is something just about

(Continued on Page 78)

You Don't Have to Empty the Filthy Contents of a Cleaner Bag Any More—

"A marvelous new invention has forever liberated women from that most unpleasant and disagreeable task."

Grace—"Why, Aunt Jane, what in the world are you doing?"

Aunt Jane—"Stay in the car, child, or this dirt will fly all over you. Can't you see that I am emptying my cleaner bag?"

Grace—"Why, my dear Aunty, don't you realize that the refuse you are dumping out of that bag is laden with all kinds of germs? You don't have to empty the filth out of a cleaner bag any more."

Aunt Jane—"Why not? Are you going to get somebody to do it for me?"

Grace—"Nobody has to do it any more, Aunty. Come on into the house and let me tell you something. A marvelous new invention has forever liberated women from that most unpleasant and disagreeable task. The Air-Way Sanitary System seals all collected dirt in *a sanitary cellulose filter fibre container* which you simply detach and throw into the furnace or incinerator. You don't have to take the dirt out to dispose of it. Nor can the dirt sift through the sides of the bag while you are using it or it is standing idle in the home."

Aunt Jane—"Well, what won't they invent! That's really the best news I've heard since I commenced housekeeping almost 50 years ago. But does the Air-Way really clean your rugs?"

Grace—"Oh, my dear, it not only cleans the rugs but cleans so many other things, too, tasks which the ordinary methods cannot even approach. It cleans practically everything in your home except those things that require soap and water. It goes easily under low pieces of furniture; it cleans walls and ceilings as well as rugs; it cleans and renovates upholstered furniture, pillows, mattresses, curtains, draperies, and clothing, making them safe from moths; it cleans and polishes hardwood floors; and another beautiful thing about it is that you can actually see when you've got all the dirt out."

Aunt Jane—"Why, Grace, that's simply marvelous. I wish I had known about it before."

Grace—"It is never too late, Aunt Jane, to discard obsolete methods and to take advantage of *a new and better method and equipment* for complete home sanitation. Already there are hundreds of thousands of satisfied Air-Way users. Just as modern lighting equipment replaced the coal-oil lamp and modern heating methods supplanted the old base burner, so has the Air-Way Sanitary System with its exclusive service features relegated into discard antiquated methods of home cleaning."

Aunt Jane—"Where and how can I see this wonderful equipment?"

Grace—"Just phone the Air-Way branch for a demonstration."

Air-Way is represented in most of the metropolitan centers by branch offices, and listed in the telephone book as "Air-Way branch of [your city]." Telephone for this interesting demonstration. If you do not find Air-Way listed, write directly to the factory.

Air-Way
SANITARY SYSTEM
Sold through Air-Way branches only, by bonded representatives—not in any store

All Air-Way representatives are carefully selected, courteous, capable gentlemen. They are trained to present the Air-Way idea to you under conditions existing in your own home. Each is bonded as an evidence of absolute responsibility.

THE AIR-WAY ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CORPORATION, TOLEDO, OHIO, U. S. A.—AIR-WAY LTD., TORONTO, CANADA

118-inch
Hudson Super-Six
Sedan, $1325
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HUDSON SUPER

TOMORROW'S VOGUE

with a chassis design years in advance...

. . at only $1250 up

Hudson's exclusive fashion of line, color and appointment is adding thousands of beauty lovers to the hosts who want its supremely brilliant performance. In the new models a wider variety of colors is presented than ever before in history, and performance is advanced to entirely new standards of motordom.

In the Super-Six you have the satisfaction of a chassis so advanced it will not find comparison in design or value, this year, or perhaps the next or next.

Through the Super-Six principle, Hudson has the greatest smoothness and efficiency in power transmission that we know. And through its companion invention the greatest efficiency in power generation ever attained to our knowledge.

With the development and increased capacity of the Super-Six principle came also the creation of a chassis engineered in every detail to provide safely, continuously and economically for the speed, power and safety of the motor.

These are advantages responsible for the most enthusiastic owners and buyers in Hudson history.

And all are delighted to find, with all its other economies, a gasoline saving never established by a car of its weight and size.

SIX

(Continued from Page 74)

the look of a pistol that gives me the willies—short, shiny, with a black eye that glistens around the outside and is dead black in the center. I hate guns.

I went over, though, and stood under it and looked it all over very close. At first I was going to take it down and see what it felt like, but I decided against that. It hung there as innocent as a calendar on the wall, but what it could do was plenty. It had a blue barrel and cylinder and a black handle. There were shiny pearl things like buttons around the screws that held the butt together. I suppose the guy who made it was proud of it and thought it was pretty.

Then I began to hunt for the way to open that door to the passage. I stood right where I had been when Red told me to watch the big bar that locked the cellar hatch as the hidden door opened. Then I tried to figure just as close as I could where Red had stood behind me. With that doped out, I knew just about where to look for whatever it was that opened doors like that.

I remembered in stories how those things were done. I could look for a secret switch, or a loose plank, or some queer-looking knot in the wall that only a detective would figure out, but there did not seem to be any of those things. I looked so hard that I forgot to be terribly scared. I got interested in finding the way the door worked, and the longer it took me the more interested I got.

I needed Crab a lot then, too. If I only had someone to talk with, to swap ideas and compare them, I would have got along a whole lot faster. Once I stopped short when I thought sure as fate I heard somebody moving around upstairs in the store, but I decided it was only a rat and went back to hunting.

The wall was just a blank space. The floor had no loose boards. There were no knots in the wood; not even anything that a book detective could pick out that was suspicious looking. I was getting a little mad with myself when the next thing happened.

I heard a sound overhead. It was just a little scraping noise and for a second I thought it was another rat. Then it came again, louder. Not very loud, understand, but loud enough to freeze the blood in my legs and melt my knees into tallow. It came from over toward the stairs. I looked that way. The big bar that locked the hatch was moving!

It was a second or two before I realized that somebody was opening, from the other side, the very door I was trying to open! Somebody was coming through the door from the passage. The bar under the hatch worked with that door!

I made one wild jump for the stairs and safety, then thought about the light. I had to douse that. I reached the switch, snapped it off, then started hell bent for those steep stairs.

But my eyes were not used to the sudden darkness and I stumbled against the steps. All the skin on my shin bone tied in a bowknot just under my knee and hurt me so I darn near cried. But I scrambled up the stairs and caught hold of that heavy bar just as it caught under the big clamps. I pulled against it with all my strength. My hands were wet with sweat and they slipped. I might as well have tried to shovel smoke as stop that bar. I was caught as safe as a sardine in a can.

I just crouched there on the top step and the sweat ran down my face. It seemed to me that I saw Uncle Isaac all crumpled up again. In a few seconds I felt a faint draft of air as the big door to the tunnel opened. The passage was dark, so no light came into the room. I had one wild idea of making a fight to get to the pistol hanging on the wall, but it was no use. My legs shook so I couldn't use them. My eyes strained and strained through the darkness and I could see nothing over by the big door.

There was a scraping sound, a step. Then silence for what seemed ten minutes, but perhaps was as many seconds. I had to cough and couldn't. My throat was as dry as a last year's pea pod. I thought of Elm Street back home, of the soft shadows there, and the quiet and the safety. . . . Bill and Byra were sitting together at a piano recital. Maybe they were holding hands. Byra loved music.

Then there came more steps. Somebody was moving along the wall toward the light switch. I am not sure I didn't pass out there on the top step, my head and shoulders jammed against the heavy hatch and my fingers still clutching at that oak bar.

I have no true recollection of the seconds between the sound of those steps and the terrific crack of the switch that flooded the room again with light. I was as plain to be seen as false teeth and a wig, and just as helpless as a guy with the seat of his pants hooked on the top of a cemetery iron fence.

I saw the man at the switch. He stood there and glanced all around the room. In one hand he carried a pistol that was bigger than the one on the wall. Under the other arm he had a bolt of silk. The man was George. All of a sudden he looked up at me. His pistol jerked around and I could feel it bearing on me, huddled, as I was, there against the ceiling. But George didn't shoot. His lip jerked up in that sneer, wrinkles came along his forehead and his eyes bored into mine as hard as the bullet that might have come from the gun.

Then he laughed through his nose, his lip jerking higher on the right side, and said: "Well, I'll be damned!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

CONFESSION OF A CARTOONIST

(Continued from Page 30)

getting near the saturation point, in my opinion. Most newspapers have contracted for more than they can digest. My advice is for the young fellow first to try to get some critic, preferably a newspaper man, to tell him honestly whether he has anything, and that is hard to do. It is easier to praise than to criticize, because criticism usually leads to arguments. If the aspirant really believes he has something he should try to get publication in his local newspaper. But finally he should stick to his old job until he has his toes well dug in.

Now I come to the point where I want to bring this yarn up to date. If I hadn't been successful I don't suppose this story would be published, and I want to say there is no business in the world in which there is so much jealousy as in the newspaper business. How to conduct yourself when successful is a problem. If you slap a guy on the back and ask him to have dinner with you he thinks you are patronizing him. If you just nod to him he thinks you are high-hatting him, but the latter course has the advantage that you don't have to listen to a lot of tiresome jokes he thinks you can use in Mutt and Jeff.

This reminds me of another angle to the business. Nearly everybody you meet thinks he can give you ideas for pictures, and most of them were old before Joe Miller was born. All these suggestions are well meant, so I generally agree that they are valuable and then forget them.

April Fool

I once won a bet that I could complete a picture in fifteen minutes. It usually takes me about two hours to finish a strip, working steadily after I get the idea. It was in San Francisco on a March thirty-first that I was with several friends and not anxious to work. Someone bet me ten dollars I couldn't finish the picture for the next day's paper in fifteen minutes. I took the bet, ruled off the strip the right size and simply printed in April Fool, which saved me a lot of work and won the bet.

I am constantly getting letters and verses asking me why I don't make Jeff as tall as Mutt. Once, for a kid, I changed them around and made Jeff the tall one and Mutt the runt.

Most of the people I meet think life has been a laugh for me, but it has also been a struggle trying to manufacture laughs for others and not make them too synthetic, like gin, most of which is poisonous. Doing my work mostly at night, I can't go to sleep immediately after quitting, so I read until four or five o'clock. Following my usual custom, I am writing this after midnight, and as I look back over my younger days I think of some amusing anecdotes—at least amusing to me.

Driving by the Book

There was my first automobile, which I bought shortly after my arrival in New York, when I had just received a check for the first Mutt and Jeff books, amounting to about $3000. I felt flush. I had already made up my mind to buy a certain car which, in those days, represented my idea of speed, for it had a long hood that made it look powerful and the driver's seat was so arranged that it was almost necessary for one to lie on the back of his neck to operate it.

The salesroom was at about Sixty-sixth Street and Broadway then, and I stopped in to price a car. I soon attracted the attention of a dapper salesman. "How much for the runabout?" I asked.

"Fifteen hundred dollars," he replied.

"Wrap it up," I told him.

But I discovered that the extra tire, the bucket seats, the lights and many other accessories did not come with the car, so when I got through, most of my $3000 was gone. As I was working at night then, and not leaving the office until about midnight, I told them to stand the car in Broadway and I would pick it up on my way home. The salesman had given me a guidebook on how to run the car. This I had read, so I felt qualified to drive it, although it was my first attempt. I arrived at about one in the morning, and that was in the days before the self-starter, when it was necessary to crank the motor to start it.

The first time I tried, the crank handle flew off and up into a tree, finally crashing to the asphalt. On my next attempt it kicked back and beaned me, knocking me flat on Broadway. I had a couple of friends with me who knew no more about automobiles than I did, so they sat on the sidelines and gave advice and threw water on me when the crank knocked me out.

Finally a taxi chauffeur came along and said, "What's the matter, Buddy?" little realizing that he was calling me by my name.

"Nothing," I replied, "except that I can't start this thing."

He investigated and then said, "Well, you've got your spark fully advanced and she'll kick you over every time you try to crank her."

So he started the car for me and I got in with my friends, one of whom occupied what in those days was known as a bucket seat.

We started off and I drove it up and down Riverside Drive until five in the morning, with my friends begging me to let them out; but I was afraid to stop, because I didn't think I could start again, and I knew I needed the practice. Finally at half-past five I figured I had mastered it and pointed it for a garage near where I lived at Riverside Drive and Ninety-eighth Street. I only bent one mud guard getting through the door.

The next morning I was sure there was no better driver in New York than I was, so with the assistance of the garageman I started out to motor to my office, which was then and still is in William Street. My route was through the heaviest traffic in the city. I hadn't even learned that there was more than one speed, and I had been driving all the time in high speed. I did all right until I reached Broadway and Forty-second Street, the traffic not being so congested in those days. At this important spot a traffic cop put up his hand, but I paid no attention until I heard him holler, "Hey, you, what do you think you're doin'?"

How Not to Talk to a Cop

I put on my brake and stalled the engine. By this time the arm of the law had walked over to the car. "Didn't you see my hand?" he demanded.

"Was that a hand?" I asked.

"What did you think it was?"

"I thought it was a bunch of bananas," I told him, which didn't improve our relations any.

"You get out of here," he said, not too pleasantly. By this time traffic was tied up going both ways.

"I will if you will help me," I answered. "I'll tell you a secret. This is practically the first time I ever drove this car. Suppose you and I push it out of the way."

Well, he wasn't a bad guy. We shoved the car to the curb, and a chauffeur helped me crank it and get it under way again. I made it all right to Chambers Street and Broadway, where another cop had an idea that traffic should go east and west when I was going south; so I tried to stop—and did, but not behind the imaginary line. By this time I knew about second speed, because the chauffeur who had helped me out at Forty-second Street told me about it, and also about reverse.

Laying Down the Law

"Get back of that line! Back up!" said this policeman.

"All right," I replied, and tried to put her in reverse, but got it in second by mistake, so when I let the clutch in the result was disastrous. The automobile hit the cop in the stomach and sat him down neatly in the middle of Broadway. When he got up the motor was stalled again and I couldn't beat it.

"Say," he demanded, "what's the matter with you?"

"You got up before anyone counted ten over you," I said, trying to laugh my way out.

"What's your name?" he asked.

I told him. The police were pretty good to newspapermen, so he let me go and I got to the office without further mishap. I left for home at about midnight with a couple of friends, and due to some rough spots on the road, I lost one of them out of the bucket seat, but it was too late to go back and rescue him. While going through Central Park something happened to the car and it stopped. I didn't know what to do about it, so I asked a passing chauffeur.

He lifted up the hood and began an investigation, throwing out various parts as the autopsy proceeded. Finally, when he had most of the automobile on the lawn, he said, "Sorry, Buddy"—they all knew my name—"but I must be getting on. If I had time I could locate the trouble."

He drove off and left me and I walked to the Casino in the park, where I telephoned to the garage to bring a couple of rakes and a basket and collect the car and take

(Continued on Page 83)

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WHO knows better than Mr. Judson the importance of correct lubrication? Who realizes more keenly the benefits of good oil? As the head of one of the world's largest organizations specializing in the building of automobile motors, he speaks with unquestioned authority.

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the New casts aside

Watson's new Rubber Flow principle and give to motoring a riding ease such as it

RIDING EASE and freedom to a degree never before closer than a dream are now brought to motoring by Watson's new principle of Rubber Flow, and the new Watson power-range of 18 to 1, in the new Watson Stabilators.

The principle of Rubber Flow differs markedly from the older principles of rough friction and hydraulics, while the 18 to 1 power-range surpasses the previous best of 2½ to 1.

Nothing remotely resembling either of these advances has ever before been applied to motor car spring-and-riding action. Until now, nothing like their smooth, soft riding results has ever been known.

To those on the outside, the principle of Rubber Flow is surprisingly new. But Watson—rejecting both rough friction and hydraulics as the future ultimate—has been perfecting it for four years.

Eager for the finer riding which Watson has now wrought, the motor car industry would have welcomed the new Rubber Flow Stabilators on the strength of Watson's past contributions.

But before any engineer could test them for himself, they had been subjected by Watson to hundreds of thousands of miles *on the road*. In 75 different sections of the United States,

The first advance in spring-and-riding action for seven years

Rubber Flow took all the punishment that wet and dry could hand it; heat and cold, dust and mud, snow and slush. For weeks on end, driven without mercy. It came back with principle, smoothness and silence proved beyond question.

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18 TO 1 power-range has never known

It is fitting that Watson should have been the one to perfect a power-range as great as 18 to 1 —and a principle providing such soft, smooth, silent action as does Rubber Flow.

Rubber Flow gets its name from the inclusion of a specially devised rubber compound which flows over polished steel surfaces in the mechanism of the Stabilator.

The 18 to 1 power-range means that these new Stabilators hold 18 times stronger over a 6-inch bump than over a ½-inch bump. And, further, that the holding-power is automatically and perfectly tapered from one extreme to the other. While, therefore, the holding-power is giant-like over rough roads, it automatically tapers itself down to produce merely a gentle, steadying effect over boulevards.

18 to 1

WATSON STABILATOR PATENTED

RUBBER FLOW

SOFT · SMOOTH · SILENT

$60
Per Set of Four (Large Size)

New Watson Rubber Flow Stabilators now ready for the following cars and others of similar size:—

Cadillac • • Chrysler Imperial Eighty • • La Salle • • Lincoln Locomobile • • Packard Eight • • Peerless Eight • • Pierce-Arrow Rolls-Royce • • Studebaker President • • Stutz

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Prices slightly higher in the West

A spring has only two actions—the yielding or cushioning action and the expanding or throwing action.

The new Watson Stabilators control but *one* of these actions—the throwing action. They in no way interfere with the cushioning action; and no one wants such interference, for everybody is now beginning to understand that a spring can do us good only when it *is* yielding and cushioning.

Now the new Watson Rubber Flow Stabilators are going to the industry by the thousands. To motorists on new cars. To additional thousands to make older cars ride as never before.

John Warren Watson Company, Philadelphia

Another Weyerhaeuser achievement-*Wasteless Lumber!*

trimmed square at both ends·· packaged···· ready to use····

These items can now be purchased under the 4-Square label. Each carefully manufactured for the particular purpose for which it is intended.

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A Costly Waste can now be avoided

WATCH a carpenter using ordinary lumber! See how many pieces he has to square up by hand before he can use them.

This tedious labor is now eliminated by using Weyerhaeuser 4-Square Lumber. For every piece is exactly square and perfectly smooth at both ends, thoroughly seasoned, and manufactured to precision standards of dimension and quality. The result is a better building at less cost.

4-Square Lumber is *packaged* to protect the faces and ends until it reaches the job. The species and grade are plainly printed on the label and guaranteed by Weyerhaeuser to insure the use of the quality you buy.

Weyerhaeuser's 4-Square Lumber is sold by local lumber dealers. Your own local dealer has it or can get it for you.

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(Continued from Page 78)

it back. I have long since given up driving

There used to be a sporting writer whose name, for the benefit of his wife, had best remain untold. I must tell one story about him. Annually the baseball writers of New York hold a dinner, and our hero desired to attend it; but since he had been absent from home without leave for nearly a week after the previous one, his wife locked him in a room equipped with only a bath robe and minus any money.

The night of the dinner he was feeling low, for he knew his pals would miss him and he would miss the dinner; but there he was in the Bronx, in a bath robe, locked up, incommunicado, while his wife stood guard outside the door. Finally he thought of the fire escape, which was handy, so softly he slid down this and hailed a passing taxi. The driver was amazed to pick up a passenger in a bath robe. However, like most New York taxi drivers, he was ready to take a chance and accepted the fare.

"To the Biltmore," said the sporting writer.

When he arrived at this fashionable New York hotel, where the dinner was being held, the custodian at the door refused to accept a customer in a bath robe and declined to admit our friend until he announced he was headed for the baseball writers' dinner, whereupon this stiff liveried doorman or liveried stiff of a doorman said, "Go to the servants' entrance."

So far, so good; but the passenger had no money to pay his fare, so he dispatched a bell boy to the committee giving the dinner, announcing he was in distress downstairs.

They sent the necessary funds and the writer rode up in the freight elevator and made a grand entrance. The dinner went off as smoothly as usual.

Hard to Suit

The next morning presented the real problem, because naturally the sporting writer had not returned to the Bronx. He might as well have gone on a sacrifice raid in No Man's Land on the Western Front. It was necessary for him to cover a World's Series ball game that day, and if he appeared in the press box clad in only a bath robe it might attract more attention to him than the ball game got. Mr. Huston, then a half owner in the Yanks, and some more of his friends went into a huddle to see what could be done to meet the emergency, and when they came out it was decided to send over to a near-by shop to get a suit of clothes.

However, it was Columbus Day, and this store was closed. The sporting writer happened to remember that his evening dress suit was being pressed by a tailor in the neighborhood. It was decided that a dress suit, even for afternoon wear, was better than no suit at all, especially if covered by a borrowed overcoat. Accordingly his friends sent around for the soup and fish, only to find that the tailor shop was closed, for the good and sufficient reason that it was Yom Kippur. Well, there they were and the hour of the ball game getting closer, and the scribe's job hanging on his story and the scribe hanging on a hang-over.

Then someone got a brilliant idea. He recalled that an undertaker's place was open at all hours and suggested: "Suppose we send around and get a burial suit."

"But it has no back in it," protested the stranded reporter.

"What's the odds?" said Mr. Huston. "You'll have an overcoat, and besides you can't afford to think of what the well-dressed man should wear in this fix."

So the suggestion was taken, and the reporter, dressed in a burial suit and a borrowed overcoat, covered the ball game. I don't know whether he has ever squared it with his wife.

My next vignette will be of a hunting trip I made down to Georgia, where George Stallings, the baseball manager, has a plantation at Haddock. I was to meet Ty Cobb at Augusta, where he lives, and go with him as a guide from there. But while I was in the diner the train crew switched off my car, with my baggage in it. The conductor said he would wire to the station agent at Augusta to recover the bag. I was routed back by a roundabout way and finally arrived, where Cobb met me, but I did not know him and thought he was the kindly station agent.

"Well, I got your bag all right," he said.

"Thanks," I told him, and tried to give him a tip, which he refused.

"You're to come up to my house and spend the night," he told me.

"Thanks," I said, "but I guess I had better go to a hotel."

"Say," he demanded, "who do you think I am?"

"The station agent."

"No, I'm Ty Cobb."

Well, I apologized and spent the night at his house, and the next morning we started for Haddock, the last ten or twelve miles being made in a buckboard with a colored man driving it.

"Listen," said Cobb. "Have you got a gun?"

"Sure," I told him, producing the revolver which had been given me in Mexico.

"Is it loaded?" asked Cobb.

"Now what good is an empty pistol? Why?"

"Well," he went on, "there are some bad niggers down here, and you might let me have it, because I know more about this country than you do."

"You can have your own gun," I told him. "I keep mine."

"Now look here," said Cobb, "they've planned a phony holdup to scare you, so don't go crazy and shoot anyone."

Sure enough, as we were going along through a lonely spot in the road a lot of colored men and hunters wearing masks jumped out and pretended to hold us up. I stood on the seat and began to shoot over their heads. They got so scared that one of them sprained an ankle climbing a stone wall to get away, and the horses ran away and broke up the buckboard. That was the end of that.

A One-Way Elevator

I have seen many of my old friends reach the top of their professions. There is Adolphe Menjou, the moving-picture actor, whose father used to run a fine restaurant in Cleveland, where fine meals could once be bought for reasonable prices. Then the senior Menjou came to New York and opened a restaurant at Broadway and Ninety-first Street. I often stopped there to eat on my way home. It was there I first met Adolphe. He was then manager of the place and always the dapper dresser. Later they opened a road house on Long Island, and on quiet days Adolphe used to take extra parts in the movies. From that start, he became a star.

I lived at one time in an apartment house on Riverside Drive. There were several elevators. Each elevator opened on an apartment. Sometimes it was impossible to wake up the hall boys, so I would run the elevator up myself; and then, having no way to get it down, I'd leave it there. All the other tenants had to do in the morning was walk down.

Editor's Note—This is the third of four articles by Mr Fisher. The fourth and last will appear next week

Until Death Do Us Part

Cards, auto licenses at your fingertips when you need them . . . in

AMITY

FIND-EX

Your cards, tickets, etc.—all neatly filed in self-indexed and removable transparent envelopes—slide into view instantly when you pull the patented *FIND-EX* tab. A special patented device separates the new small-sized bills, that are soon to be issued, from the present large currency.

There's only one Amity *FIND-EX*. You'll find it at your men's furnishing, jewelry, drug, stationery, department or leather-goods store—shown in six handsome leathers, plain, embossed or with a laced edge, $5. We will put your name, stamped in 22-karat gold, on your *FIND-EX* without charge.

A matched set of *FIND-EX* and Key Kaddy in a handsome gift box, makes a beautiful and useful gift. $7. Key Kaddy to match any *FIND-EX*, $2, in a gift box.

Send for interesting "Book of Amity" No. 4, showing *FIND-EX* and other Amity products. Amity Leather Products Co., West Bend, Wisconsin.

if stamped

AMITY

it's leather

WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO WAR

(Continued from Page 5)

continuity of artificial processes, and it is obviously no longer true.

From the beginning, human life in a certain proportion to other things had been the concern of Nature; it knew no reliance but upon the changeless natural processes.

Now for the first time human life in new proportions to all other things is man's anxiety; it must rely upon artificial processes by man himself invented. For witness in the new situation of mankind, a failure of artificial machine transportation, meaning the railroad, steamship and motor-truck arteries that encircle the earth, or a failure of artificial communications, meaning the telephone, telegraph and cable system, whereby surplus food is commanded to move from any part of the world to where it is needed, would just as certainly extinguish the industrial population as hitherto the agricultural population would have been extinguished by a failure of the principle of growth and reproduction. These artificial means are new. So also is that which we call industrial population; and in modern countries it is already more than half the race, where formerly it was and always had been that the entire race was agricultural. The principle of growth and reproduction cannot fail, but the artificial process may be interrupted, even wrecked, since it is controlled by man and he is subject to aberrations.

Life in the Dark Ages was immemorial; the conditions were natural. Life in our time possesses a dimension then unknown, an extension of itself in mechanical power; the conditions are artificial. The significance of this fundamental change is what we are after.

Out of the caldron that was Europe in the Dark Ages, nations emerged. There was perhaps no other way in which they could emerge, and life was able to bear it. Then, as the uses of commerce were rediscovered, the great trade wars began, more or less in the ancient Mediterranean world pattern, with principally this difference that the distribution of advantages in Europe was such that rivalry was irreducible.

The Ill-Timed Napoleon

Concerning the trade-war era one is unable to say whether war was the school of trade or trade the school of war. It is remarkable how the activities of trade and war rise and fall together. In the seventeenth century the Dutch were at war with somebody more than three-fifths of the time. As their relative commercial importance declined, so did their warfare. In the next century they were at war with somebody less than one-third of the time, and in the century after that hardly more than one-eighth of the time. England in the thirteenth century was at war with somebody only one-third of the time. She was not then a trading nation. She touched her peak in the same century with Holland, then her principal rival, but thereafter, as the time devoted by Holland to war abruptly declined, the number of years each century during which England was somewhere at war has remained fairly constant, together with her trade eminence. In the seventeenth century it was forty-three years, in the eighteenth it was fifty-five, and in the nineteenth it was fifty-three. The record of France for the nineteenth century is that she was at war only one-third of the time.

It would be giving ideal form to history to suppose that the Napoleonic experience, though unawares, had weakened the faith of France in war as an instrument of national policy. Probably not. The experience, in any case, was not clear. It fell almost on the exact line of cleavage between the world as it had been and the world as it was to be. The machine had just then been born. Napoleon as conqueror lived a thousand years too late; Napoleon as peace bringer lived one hundred years too soon. He must have had some intuition of what was becoming, since he was continually trying to rationalize peace and offering it about; but in this character he could not be understood. He had presented first the other side. The France he found was at war for the new principles of the republic. With his Italian campaign, from which he sent back to Paris a stream of loot—gold, art objects, rare manuscripts and paintings, to which even the Vatican was obliged to contribute heavily—he turned her mind to war as enterprise. It was as conqueror in the Alexandrian manner that he demanded these spoils of war, on no ground whatever but that of being able to take them. It was as conqueror able to make war pay that he first dazzled the French mentality. It was as conqueror and not otherwise that Europe comprehended him. Naturally, since there was then no other idea of war.

One hundred years later, France, her allies and the associate nations all together having defeated the will of Germany, there was a crucial question to be debated in the conference of victors. Germany had confessed her war guilt; she had signed an undertaking to pay the costs of the war. But by what means could she make reparation in value? Someone suggested that she be required to surrender her art treasures. The French immediately protested. Privately they said: "The precedent—it might become very troublesome. Is it not like saying, 'Return all the land to its first owners'? Who are these first owners?" What they were thinking was that if Italy, for example—their ally in the World War—should demand back the art treasures seized by Napoleon as loot in his Italian campaign, the Louvre in Paris would have to rewrite its catalogue.

A good enough reason, perhaps, though a minor one. The real reason for rejecting the thought of requiring Germany to pay with her art treasures was that their aggregate value in relation to the cost of the war would be absurdly insignificant. For here were figures expressing war costs such as had never before been heard of outside astronomical calculations—that is to say, the actual cost of victory enormously exceeded the value of the enemy's total portable and convertible wealth. If, as in the ancient way, the entire German population were put on the block and sold into slavery at one hundred dollars a head, the proceeds would represent perhaps one-tenth of what it had cost the victors to win the war.

The Franco-German War 1870 was the last enterprise of its kind between great powers that had a paying aspect; and it produced an illusion that ruled the German mentality for more than forty years. The industrial age had arrived, but it had not unfolded; its powers were latent. War had not been industrialized. There were better guns, there was faster transportation, yet the theory, art and structural form of it had not changed since Napoleon. Such things were then unknown as submarines, dirigibles, airplanes, motor trucks, wireless, automatic controls, the gas weapon, high explosives, armored tanks more dreadful than the armored Asiatic war elephants, and back of all, dynamic industry founded on research, science and technology, likely at any moment on either side to appear with some awful new weapon. Moreover, both combatants were self-contained. It was professional war still. Everybody knew the rules. The pretextual insult. The challenge. The Germans were readier. When they had captured the French king and the French capital the game was won according to the code, and they walked off with five billions of francs and the province of Alsace-Lorraine.

But if you relate this war to its sequel, which was the World War, it turns out very differently. Again in 1914 Germany was the readiest to strike what she believed would be a decisive blow in war—for policy. Her idea of war had not changed. She was blind to the meaning of the fact that she herself had become industrialized since 1870. Her militarists had no conception of industrial mobilization; it was a civilian had that. The difference between 1870 and 1914 was not one of political ideas. It was a difference of conditions. Once war started again between any two great nations, both industrialized, it was bound to release uncontrollable new powers, engulf the whole of civilization, and make a fiction of neutrality.

Even so, it is no case against war to say science, invention and mechanization have made it more terrifying and destructive, and it is nonsense to say, as the sentimentalist does, that unless war can be got rid of, civilization is doomed. All the civilization there is has come along with war. One may hold, indeed, that until a recent time war was its indispensable instrument. As for its being more destructive, that is relative. The powers of destruction and construction are apparently equal, increasing together. Otherwise the recovery from the economic devastation of the World War that was expected to be the work of several generations could not have taken place in ten years—as it did—nor would the world's power of wealth be now greater than it was before—as it is. This is explained by the fact that the modern means of war are reversible. Industry turns from high explosives to artificial manure, from lethal gases to commercial chemicals, from mechanical war elephants to tractors.

No matter. If war were ten times as destructive, and though it did contain the doom of civilization, yet there could be no hope of putting it away from the hand of willful human nature if only it were still effective as an instrument of economic policy, or, that is to say, so long as nations in their predatory, envious or aggressive moods might rationally hope by winning a war to gain their selfish ends. That is after all the only question: Does war work?

If the answer is no, then war as economic enterprise is bound to go the way of piracy, which was respectable, glorious and nobly sanctioned until it was discovered that trade, founded on continuous production and exchange, increased a nation's wealth much faster. Then piracy became a crime.

Although the economic motive is by no means the singular cause of war, there probably never was a war from which it was entirely absent. You will find it in wars of honor, in wars of revenge, in wars of prestige, in the Crusades even. If that motive turns out to be bankrupt in these new circumstances of life, aggression becomes folly in principle and the whole view of war is altered, for if there is no profit in it people will have to consider not the cost of defeat alone, as before, but now also the cost of victory, and that is a startling idea, very cooling to passion.

The constant economic motive of every vital nation is to increase its wealth, and rightly so, since there is no great advance in civilization without an increase of wealth—meaning wealth in all senses, of course, as physical, æsthetic and cultural satisfactions. When a nation seeks to increase its wealth by war the objects in view, however they are named, must fall under one or more of these heads: Land, labor, tribute, loot.

The Fallacy of Malthus

Anciently these objects were simple and directly perceived; success in pursuit of them was the measure of a nation's greatness. In the modern character of the world they lose their original significance; that they are still pursued means only that ideas survive their own validity.

When the food supply was local and all people were haunted by fear of famine, then an adequate area of fertile land to call its own or such as it could command the produce of by force, was essential to a nation's life. It would fight to extend that area, as its need was, or to defend it from the attacks of others wanting it for the same vital reason. But since the application of science and power to agriculture has increased the world's potential food supply much faster than the growth of population, since now, as one of the amazing artifacts, there is a vast system of intercontinental transportation and exchange whereby food moves with the regularity of ocean currents from sources of production to any point of demand, and since within that system fear of famine is entirely forgotten, national proprietorship in fertile land has no such ancient meaning.

The profound implications of this change have been obscured in a curious way by the Malthusian fallacy. Malthus was a political economist who, about 1800, based a law of want on a mathematical formula. Vital statistics had just been discovered, and he made them prove that whereas the food supply increased by arithmetical progression—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and so on—population increased by geometrical progression—1, 2, 4, 8, 16, and so on—which meant that man's reproductive power was bound to overcome his food supply.

Well, although population has increased enormously in the last one hundred years, the food supply has increased so much faster that at this day one of the acute problems is how to save agriculture from its surplus. This increase was for a while owing to the opening of the American continents; latterly it is owing to scientific knowledge and the use of machine power. Nowhere yet has this knowledge or power been exhausted; everywhere, even in very old countries, the productivity of agriculture may be greatly increased. This is simply to say that the quantity of human life the earth will support under a system of scientific agriculture is unknown.

Nations that justify thoughts of territorial expansion on the ground of overpopulation are still moved by memories of land hunger; apparently they cannot believe that anything new has happened.

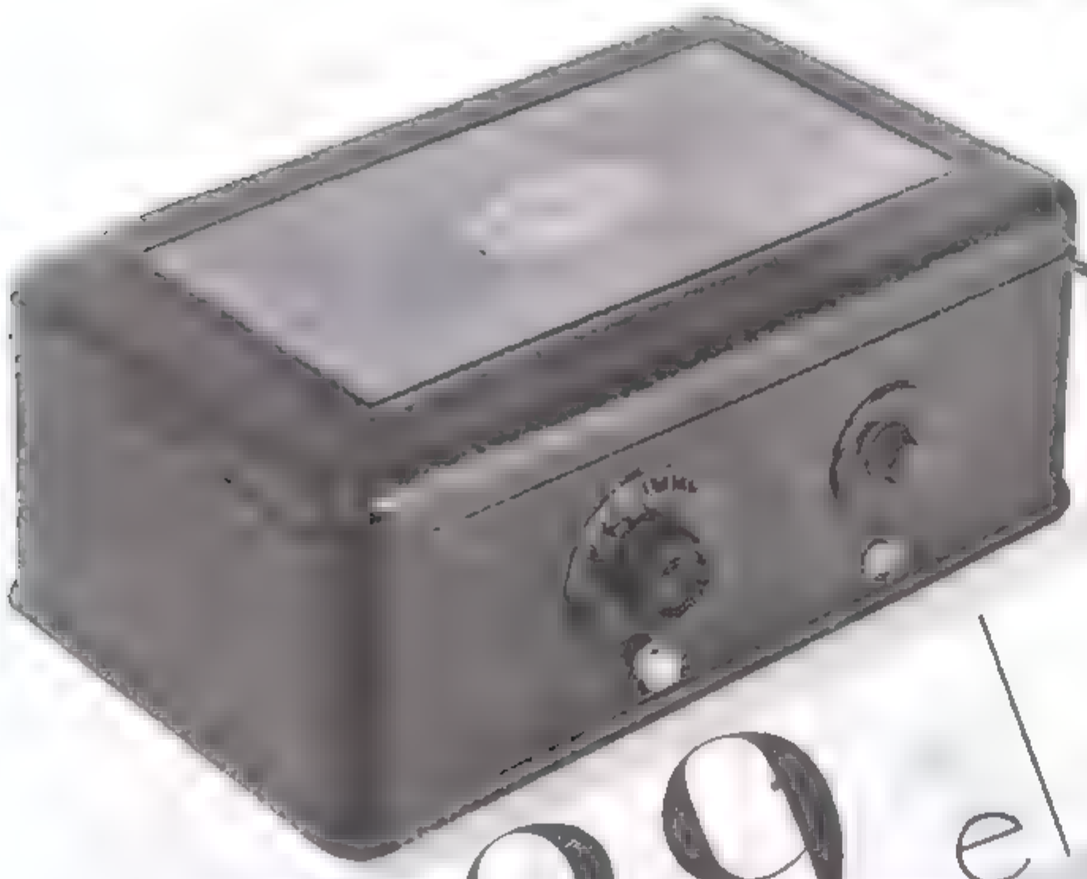
(Continued on Page 89)

PROSPERITY THE BEST ROAD TO PEACE

CONTRARY to a popular belief, peace is a growth and not a manufacture; which simply means that you cannot "make" a lasting peace.

Such a peace will be brought about only by conditions that are just to all—just to the rich as well as the poor. Above all, conditions that give every man the certainty of always getting enough work to earn an adequate living for his wife, his children and himself; and to keep him and his fellow men from supporting war or revolution in the belief that any change is preferable to existing conditions. —EDWARD A. FILENE.

ATWATER KENT RADIO



40

the 1929 electric set!

that gives you all you ask of fine radio for

$77 *(Without tubes)*

Model 40 A. C. set. Satin-finished in brown and gold or deep golden bronze and gold. For 110-120 volt, 50-60 cycle, alternating current. Requires six A. C. tubes and one rectifying tube, $77.

YOUR 1929 electric radio is here!

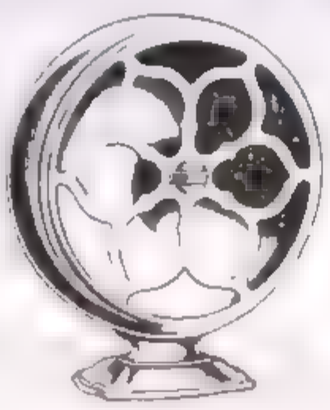
Get it now and enjoy it now. Tuck it into your car for your vacation. Plug in wherever there's a lamp socket. Dance to distant music, brought up close. Reserve your living-room seat for the speeches of Hoover and Smith. Follow the great airplane adventures. Tour the air tonight—any night—with this surer and simpler and better receiver.

Model 40 proudly steps forth as the 1929 successor of 1928's best seller—the famous Atwater Kent 37, approved by more than 200,000 families. Model 40 marks a decided advance. But the price—because of ever-increasing demand—is still lower—only $77!

Far greater sensitivity—that means a much greater range of stations at the command of the FULL-VISION Dial. The new built-in power unit, sealed against atmospheric action, is smaller and the whole set is five pounds lighter. The improved volume control carries the pure tone smoothly through every gradation of sound.

This set uses about as much electricity as a single 40-watt lamp—considerably less than a cent's worth an hour. Into it is built that sturdy *lastingness* which relieves 1,650,000 Atwater Kent owners from annoyance and service fees.

Twenty-six years of precision manufacturing, including six years of radio, give this simple, beautiful, reliable Model 40 a fineness not to be described in words. See it and try it—to believe. The nearest Atwater Kent dealer offers you a home demonstration. Don't miss a day of this greatest radio year. *The* set of 1929 is ready for you *now*.



Model 42 A. C. set with automatic line voltage regulator, $86, and Model 44, an extra-powerful, extra-sensitive seven-tube A. C. set, $106.

Battery sets, $49 and $68 (less tubes and batteries).

"Radio's truest voice"

Atwater Kent Radio Speaker. Models E, E-2, E-3, same quality, different in size, each $20.

On the air—every Sunday night—Atwater Kent Hour—listen in!

Prices slightly higher West of the Rockies

Write for illustrated booklet of Atwater Kent Radio

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
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4703 Wissahickon Avenue . Philadelphia, Pa.

FLIT

Flies, Ants Roaches, Moths

How Flit Kills Flies and Mosquitoes

Close doors and windows for a few moments to prevent insects escaping to other rooms. Spray Flit freely in all directions toward the ceiling. Spray cracks and corners. In ten minutes Flit vapor will expand and penetrate to all parts of the room. Every fly and mosquito will die. Open windows. The clean-smelling Flit vapor will quickly fade.

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FLIT IS GUARANTEED TO

KILLS Mosquitoes Bed Bugs, Fleas

WHAT a glorious summer!

Not a fly in the house all day. Not a mosquito in the bedroom all night. Not a roach in the kitchen. Not an ant in the pantry.

Is it possible?

Yes. Spray Flit.

Flit is guaranteed to kill all insects. Used freely and frequently according to directions, Flit will keep the home free from insects all summer—and winter, too.

The Quick, Pleasant, Thorough Way to Kill All Insects

The one quick, pleasant, thorough way to rid the home of every annoying pest is—Flit.

Flit is the *quick* way to kill insects. Just fill the Flit sprayer. Spray Flit freely in all directions, toward the ceiling and into all corners and cracks and behind furniture and hangings. In a few minutes every fly and mosquito will die.

Flit is the *pleasant* way to kill insects. No muss or fuss or poisons. The clean-smelling Flit vapor penetrates quickly and fades quickly. Flit does not stain and is absolutely harmless to babies, children, or grown-ups.

Flit is the *thorough* way to kill insects. Flit kills *every* insect in the home. The finely atomized Flit vapor penetrates everywhere. It kills the insects you see. It searches out and kills the insects you cannot see. It gets into the cracks and corners where insects breed and lay their eggs—and destroys the eggs.

Flit is guaranteed by one of the largest corporations in the world to kill insects, or money back. Always be sure it is Flit—in the yellow can with the black band. For sale everywhere.

"The yellow can with the black band"

To Kill Roaches with Flit. To kill crawling insects, roaches, etc., follow carefully the directions on the Flit can for best results

KILL INSECTS — — — OR MONEY BACK

Where beauty hides behind a veil

Not only in Eastern lands does beauty veil itself. True, in America, women do not drape their faces. But the beauty of their homes . . . charming backgrounds of feminine loveliness . . . constantly grows dim beneath gray dust veils unless these are whisked away by the magic of Fuller Brushes.

There are more than 12,400 dust-catching fingers in the big Fuller Tan Duster. Its long handle does away entirely with the necessity of stretching, climbing, reaching, stooping, when going over the ordinarily hard-to-reach surfaces. The strong strands of its head are chemically treated and dust-absorbing. They can be washed . . . an important feature in home-keeping sanitation

The Every-Day Duster, little companion of the Tan Duster, is made of the same fine material as its big brother. It has the same dust-collecting qualities, is equally soft, fluffy and washable. Its handle is especially suitable for quick, short strokes, easy to grip and hold.

To get these two Fuller Dusters, or any of the many other Fuller time and labor-saving brushes before the regular call of the Fuller Man, do this: 'Phone The Fuller Brush Company Branch Office in your city, or write direct to The Fuller Brush Company, 3558 Main Street, Hartford, Conn. (In Canada, Fuller Brush Company, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.) Be sure to ask for helpful booklet, "The Cleaning Problems of the Home."

We have a real opportunity for a few more high class men in each community to meet the demands of the ever-broadening Fuller Service. Such men will find it of profit to write us

FULLER BRUSHES

45 BRUSHES—69 USES—HEAD TO FOOT—CELLAR TO ATTIC

Genuine FULLER PRODUCTS carry this Red Tip Tag and trade mark Fuller Look for both!

(Continued from Page 84)

Italy, with a limited area of fertile land and a very unscientific agriculture upon it, asks what she shall do with her people; at the same time Mr. Mussolini goes about the country exhorting parents to have more children than they want and offers prizes for large families. In Japan it is perhaps true that the limit of the native food supply is about to be touched. Yet it was her own choice to achieve greatness through industry, which means to exchange manufactured goods for food as an economic policy; parallel has occurred a sudden increase of population. For tens of centuries before this she had lived happily on her own soil in complete isolation.

Here is no question of economic necessity. There is only the idea of it. It is a matter of policy to begin with, and contains the fallacy that strength for war is still measurable in man power, whereas now the first measure of it is machine power. Moreover, the absurdity of treating the territorial mania as a matter of economic necessity is made apparent by applying the Malthusian formula to the future of any vital race. Either Italy or Japan could prove by arithmetic that in two hundred years, from the simple projection of its rate of increase, it will need more than the whole world to live in. Statistically it is readable; rationally it does not occur.

Value-for-Value Trade

There is then a modern translation of the ancient land hunger. Granted that a nation need not have ownership or lordship in its food supply, since it may exchange manufactured commodities for food; still, and all the more, it must control sources of raw material in order to supply its machines with what they consume. Why? Because of what would happen if they were suddenly cut off. But there is no scarcity of raw materials. They also move in great currents, like food; the people who produce them are as anxious to sell them as any industrial nation is to buy them. Necessity acts on both sides. The industrial nation's dread of being cut off is the dread of war, for only in time of war can it occur; and if you examine this fear deeply you will find it took root in the old idea that in territorial possessions will be found security and economic advantage.

This security after all is in a nation's strength to defend such possessions against others pursuing the same obsolete idea. That is to say, security and war are the two faces of one image. That way you go round and round.

As for economic advantage, that possibility was destroyed in principle by the advent of the machine, the disappearance of slave labor and the rise of the modern industrial scheme which stipulates continuous production and fair exchange as the only means whereby the wealth of the world hereafter may be progressively increased.

The Greeks worked their silver mines with slaves in chains. That was profitable. Rome distributed free bread to her citizens. This she could do because she received grain as tribute from conquered provinces. It was produced by land slaves.

Now consider a world in which both the possibility and the profit of consuming human labor in that manner suddenly disappears, and this for three reasons: First, in an age of machine power and scientific method the dearest food and the dearest raw materials are those produced by drudge labor. Second, low-cost production by modern engineering requires intelligent, willing and free labor. Fancy treating as slaves a group of men who in one moment could wreck a million dollars' worth of machine equipment! And thirdly, given the docile labor and the conditions under which the cost of production by drudgery was even lower than by skill and machine power, still the advantage therein to an industrial nation would be illusory. Why? For the reason that drudge people, fixed in a low economic status, are a loss to industry in another way. Their value as customers is almost nil. Their wants are too few.

Until the machine appeared it seemed necessary to exploit the labor of tame people for purposes of production. The new problem is how to multiply their wants, how, by education, example and training, to increase their effectiveness, in order that they may rise in the scale as consumers or, that is to say, as buyers of industry's endless product of multiple manufactures. This product, even more than the food supply, now augments itself faster than population. For the first time in the condition of society the potentiality of production is unlimited. The supply of goods tends constantly to exceed the effective demand. Hence such words as "surplus" and "over-production," representing ideas that formerly would have been quite meaningless.

All of this is machine phenomena. And it was the machine that ended slavery by making it unprofitable. Unless machine power had been substituted for slave labor, because it was cheaper, slavery could not have been abolished. Until then the first anxiety of civilization was how to get enough of anything produced. Now the anxiety of both industry and scientific agriculture is how to get its surplus consumed. A return to slavery would cause all industrial nations to collapse for want of customers.

Thus it is that in the modern case production by drudgery, no matter how cheap the labor may be, is an economic loss. For example, as rubber is produced in the Far East, the plantation workers have a low place in the scale of consumers; but as rubber will presently be produced in this country and elsewhere by scientific methods plus machine power the rubber farmer will demand automobiles and rubber tires.

It follows that a radical change occurs in the world's idea of what constitutes profitable trade. From piracy, which it succeeded, international trade inherited a predatory principle. You no longer robbed your foreign customer, but you exploited him, and that is only a suave way of saying you swindled him. The whole profit was supposed to be in buying cheap and selling dear, or in giving least for most. The thought emerging is that sound trade consists in the exchange of value for value. The predatory intention, assuming profit to arise from disparity of value, tends to impoverish the buyer and limits the volume of trade. Profit in the true meaning is from the even exchange of satisfactions. Trade by the rule of value for value promotes such exchange; trade by the predatory intention retards it.

When this idea becomes really clear, or only as clear in the field of international trade as it already is in the field of American industry, it will seem pure nonsense for an industrial nation to talk of its need to have foreign markets of its own to exploit. Unless it means to take advantage of them, it can have no reason to possess them, whereas a nation that does mean to take advantage of them by the old design of trade will be convicted of ignorance, not to see that by so doing it hinders the world's advance in wealth, even in the end its own.

Uncollectible Tribute

Enough for land and labor. The two other objects of war were tribute and loot. Of tribute there is only to say that a nation whose wealth process is founded on free labor, skill and machine power cannot be made to produce it; and from no other kind of nation could you collect enough to repay the effort of collecting it.

Even in a state of war a nation cannot lay its own agriculture under compulsion. How, therefore, could a foreign nation do it? And as for industry, the experience of the French in the Ruhr Valley was conclusive. They had seized the very heart of Germany's industrial system. Then what could they do with it? Nothing. It declined to function for them and they were afraid to force it. French engineers, with military escort, raced up and down the valley, gazing excitedly at the great iron and steel colliery works, all suddenly and mysteriously unproductive. Workmen went in and out, the chimneys smoked, but there was no visible product. What was going on inside the walls? The French were desperate to know, but if they attempted to enter, one German workman standing in the gate had only to say no and they were afraid to pass. Why? Because if they did the workmen by one act of sabotage could cripple the equipment. So nothing came of it at last, and the French agreed to retire and take what Germany said she was willing to pay, provided the nations that had beaten her at war would lend her the money to pay with!

Well, then as for loot, the fourth object, it needs hardly to be mentioned. Nothing in the form of portable wealth could begin to pay the cost of modern conquest.

Now of such thoughts to make some figure of application.

It is imaginable even now that one nation by incredible effort may find the power to conquer the world. Suppose she finds it and does it. Having gained the victory, her immediate dilemma will be in what status to leave the defeated nations. If she thinks to destroy their power of recovery for purposes of revenge, that means she must wreck their factories, their laboratories, all that dynamic industrial structure which is dangerous for war; but it will occur to her at once that if she does this she will also destroy their capacity to pay tribute in any amount remotely resembling the cost of conquest.

Mars Goes Bankrupt

What is the alternative? She may leave them in possession of their industrial strength in order that they may be able to produce wealth for tribute; only in that case she will have to watch every industrial process on the earth, keep a jealous eye in every factory and laboratory, to make sure the means of revenge are not secretly preparing.

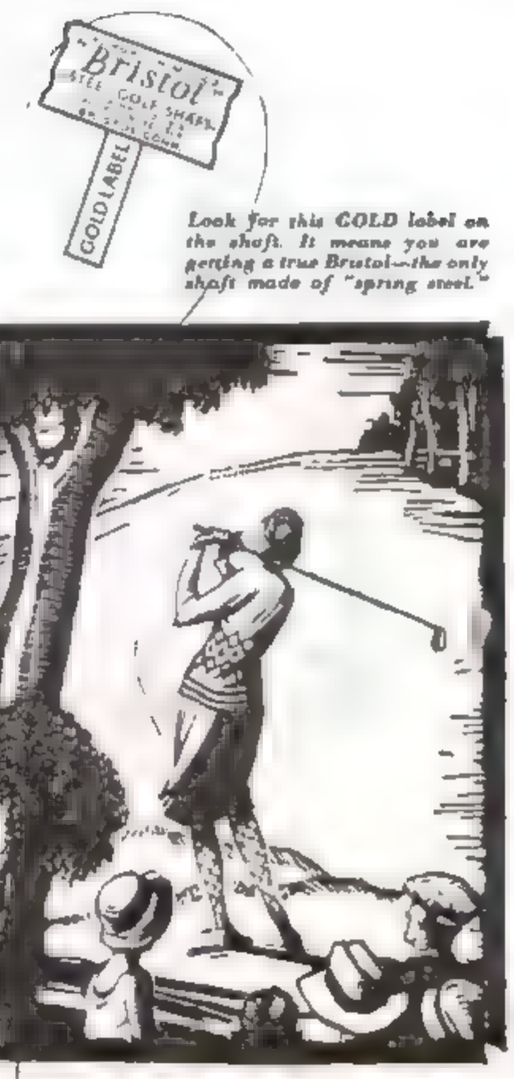
Add to this the task of ruling, policing and taxing the whole world, and you see at once what will happen. Her physical and mental energies will be absorbed in a Roman system of administration, espionage and repression. From necessary neglect, even more for want of use and incentive, her own industrial structure, which was the source of her power, will begin to decay. As this happens she becomes herself vulnerable. The sequel will be swift and terrible. So neither is that way feasible.

She may think to capitalize the victory in territory. She may take as her own any territory she likes, especially that which is rich in fertility and minerals. But what will she do with it? Till it and mine it with her own labor? There is nothing in that. And if she undertakes to exploit it with impressed enemy labor, she is bound to find that her food and raw materials cost her more than to have got them by trade as trade was before.

Next she will think of markets. Had not foreign markets to be monopolized, like foreign territory to be exploited, been every great nation's desire and temptation? Now she may seize for her own monopoly the very best markets in the world and so continue with her industry. What markets are these? On reflection it appears that the very best markets of all, of course, had been those she already enjoyed with the great rival nations she has conquered, and now, although she cannot afford to destroy them, she is afraid to let them live as they were before.

Victory, therefore, as a mocking economic disaster!

The reality of this dilemma was what confronted the victorious nations at the end of the World War. It was stated and restated until people were weary of it, and at last it was left as a riddle. How should they deal with Germany? That was the question. If they weakened her she would be unable to pay reparations; moreover, when they remembered what an important



Look for this GOLD label on the shaft. It means you are getting a true Bristol—the only shaft made of "spring steel."

"SPRING STEEL" gives this shaft more Snap!

A GOLF CLUB is only as good as its shaft. Bear that in mind the next time you are selecting a new club. And a shaft to be right must have snap, life, pep—call it what you will.

The Bristol "Gold Label" Steel Shaft (the original steel shaft) is made of "spring steel." It is the only steel shaft made of this finest of steels. This means more snap, more pep—and great strength.

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New York debutantes say they don't like men who are bald or have dandruff. Don't give women a chance to talk this way about you

"Even if they aren't old and neglected, *they look it,*"

say New York debutantes of men who are BALD or have DANDRUFF

"OF course we don't like men so well who are bald or have dandruff, who does?" popular New York debutantes recently told us—

"Bald men seem so very old to me," one charming debbie said—"And a man with dandruff—well! He looks just too neglected for words!"

Don't let the women you know feel and talk this way about you.

Dandruff can be destroyed—by the right method. And this regular 3 minutes a day treatment will keep your hair vigorous, young-looking, thick.

But remember, it must be followed *faithfully*, 3 minutes a day every day. Neglect it for only a single morning and you're losing some of the good you've gained.

EVERY MORNING, moisten hair and scalp generously with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then, with fingers pressed down firmly, *move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic thoroughly into every inch* of the scalp. Move the scalp, not the fingers. Brush your hair while moist. It will stay just the way you want it.

Dashing Pinaud's Eau de Quinine over the scalp kills dandruff. *Working it into the scalp thoroughly* every day, brings real hair health, keeps the hair thick and strong.

Begin this Pinaud treatment now. Buy a bottle of Pinaud's Eau de Quinine at any drug or department store today.

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If he only hadn't waited, how very different this photograph would be! But he did wait—and the inevitable followed—just a slight hair-thinning became a sizable bald spot. And the V's at his temples grew into peaks! Such a pity when 3 minutes every day would have prevented baldness; kept him looking young

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PINAUD'S *Eau de Quinine*

KEEPS THE HAIR HEALTHY, THE SCALP CLEAN

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source of wealth she was and how profitable and stimulating it had been to exchange satisfactions with her in rivalry of trade, they could see it would be economic folly to deprive her of the dynamic power that had made her so terrifying in war. On the other hand, if they left her in possession of this power she would presently be so strong again that nobody could make her pay, and besides, she might be tempted to do it all over again.

How different and innocent the problem was when the Romans, from motives of fear and envy, destroyed Carthage and passed a plow over the ruins! They paid themselves back for their trouble by draining away the surplus food of slave-tilled Egypt.

The nations victorious against Germany appear to think they chose of two evils the lesser, which was dread of a power they dared not destroy, and to hope that fear of it may in time be overcome by some moral force newly discovered in treaties of peace. That is mostly delusion. The necessity to let Germany live and leave her power intact was imperative. To clarify the reasons why it was imperative is the task to which statesmen, peace builders and political thinkers should be addressing their whole intelligence, for these are also the reasons why war for economic advantage, now for the first time in the history of the race, is a bankrupt enterprise.

It is conceivable that one nation might acquire the power to conquer the modern world; the certainty is that when that nation had completed the conquest its fate would be to rise out of the abyss and pass to its own destruction. Nothing could save it.

Defeat saved Germany. Victory would have ruined her. If this be not true, then no leagues for peace, no device of sanctions, no writings on new parchment, will ever abolish war as an instrument of national policy. If it is true, then it is necessary for not more than five nations to apprehend it rationally, and civilization will open its new chronicle.

SWORDS AND ROSES

(Continued from Page 19)

all my boats at the mouth of the creek in rear of Cumming's Point, Morris Island. Then I would await the proper time of night, which should not be too early nor too late, in order to take advantage of the present condition of the moon; then I would coast quietly along the beach of Morris Island to a point nearest the enemy's position, where General Ripley shall station a picquet to communicate with you and show proper lights immediately after your attack to guide the return of your boats."

He was frugal, Spartan, in habit; he ate sparely—a small piece of biscuit and a glass of water at supper; he completely abstained from drink in societies and at a time when drinking was universal. General Beauregard's courtesy, his correctness toward women, were as absolute as all the traditions of chivalry descended in him.

Soon after the fall of Sumter, when Beauregard was beginning to bring South Carolina into a military order, Mr. Davis summoned him to Montgomery, and the long futile interference of government commenced. The president wished General Beauregard to support Braxton Bragg at Pensacola. He replied carefully that Bragg would resent what must appear to him as no better than interference. In addition, it was Beauregard's opinion that Fort Pickens was totally unimportant. A deputation from New Orleans begged to have General Beauregard returned to Louisiana, and, in reply, Mr. Davis sent him back to Charleston. When the government had been moved from Alabama to Richmond, Beauregard was ordered to Richmond. All the stations were thronged with people waiting for the train fetching him—the hero of Fort Sumter—north; Attorney-General Benjamin and former Governor Manning, of South Carolina, a volunteer aide, made addresses. At Richmond there was great enthusiasm, the carriage and four horses, inevitable, it seemed, to the pomp of the Confederacy, was waiting for him; but Beauregard preferred an ordinary vehicle, and proceeded with his officers directly to the Spottswood Hotel.

General Beauregard advocated a concentration of troops in Northern Virginia; he sent a plan of this to Mr. Davis, and it was ignored. He suggested a junction with General Holmes, and this was declined. He succeeded Bonham in command of the Southern forces at Manassas, the first of June, 1861. There was no parade of flags or music upon his arrival; he was without an imposing staff. The troops took small notice of a quiet-appearing man in an old blue uniform coat of the United States Army almost entirely bare of insignia. Some soldiers from South Carolina said "Old Bory's come." Often, on an unimpressive horse, he was seen motionless in the middle of the plains gazing in the direction of Bull Run, in clear relief at evening against the sky. He spoke to picquets briefly but easily and passed at a rapid gallop along the line; a nervous intent figure with a swift brightness of comprehension in the black eyes beneath the straight brim of a Zouave cap.

Before the battle of Manassas the South had twenty thousand volunteers under Beauregard; General Joseph E. Johnston had eleven thousand more near Winchester; there were three thousand men with General Holmes at Aquia Creek; and the entire force was under the military direction of Jefferson Davis. Beauregard, through his spies in Washington, learned that the Union advance had started; he telegraphed Mr. Davis, and Johnston and Holmes were at once ordered to Manassas. General Johnston arrived on the nineteenth of July, and automatically, because of his superior rank, took command, but he left the actual conduct of battle to Beauregard. An order to Ewell to advance was lost; all Sunday morning Johnston and Beauregard waited on a hill by Mitchell's Ford for the attack; they realized, finally, that it was lost and, as a result, the Confederate left flank in acute danger of annihilation.

General Jackson, with less than three thousand bayonets and a few companies of General Bee's disorganized command, held the South firm. General Johnston and Beauregard reached the engaged troops; Johnston, taking the colors of an Alabama regiment, called upon his men to follow him. Beauregard, at a full gallop, reformed the line under furious fire. His sallow Creole face was filled with blood; his voice sounded clear and imperative above the firing.

His expression, except in battle, was composed, set; at other times it didn't, but for a slightly deepened color, exhibit any signs of emotion. He was quiet, somber; he seemed to be waiting calmly for some expected momentous event. When he smiled—it was rare—his eyes sparkled with a sudden life, his firm muscles moved slowly and his brilliant white teeth showed with a startling and dramatic effect under a heavy black mustache. Aside from that, his face was gaunt, metallic, under a shadow of melancholy. It bore a constant dusky pallor of care and sharp responsibility and endless watching. His eyes were at once inflamed and somnolent.

He did, however, laugh at the report in Northern journals that at Manassas he continued to ride his horse after the animal's head had been blown off. "My horse was killed," he admitted, "but his head was not carried off. He was struck by a shell, which exploded at the moment when it passed under him. A splinter struck my boot and

(Continued on Page 92)

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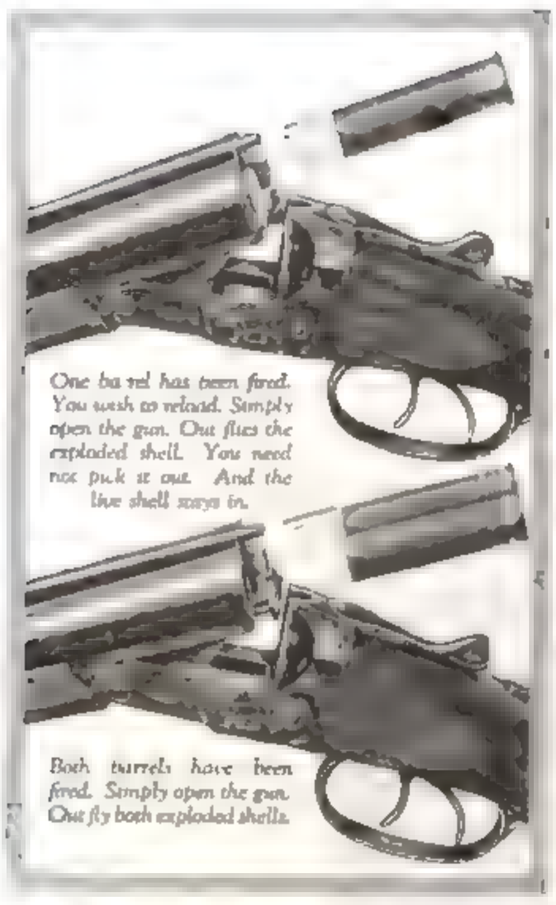
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(Continued from Page 90)

another cut one of the arteries in the animal's body. The blood gushed out, and after going fifty yards he fell dead. I then mounted a prisoner's horse—there was a map of the country in a saddle pocket—and I remember it was a small dingy horse with a white face." He was, in such things, excessively modest.

As the war progressed and fatality and defeat multiplied, General Beauregard's face was grimmer, the muscles were drawn in a hard tension, his eyes sank more and more deeply in a slumberous waiting. His mustache, which had been so resolutely black, became grizzled like his beard, silver like his hair. It was reported, not without malice, that later in the war he was unable to procure a black dye imported from France.

At Manassas—the tributes of South Carolina repeated—Beauregard was enormously popular. His dignity mitigated an invariable reticence; no individual knew his plans, the movement of a regiment, until they were put into execution, and then the colonels alone received an explanation. His headquarters was at a small farmhouse on the Alexandria road. It had two lower rooms; the front was filled with desks, with clerks and orderlies and dispatch riders, the back room was a kitchen and place for stores. The general's room above was hung with maps of the state and surrounding country. There was a plain pine table with neatly folded dockets, a pervading air of order and coolness, of exact calculation. Hour upon hour Beauregard sat solitary over his maps and specifications and projections. In Charleston, the correspondent of the London Times remembered, the maps and plans were supported by two vases of flowers and for paper weight a little bouquet of roses, geraniums and sweet-scented flowers lay on an incompleted letter.

His relations with Jefferson Davis grew steadily more difficult. The fact that at one time he allowed himself to be mentioned as a candidate for the presidency did nothing to relieve them. Mr. Davis became extremely disagreeable. He was patronizing. He said to General Beauregard, who had complained of an improper rebuke from Benjamin, "Now, my dear sir, let me entreat you to dismiss this small matter from your mind. In the hostile masses before you, you have a subject more worthy of your contemplation." The president could be sharper. "You surely did not mean to inform me that you or your army are outside the limits of the laws." Beauregard's proposals continued to be ignored by the Confederate Government; if he asked for more troops they were denied him, he was told he had enough; if he retreated he had executed that movement too soon or too late, or unskillfully. If he was absent through illness—his throat was a continual source of weakness—others were immediately given his commands.

In return he was possessed by a not unnatural but unfortunate sensation of animosity. He compared Mr. Davis' policy with his own, "the passive defense of an intellect timid of risk and not at home in war, and the active defense reaching for success through enterprise and boldness." The government, he inferred, was envious of him. "Kemper quickly obtained for me some two hundred good wagons, to which number I had limited him so as not to arouse again the jealousy of the President's staff." In his biography General Beauregard was even more specific. "The President of the Confederacy, by thus persisting in these lamentable errors, lost the South her independence." He was handsomer in the smoke of Manassas. "I salute the Eighth Georgia with my hat off! History shall never forget you!" he shouted.

Beauregard was commissioned general on the twenty-first of July, 1861, and he immediately addressed himself to the problems of the enemy on every front. He advised coast defenses at New Orleans, Mobile, Galveston and Berwick Bay; he called attention to the exposure of Port Royal; he offered his counsels to General Lovell about the river obstructions between Fort St. Philip and Fort Jackson. This resulted in little more than an unamiable correspondence with the War Department, and Beauregard, in the course of this, issued a challenge to the Secretary of War. He wrote The Richmond Whig, directing attention to the difference between patriotism and office seeking. In November he distributed to his troops the new Confederate battle flag—a red field with a diagonal blue cross edged with white, bearing white stars—from the design he had presented. Debate about the conduct of the battle of Manassas, the actions of Mr. Davis and of Beauregard, was still active in the Richmond Congress in January, 1862.

General Beauregard was concerned with the disbanding of the twelve-month volunteers; that, he reflected, would leave nothing but the rawest recruits to oppose comparative veterans of greater numbers and superior supplies of war; and he sent a detailed proposal to the Honorable Roger A. Pryor, of the Confederate House of Representatives; the governors of the states, called upon by the secession government, were to bring the regiments in the field up to their full apportionment, reserves were to be supplied, by draft.

No notice of this was taken; probably it wasn't submitted to Congress. Instead, Colonel Pryor, of the military committee, visited Beauregard at Centreville and proposed his removal to the Department of the West.

He didn't want to be separated from the Army of the Potomac—he had organized and disciplined the greater part of it—his throat was again precarious, following an operation; his friends urged him not to accept the change, but he finally fell in with the representations of necessity.

The journey to Bowling Green was a continuation of his triumphant procession through the countryside; the railroad stations were thronged, the officials of Tennessee detained him a day at Nashville for presentation to the state legislature. Beauregard, on arrival, had an interview with General Albert Sidney Johnston; he made an effort to return to his men in Virginia, but Johnston persuaded him to remain in the West. Beauregard then recommended a concentration of troops at Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, a battle forced upon General Grant; but Johnston, unwilling to risk so much, followed the course of his own planning. Fort Henry fell and Beauregard was kept in Bowling Green by a violent inflammation of his throat, a severe cold and persistent fever. However, he telegraphed Colonel Pryor to meet him at Nashville for the purpose of reporting to the military committee the precise state of affairs in the West. Pryor left Richmond, but, discouraged by reports of broken communications, he turned back. General Beauregard, not yet recovered, met Johnston for a conference at Edgefield; Fort Donelson surrendered; the position of the South was notably harmed.

Beauregard was settled in his conviction that the reverses to the Confederate Army were the result of its passive attitude; there must, he asserted, be a resolute offensive; and he insisted on calling upon the states of Mississippi and Alabama, Louisiana and Tennessee, for whatever men and supplies they could furnish. He would accept enlistments for ninety or even sixty days. The confused results, the tragic disappointments, of the battle of Shiloh followed. On the seventh of April in 1862, past noon, the Union left was strongly reënforced and Braxton Bragg called for supports. Beauregard, bearing the battle flag of the Eighteenth Louisiana, led the relief in person. Colonel Augustin, an aide, protested against such exposure. "The order now," Beauregard told him, "must be follow, not go." He left the Louisiana companies with Bragg and returned to bring up a Tennessee regiment. Its flag was heavy, Beauregard was weak from illness, and he was obliged to hand it to Colonel H. E. Peyton, of Virginia.

The enemy were engaged in overwhelming numbers and General Beauregard conducted a difficult and successful retreat. He carried away twenty-six stands of Union flags and colors, and thirty guns; yet, although he had accomplished a variety of victory, the War Department was dissatisfied. Mr. Davis sent interrogations. Beauregard removed to Tupelo; he planned defensive works about Vicksburg; he made Forrest commander of cavalry in middle Tennessee; and then his condition again forced him to rest. He gave temporary charge of his department to Bragg, but Jefferson Davis made Bragg's position permanent. General Beauregard was removed. Braxton Bragg telegraphed him: "I have a dispatch, from the President direct, to relieve you permanently in command of this department. I envy you and am almost in despair." In July, Bragg wrote to Beauregard, asking his advice; he received it in—as usual—full; Bragg didn't, however, follow it, and his campaigns in Tennessee and Kentucky were disastrous.

In the restless leisure of his recuperation Beauregard followed the movements of the war with an anxious attention; he composed another elaborate plan for the immediate success of the South and sent it to his War Department; that met with the silence of inattention and in August he reported again for duty in the field. The usual difficulty of finding him an adequate command followed and he was at last reassigned to the defense of South Carolina and Georgia. General Beauregard arrived in Charleston on the fifteenth of September; there was a demonstration of pleasure at his return and he assumed command on the twenty-fourth. Beauregard made an extended tour of inspection in his department and found, to his great dissatisfaction, that the exterior system of coast defenses had been abandoned. The interior lines were little better. He took up again the armament of forts and established fortifications, anchored a boom in the main channel of Charleston Harbor and changed the position of commanding heavy guns; he obstructed the mouths of the Cooper and Ashley rivers, and established a system of flag stations along the coast that communicated with railroad substations; it was served by carriers and provided a daily intelligence of the movement of enemy ships.

Men and materials were dangerously scarce. General Beauregard made estimates of possible batteries, of the labor required to protect the river obstructions; he made requisition for negro labor upon the earthworks about Charleston. The Secretary of War had promised to send Beauregard guns; he withdrew the order and Beauregard, in hot indignation, requested a suspension of his decision. The secretary persisted in his refusal; the Ordnance Department declined to pay for banding the cannon. Mr. Davis added his negation, and a battery of seven-inch guns went to Mobile instead. There was every indication of an attack on Charleston, and Beauregard recalled troops from North Carolina; he improved arrangements for the concentration of men by rail. He was, in his customary inclusive manner, convinced of the usefulness of ironclad ships, and Commodore Ingraham, Beauregard asserted, proceeded upon his suggestions. The Confederate ram disabled the Mercedita and gave chase to two Union steamboats; the Chicora set fire to the Northern Quaker City and disabled the Keystone State. The United States fleet outside Charleston retired; the blockade, for a space, was undoubtedly raised. It was Beauregard, beyond question, who planned the capture and refitting of the Isaac Smith. He appealed to the authorities and citizens of Charleston and Savannah:

"It has become my solemn duty to inform the authorities and citizens of Charleston and Savannah that the movements of the enemy's fleet indicate an early land and naval attack on one or both cities, and to urge that persons unable to take active part in the struggle shall retire. Carolinians

(Continued on Page 95)

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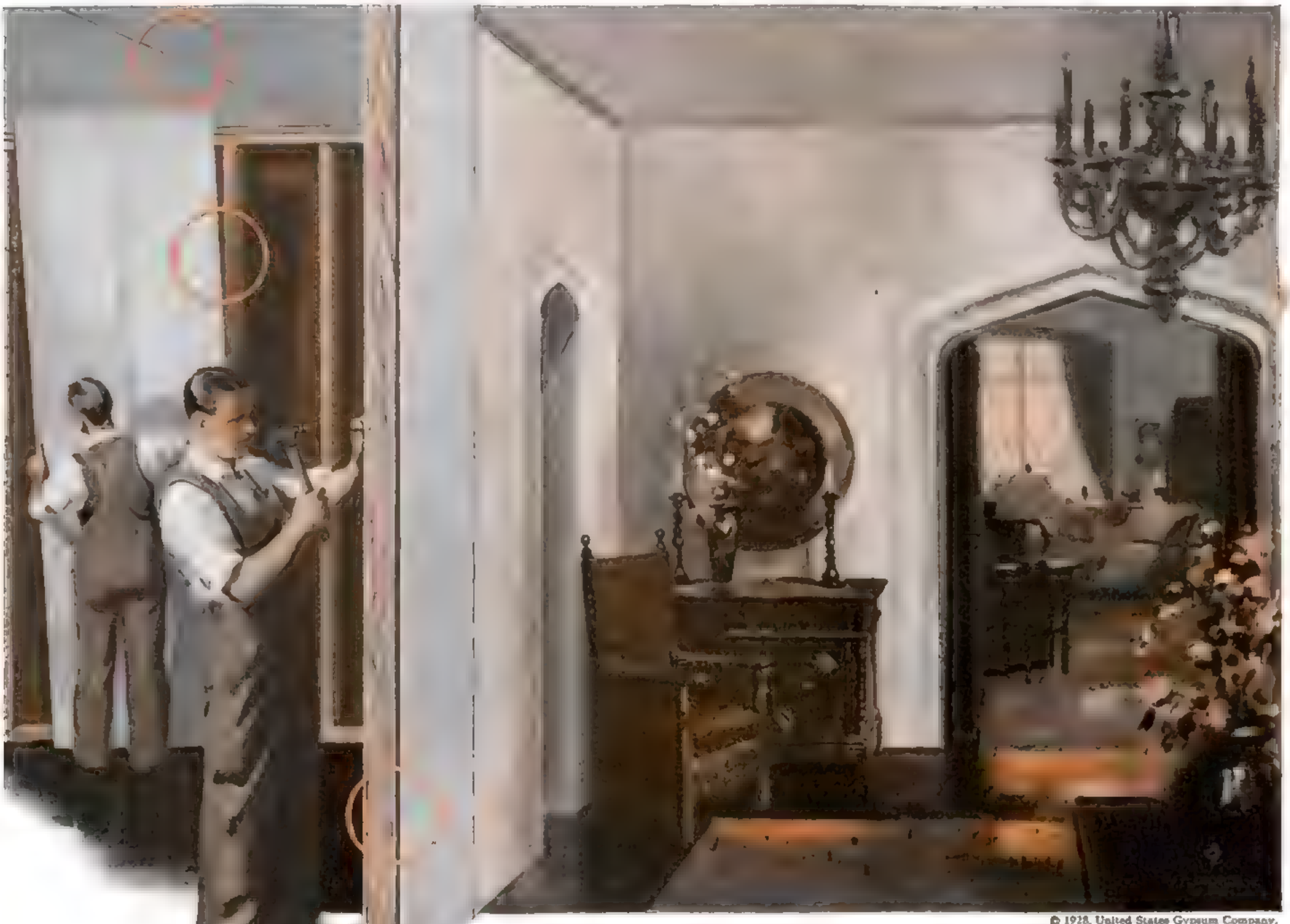

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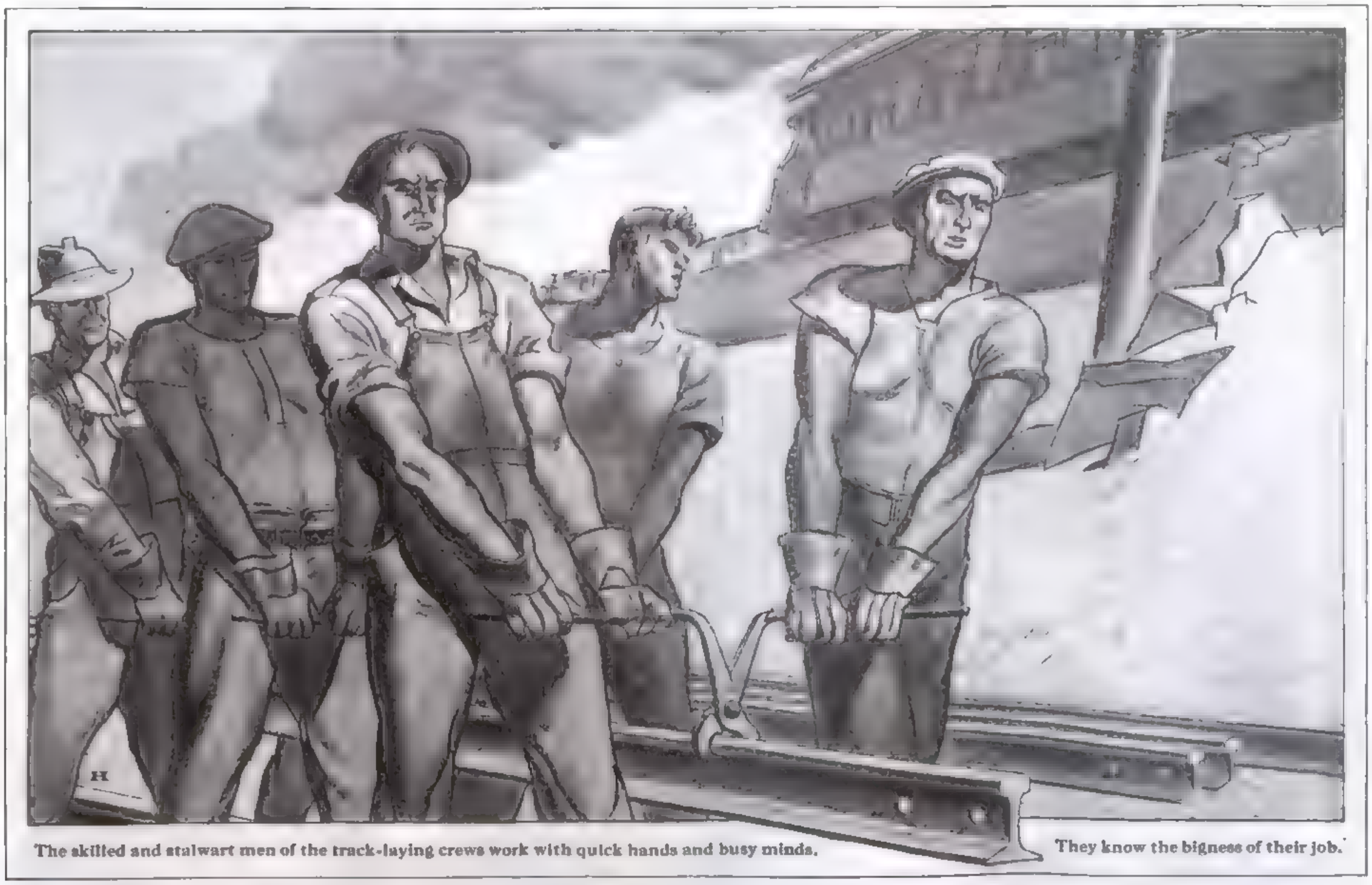

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(Continued from Page 92)

and Georgians! The hour is at hand to prove your country's cause. Let all able-bodied men, from the seaboard to the mountains, rush to arms. Be not too exacting in the choice of weapons. Pikes and scythes will do for exterminating your enemies, spades and shovels for protecting your firesides. To arms, fellow citizens! Come to share with us our danger, our brilliant success, our glorious death."

The city of Charleston occupies a point of land made by the flowing together of the Ashley and Cooper rivers. The rivers combine and, forming Charleston Harbor, protect the city from the sea; on the north the harbor shore is the mainland and James Island bounds it on the south. The actual southern limit of the harbor is Morris Island, Cumming's Point; Sullivan's Island, near Fort Moultrie, marks its exact northern bound. These specific islands determine the seaward entrance; they are two thousand, seven hundred yards apart, and Fort Sumter, built on a shoal, is a little inside the entrance and almost at its center. The water between Fort Sumter and Morris and James islands is shallow, unfit for navigation; the main channel passes to the north of the fort; it is very deep there and turns south along the shore of Morris Island, where it turns again, sharp to the east, and reaches the sea with eighteen feet of water on the bar.

On Sunday morning, the fifth of April, 1863, the Union ironclad vessels, gunboats and transports began to arrive off Charleston for the attack General Beauregard had foreseen. They were clearly visible from Fort Sumter and could be made out by watchers on the city steeples. There was a salute and hoisting of flags in the fort. On Monday morning Rear Admiral Du Pont displayed his flag on the New Ironsides, and the armored fleet crossed the bar, prepared for an advance. It was, however, hazy, uncertain, and the day was spent sounding and marking the channel off Morris Island; the squadron lay at anchor four and a half miles south and east of Sumter. Tuesday was clear and sweet. The Confederate forts in the harbor were prepared for conflict, but Beauregard was not confident; he was facing an entirely new condition, an absolutely untried form of battle. Union troops had been landed south of James Island, his lines there were very weak, and the Stono River, below the island, commanded Charleston at the rear.

Du Pont's plan, it soon developed, was to pass the batteries on Morris Island without engaging them, and take his stations on the north and west of Fort Sumter. He waited for high water, at twenty minutes after ten, but it was not until shortly past noon that his pilots advised moving. The Weehawken then fouled an anchor chain on a raft attached to her bow—a guard against obstructions and torpedoes—and there was a further delay of an hour and a half. The Passaic, standing next, signaled for permission to steam ahead, but the Weehawken was clear, and the attack moved slowly forward against the ebb tide. It was seen, at Fort Sumter, that there was time for dinner; at half-past two the long roll was sounded; the garrison, in the uniforms of dress parade, took their posts; discipline suppressed a universal cheering. The Confederate garrison flag streamed from the principal staff on the northern salient; the flag of the state of South Carolina—a blue field with a white crescent and palmetto—stood at the western angle of the gorge ramparts; the colors of the first regiment were at the east angle. Colonel Rhett ordered a salute of thirteen guns and the regimental band played on the ramparts within hearing of the enemy. Rhett took his position on a parapet where, calmly watching the advancing fleet, he was visible from all parts of the fort.

A complete hush of Nature and of expectancy enveloped the harbor; the glassy water, blue under the serene blue sky, showed only a faint swell. Behind the inner obstructions the Chicora and the Palmetto State, the Confederate ironclads, steamed deliberately up and down; the Promenade Battery, the wharves, every place of advantage on the water, were again thronged and crowded by citizens of South Carolina and soldiers intent upon the fate of Fort Sumter. The leading monitor was almost abreast of Sumter when a small cloud of white smoke rolled up from Fort Moultrie; the stillness was broken by the loud, sudden report of the first gun. The range was too great for a columbiad—a smooth-bored cannon. One gun from the Passaic, holding her position second of the line, was fired in reply, and then the Weehawken opened upon Sumter. The east barbette guns of the fort answered by battery at precisely three o'clock. All the guns that could be brought to bear—from Fort Moultrie, Beauregard Battery on Sullivan's Island, and Bee Battery, Gregg Battery at Cumming's Point joined with the fire of Fort Sumter.

The flagship, New Ironsides, leading the second division of the squadron, was soon observed to hang without way in the ebb. Her bow swung dangerously from point to point; she seemed, rather than held by the tide, to be unmanageable through a lack of steam. That created a great confusion in the fleet. The line, in addition, had already been disarranged by the backing of the Weehawken and Passaic; the Weehawken had concluded not to experiment with her raft and the obstructions dead ahead. It was expected, however, that the armored frigate would move forward and bring into action her powerful broadside of seven eleven-inch guns; and when, instead, she halted a mile distant and drifted still farther away, no one was secure in his orders or position. The New Ironsides was, actually, squarely over a large boiler torpedo anchored off Wagner Battery and connected by electric wire; Langdon Cheves, in charge of that post, tried in vain to ignite it. It would not fire, but the flagship ran into both the Catskill and the Nantucket. At twenty minutes past three she was obliged to signal the squadron to disregard her subsequent movements.

Within Fort Sumter the sound of the cannonading was terrific. A shot from the Weehawken passed over the men serving the barbette guns of the right flank and cut an exact hole in the regimental flag; another threw down a shower of bricks on the heads of men at the east angle; a third, piercing a scarp wall, set fire to the straw bedding in the soldiers' quarters; still another, exploding at the water's edge, sent up a column of sea water that ruined the new uniform of Adjutant Boylston. It filled the crown of his scarlet cap. The fire in the barracks was perilous; it threatened the service of guns overhead; there were powder magazines close by. It was extinguished, though, without harm by the fire engine and hose General Beauregard had installed, served by the officer of the day, Lieutenant Charles Inglesby.

At first the firing of the fort was rapid, by battery, but as it proceeded it grew deliberate, accurate and highly effective. Where the Union fleet was concerned both the maneuvering and gunnery were defective; the defensive advantage of iron plates resulted in a loss of offensive power; the guns of the monitors, controlled by machinery, could be discharged only when the turrets revolved; often the turrets jammed and there was no possibility of fire at urgently necessary moments. The Weehawken and Patapsco were each hit more than once a minute and together they were not able to discharge that many shots through twenty minutes of intense engagement. The four vessels of the second squadron, without the flagship, came up; the Catskill went into action, followed, at ten minutes of four, by the Nantucket; the next in line, the Nahant, at four o'clock was hotly involved with both Fort Sumter and Fort Moultrie. The Keokuk, steaming ahead of her division to a station close under the walls of Sumter, opened fire ten minutes later. The whole squadron was engaged. More than a hundred heavy cannon were in

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continuous fire. A smoke, bright with sunlight, enveloped the ironclads. A light wind disturbed it and showed the water about the vessels torn with shot and falling in glittering fountains after the explosion of mortar shells beneath the surface. Great columns of water were rent by the flashes of Fort Sumter's fire.

The monitors of the first division were quickly involved in difficulties: The Passaic was taken out of action by Captain Drayton, anchored to the eastward, for an inspection of damages; the Weehawken, with her raft, was holding back from the bars to navigation; the Patapsco ran aground; she got off, but not before she was subjected to an exact fire from the Confederate batteries. The Catskill, passing the disabled first division, lost her fifteen-inch gun at the third discharge. Commander John Downes took the Nahant into the hottest sector of the fight, but he fired only fifteen times before three solid shots jammed his turret and made his steering gear useless. The Nahant drifted helplessly in on the flood tide; she was at the point of destruction when the steering gear was repaired and Downes was able to bring her off. Her guns were useless and he was obliged to come to anchor. It was even worse on board the Keokuk; Commander Rhind knew there were serious defects in his ship's construction, but that did not prevent him from bringing her bow on to Fort Sumter, hardly more than five hundred yards distant. He received the concentrated fire of all the guns that could be brought to bear from the fort and Sullivan's Island; his monitor was struck ninety times; nineteen shots pierced her hull at and below the water line; the turrets were riddled by rifle bolts and ten-inch shot. Rhind was obliged to withdraw after thirty minutes; his escape, in his ship's condition, was miraculous; she sank at her anchorage off Morris Island early the following morning. At half-past four Rear Admiral Du Pont gave the order to withdraw from action. The squadron stayed passively at their anchorage south of Morris Island for five days and then steamed slowly out to sea.

Immediately after the victory of General Beauregard's forces the Secretary of War ordered five thousand of his men to proceed to Vicksburg. Beauregard protested, explaining the imminent danger of a renewed attack; but, by way of reply, he was directed to proceed to Mobile with still another part of his troops. That, he explained, would directly invite fatality. Beauregard continued with the improvement of the Charleston defenses; he placed additional guns in Wagner Battery, on Morris Island, since the Federals, after the repulse of the ironclads, had continued to occupy Folly Island, close by; they did more than occupy it, they built a strong fortification and a military road from the island's end to end. The Confederate mortars threw an occasional and accurate shell into the Union activities, but that was all; they didn't, the truth was, realize the importance of the operations within a thousand yards of them. The Federal engineers had secretly constructed batteries for forty-seven guns.

During this General Beauregard's forces were steadily decreased by orders from Richmond; on the seventh of April he commanded thirty thousand and forty men; on the tenth of July, 1863, he had fifteen thousand, three hundred and eighteen. He had, he reported, but fifty-eight hundred and sixty-one men of all arms in the First Military District, guarding the fortifications around Charleston. He protested again, with the greatest justice, against the persistent reduction of his power. When, on the tenth of July, the Union masked batteries opened fire from Little Folly Island, there were only nine hundred and twenty-seven men defending Morris Island. On James Island there were but twenty-nine hundred and six more.

The morning of July tenth was sultry, thick with heat; the Confederates had expected an attack, but they were overwhelmed by the weight and fury of a cannonading that lasted for three hours. The Southern guns were disabled; the casualties were heavy. The damaged batteries, however, kept up a determined fire against the flotilla advancing against them; the infantry, under Major G. W. McIver, moved forward to meet the attack at the water's edge. It was seven in the morning. The boats, using howitzers and supported by battery fire, landed a division led by four Connecticut companies—Sixth Connecticut Division—and a main column with New York, Maine, New Hampshire and Pennsylvania troops. The Confederate batteries were fought to the last shot, but the smallness of their force made a retreat necessary through three miles of deep sand, under an insensate sun, to the protection of Fort Wagner. They were harassed along the beach by four monitors, into the shadow of Wagner's walls.

At dawn, July eleventh, the first assault on Fort Wagner was made. It was short, desperate, and resulted in a total repulse of the Union troops. Four Federal batteries, mounting twenty-seven rifle guns, were then erected for the purpose of battering Fort Wagner before the next assault. They were supported by the floating fire of the armored squadron. In Fort Wagner Colonel R. T. Graham was relieved by Brigadier General William B. Taliaferro, a Virginian who had served brilliantly in the campaigns of General Jackson and moved to the First Military District of South Carolina at his own request. Taliaferro at once ordered a successful sortie. On the eighteenth, following a land and naval bombardment of extraordinary severity, lasting eleven hours, the Union made the second assault. It was stubbornly attempted but resulted in complete and disastrous failure:

A colored regiment, under Shaw, came forward on the double quick, but, meeting a streaming fire of lead at the fort ditch, it broke and fled in utter disorder, leaving its colonel dead on the parapet. Strong's advancing brigade, caught in the narrows of Morris Island, was thrown into a helpless disorder by the demoralized negroes. Maine and Pennsylvania regiments were corrupted by the panic; Strong had only the Sixth Connecticut and Forty-eighth New York regiments capable of fighting. General Strong and Colonel Chatfield, of the Connecticut Sixth, were both mortally wounded. About a hundred men of Putnam's brigade, with their leader, gained the southeast salient of the fort, and, within the shelter of a bastion, held it for more than an hour. Colonel Putnam was killed on the parapet. General Seymour, coming up to his relief, was badly wounded by a grapeshot. The battle lasted with a fluctuating violence for near three hours; the Union losses of men were two thousand.

On the twentieth of July a light fire from thirty-pound Parrott rifles was directed upon Fort Sumter. A preliminary fire of heavier guns took place at the beginning of August. Jefferson Davis, before this, had again demanded reënforcements for other departments; Beauregard was hampered by a lack of transports; the negro labor furnished him was inadequate. At five o'clock, the morning of the seventeenth of August, the first of the great Union bombardments of Fort Sumter began from Morris Island. It was extraordinarily accurate and severe. By eleven in the morning five hundred shots had been discharged. The fire slackened between one and two, but it was vigorously resumed and continued until dark. It was seen by Beauregard that the ruin of Sumter, a fort of brick, was assured. That night a large quantity of stores and ammunition was removed to Sullivan's Island. The second day the Union firing was heavier, the outer walls were cracked and demolished; inside the destruction was appalling. On the third day of assault the cannonading was heavier still—two hundred and forty-one shots struck within the fort. Three new guns, one a three-hundred-pound Parrott, were added to the Federal batteries on the fourth day; the débris of brick was fifteen feet high. The fifth day broke down the eastern scarp, great craters were opened under the traverses, parapets were demolished. At dusk General Beauregard visited and inspected the fort. On the sixth day, immediately after the opening bombardment, only four guns could be worked in Fort Sumter. There was an attack by the Union ironclads that night.

At three o'clock—the early morning was foggy in addition to the dark—five monitors under Dahlgren anchored within eight hundred yards of Fort Sumter and opened fire. The first shell struck and killed a sentinel on the west wall, and his sudden screams were audible on board the ironclads. There was a severe bombardment, fifty shots and shells; three were placed with great accuracy close to a powder magazine; another burst above an ordnance storeroom where there were three hundred loaded shells, and Colonel Rhett ordered them to be rolled down into the water. Lieutenant Iredell Jones and Lieutenant Grimball accomplished this. The surrounding Confederate forts fired at the monitors; Sumter could manage only six shots from two guns—an eleven-inch Dahlgren recovered from the sunken Keokuk and a ten-inch columbiad. They were the last fired in battle from the destroyed fort.

The bombardment from the land batteries was resumed before dawn on the seventh day of attack. At two o'clock in the afternoon a shell threw down a mass of brick and mortar on the officers' mess and Colonel Rhett's knife was broken in his hand. An adjutant was badly hurt, some lieutenants, an ordnance officer and an orderly entering the room were wounded. The firing stopped early in the evening. The night was spent in the labor of shipping more powder and stores to a safer place.

On the night of August twenty-first fire opened on the city of Charleston from the Marsh Battery, nearly five miles distant, with the eight-inch Parrott gun the Confederates came quickly to recognize and called the Swamp Angel.

The first massed attack on Fort Sumter reached a pause the twenty-third of August. The second period, beginning on the morning of the twenty-fourth, lasted nine days. A three-hundred-pound Parrott rifle that threw fifteen thousand pounds of metal had been added to the breaching batteries. One shot from it equaled in destruction two or three days' firing by the hundred and two hundred pound rifles. A conference, ordered by General Beauregard, was held in the fort with Colonel Gilmer, chief engineer of bureau, and Lieutenant Colonel Harris and the junior commanding officers of Sumter. The engineers, on their return, advised Beauregard that it should be held to the last extremity. "There are," they continued, "many elements of defense within the fort in its present shattered condition which if properly used, may enable a resolute garrison to hold it for many days."

The garrison as well as the working force labored at night in the removal of stores of war. It was, under fire, with the treacherous ruined footings of the fort, as arduous as it was dangerous, but more than fifty-six thousand pounds of powder and great stores of loaded and unloaded shells were transferred to more secure points. General Beauregard made inquiry about the dismounted and inoperative guns—they were buried in fallen masonry, in the splintered wood of the carriages, in the iron of the platforms—but John Fraser Mathewes, assistant engineer, with a number of picked men, at night managed to get down from the parapet to a bed of sandbags on the water's edge two of the heaviest guns in the fort. They were floated away the following night. For six months Mathewes successfully removed great rifles and mortars through crumbling débris, over walls of ruins, with a sheer drop of forty feet to the rafts rising and falling on the tide, the slippery rock, below.

The strain of sixteen days' continuous bombardment, without any hope of reply, brought the garrison of Fort Sumter to an exhaustion that demanded relief. Colonel Rhett and the First Regiment of South Carolina artillery were slowly withdrawn; the fort was converted into an infantry post. Major Stephen Elliott was put in command.

"You are," Beauregard addressed him, "to be sent to a fort deprived of all offensive capacity, and having but one gun—a thirty-two pounder—with which to salute its flag, morning and evening. But that fort is Fort Sumter, the key to the entrance to this harbor. It must be held to the bitter end; not with artillery, as heretofore, but with infantry alone; and there can be no hope of reënforcements. Are you willing to take the command upon such terms?"

Major Elliott said: "Issue the order, general. I will obey it."

Following this, Jefferson Davis visited Savannah and then Charleston. He made no mention whatever of the officers in charge of the Charleston works. He gave them no praise.

On September fifth a terrific cannon fire was opened on the Confederate Fort Wagner; the fort was soon reduced to a dazed silence—four thousand rifle projectiles and mortar and naval shells fell upon it—and its nine hundred men were crowded into the limited suffocating space of the bombproof and behind low sand hills. A Federal boat attack at night, at the rear of Fort Wagner, was repulsed. A second attempt upon

(Continued on Page 101)

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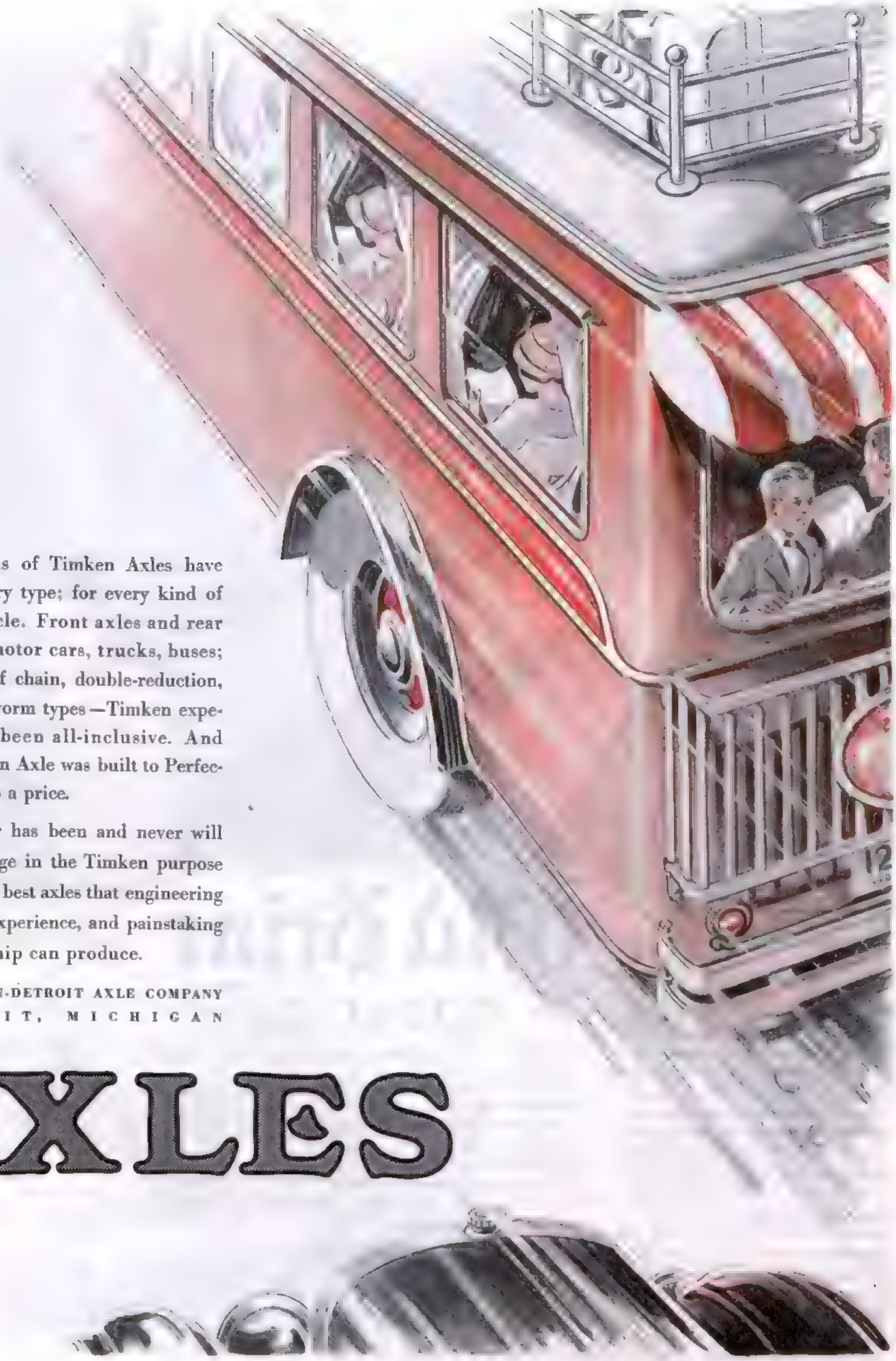

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OF ALL THE PLEASURES MAN ENJOYS PIPE SMOKING COSTS THE LEAST

(Continued from Page 96)

Cumming's Point advanced in twenty barges. Captain Lesesne calmly waited until they were within a hundred yards of shore and then opened fire with a ten-inch gun and howitzers. The enemy replied with boat howitzers and muskets; a few succeeded in landing, but they were immediately driven back. A great calcium light was directed upon Fort Wagner to prevent repairs to the walls at night. Union sappers pushed forward to the flank of the fort's eastern side; they entered the ditch at ten o'clock on the night of September sixth, and it was at once realized that Fort Wagner must be abandoned. Served only by a few depleted companies of men, it had withstood a massed attack from land and sea for fifty-eight days. The Federal forces gained an empty island and a useless victory.

Beauregard's decision to hold Fort Sumter, even as no better than an infantry post, was received with acclaim by South Carolina. Major Elliott had made his attitude clear; and after the retreat from Morris Island, when Rear Admiral Dahlgren sent a flag of truce and demand for the surrender of Sumter, he was equally firm:

"Inform Admiral Dahlgren that he may have Fort Sumter when he can take it and hold it."

An attack, Elliott was convinced, was in preparation on the eighth of September, and he ordered from the city a full complement of hand grenades and fire balls. He placed Captain Hopkins, with forty-three men, in the ruined gorge, protecting a slope from the water; Captain Lord, with forty-two men, was stationed in the southwest angle; Lieutenant Saltus, with a small detachment, lay in support; Lieutenant Harris, with twenty-five men, was placed at the left of the sea face. An hour past midnight a sentinel showed Elliott, who was on lookout, two lines of barges advancing upon the northeast and southeast angles of the fort. Elliott ordered the sentinels not to fire; his men under Captain Hopkins waited along the broken parapet. A division of boats came smartly forward and they were landing sailors when the Confederates opened the engagement with rifles and hand grenades. Marines in the outer barges replied; the sailors, shooting ineffectively with revolvers, were driven to refuge in the breaches and débris at the foot of the wall. They were dislodged by grenades and fire balls and bricks thrown from the parapet. The Southern batteries on James and Sullivan's islands, the ironclad Chicora, guided by the rim of fire on the seaward face of Fort Sumter, filled the water there with shot, grape, canister and shell, and the assaulting force withdrew in confusion. None of the defenders of Fort Sumter was wounded; Union officers were killed; ten officers and ninety-two men, together with five launches, were captured and sent up to Charleston.

There was no cessation in the attack upon Fort Sumter until December, 1863. On the sixth—the first time for forty-one days—no shots were fired against it. There had been a second great bombardment and a third. After a defense of incorruptible faithfulness and courage, of almost utter exhaustion, General Beauregard was forced to withdraw the Southern forces on the eighteenth of February, 1864: Charleston was never conquered, but his difficulties with the War Department continued. He could scarcely secure the men absolutely needed for the defense of Florida; while he was at Camp Milton his cavalry was withdrawn from South Carolina and Georgia and he was forced to return hastily to Charleston. There he received the announcement of his wife's death in New Orleans, and when he returned from Louisiana, in reply to a telegram asking for leave of absence—he was again ill—he was requested to assist Lee in the defense of Richmond.

At Drury's Bluff, close beside Richmond, Beauregard conceived another plan. This was to make possible the crushing of Grant's and Butler's armies; he submitted it to General Bragg. Bragg approved it, but required Mr. Davis' consent before moving. This Jefferson Davis, after a visit to Drury's Bluff, refused. But Beauregard, in the battle that followed, was victorious; Butler's army was driven back and surrounded. The Confederate success would have been brilliant, complete, if General Whiting had obeyed his orders. His request to be relieved of his command was allowed. A confusion of misunderstandings, willful or singularly unfortunate, followed. General Beauregard, in command at Petersburg, repulsed the assault of three Federal corps; at that time—the first general commissioned by the Confederate Government—there were only two divisions, less than ten thousand men, under him. Lee arrived, he became familiar with his position, and again Beauregard was returned to an inferior activity.

He was ordered to Charleston to investigate a difficulty between General Ripley and General Jones; he had an interview with Mr. Davis at Augusta and he was detailed to General Hood in the Department of the West. Nothing was accomplished there but disagreements with Hood—Hood was deliberate; Beauregard thought procrastinating—and Beauregard demanded swift advances, aggression, battle. After heavy Confederate losses before Franklin, he struggled to secure reënforcements from the trans-Mississippi. He failed, and in the December of 1864 Beauregard was once more in Charleston. He demanded what in all propriety should be assigned to him, and—for the first time—he received it. He was given command of the West. Beauregard inspected the military works at Mobile, he left hurriedly for Augusta at the rumor of a Union advance, he moved from place to place in the vast field of his responsibility. February, 1865, he was again in the East; he advised concentration on Columbia, South Carolina, a retreat from the seacoast and outer cities.

He was obliged to withdraw from Columbia; he proceeded to Ridgeway, to White Oak, and then to Charlotte; it was impossible, with his few troops, to oppose the advance of Sherman. On the first of April, General Lee directed him to assume command of all Western Virginia and North Carolina troops within reach. Jefferson Davis summoned him for conference at Danville; he was departing when he learned that Lee had surrendered. A telegram arrived from the government.

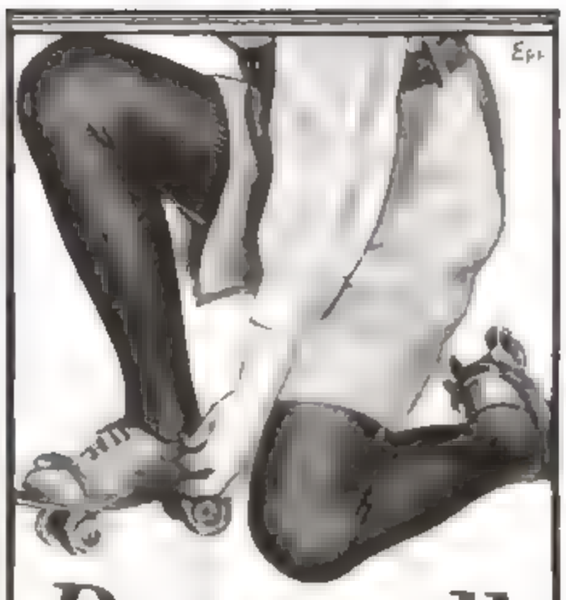
THE PRESIDENT STARTED FOR GREENSBORO AT 6 H THIS EVENING AND WOULD BE GLAD TO SEE YOU ON HIS ARRIVAL PLEASE GIVE ME EVERY INFORMATION ABOUT RAILROADS AND GREENSBORO AND ROAD NOW SAFE?

General Beauregard's movements had been so diverse that he had established his headquarters in a box car; he had, in reality, three box cars—one was his office, bedroom and dining room, the second held the mobile part of his staff, the third stabled his horses. In Greensboro the cars were put on a sidetrack, and early in the morning he was informed that the president's train, the cabinet and government officers were close beside him. The president, the cabinet, were extraordinarily cordial; Mr. Davis, to Beauregard's amazement, had a visionary hope of continuing the struggle against the North. General Johnston and Beauregard, after the president's departure, assumed what burden remained; Johnston arranged with General Sherman terms of submission; Beauregard completed his last official duties and turned to his home on the last day of April.

He collected, at Greensboro, all the Louisiana soldiers on detached duty—there were about twenty—and they departed for New Orleans together. They traveled, with only a few small pieces of silver, by rail, by horseback and on foot. Lieutenant Chisolm, who had an ingenious and resourceful mind, suggested that they commandeer a wagon, stock it with tobacco and nails, twine and thread—the necessities of country people—and give them in exchange for their own requirements on the road. They secured their supplies from a quartermaster who had been ordered to distribute whatever remained among the troops and moved slowly South. The journey—it was impossible to conceal the identity of Beauregard—was a triumphant progress. The wagon proceeded from Atlanta to West Point, from Montgomery to Mobile. General Beauregard took passage by steamboat for New Orleans and landed at the Pontchartrain end of the new canal on the shell road five miles from the city. A great throng of people, he was informed, was waiting to see him; he tried to avoid them, to reach his dwelling over inconspicuous ways, but he was only partly successful. Men and women and children surrounded his horse; they all reached up to shake his hand. He could say nothing and came into his house at sunset.

The Charleston that General Beauregard had faithfully and victoriously defended was empty and dark, the shutters of every house were closed, the rooms overlooking the streets abandoned. The women of Charleston labored to give their dwellings, the mansions of the happy past, an appearance of dreariness and desertion, to save them from the rapacity of disorganization. This was not always successful: a company of troops, smashed the locked gate of the Cunningham house; they tore up the flowers of the garden, and drunk with liquor and malice and power, streamed plundering through the rooms. It was noon and their bayonets glittered in the sunlight. Depressed and gaunt,

Above the Clouds in the Great Smoky Mountains



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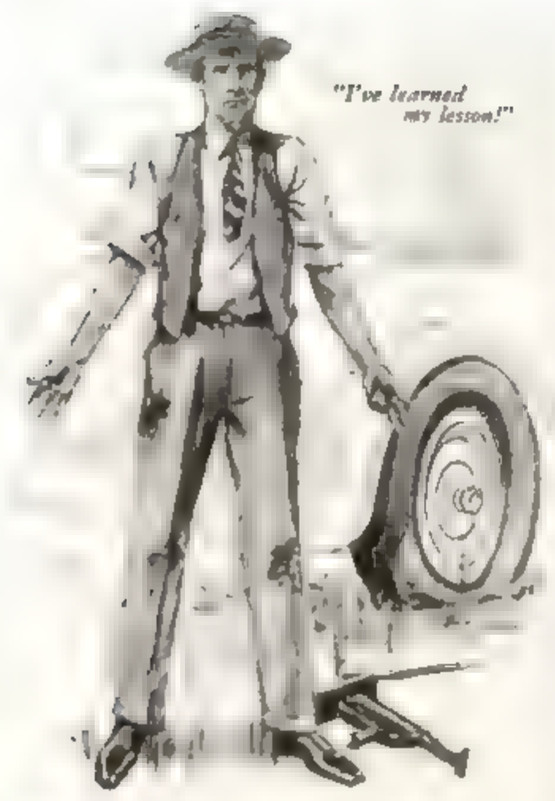

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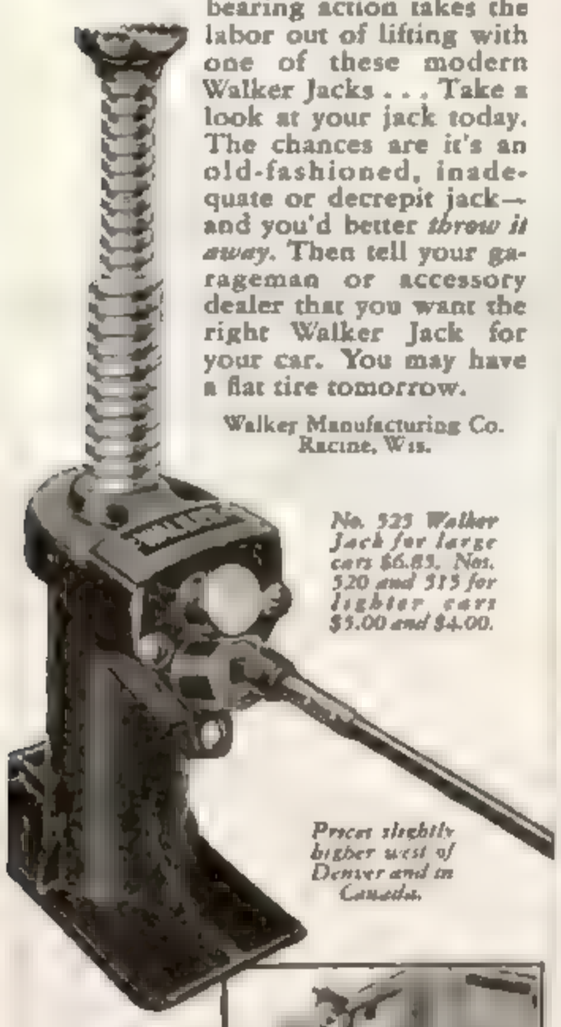

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DEPENDABLE IN EMERGENCIES

war-spent soldiers returned cautiously to the city; window blinds on the streets were raised no more than an inch by watchful women; questions were asked and answered in muted tones.

On the night General Beauregard withdrew the defense of Charleston, a gunboat burning at the head of Columbus Street, the burning bridge of the Savannah Railroad, struck the upper part of the city, the clouded sky, with a fitful and sullen red glow. At seven in the morning the last of the troops stationed at James Island departed with a firm and echoing tread. Only women were left. On their way to the commissary stores a terrific explosion shook the city and drove the women into a blind panic.

There was another and heavier explosion; its smoke darkened the sun—the Northeastern Railway depot had been blown up! The bodies of hungry women who had been searching there for provisions were buried deep under the ruin. Old negroes became insane with fright. The steeples of Charleston were empty of their bells: the bells had been melted for General Beauregard's cannon.

Beau canon, Beauregard! Beau soldat, Beauregard!
Beau sabreur! Beau frappeur! Beauregard, Beauregard!

What's the Matter With Hoover?

By KATHARINE DAYTON

IN THE first place, this man, with all his tremendous capacity for economic imagination, organization and administration, seems not to have the faintest idea of how to have his picture taken—which, in a country where, as you might say, rotogravure appeal is an essential to a public career of any kind, is certainly a drawback right at the start. People like the Prince of Wales, Queen Marie and Jackie Coogan may be born to be photographed; the more blond among our murderesses, things being as they are, may count on achieving being photographed; but, whether he likes it or not, a presidential candidate has being photographed thrust upon him, not only by himself but with his sons and his daughters and his manservant and his maidservant and his Laddie Boy and his pipe and the stranger that is within his gates. Especially the stranger that is within his gates.

Zachary Taylor and Millard Fillmore may not have been photographed with Henry Ford, Thomas A. Edison and Harvey Firestone—that was just a little before our time, so we're not quite sure—but undoubtedly they and their successors were snapped with at least the equivalent of those hardy presidential campaign perennials (1) Ezra R. Tickle, aged 97, who has walked from Cocoa, Florida, just to shake the nominee's hand and assure him he has voted the straight Republican or Democratic, as the case may be, ticket once or twice every year since he was 21. (2) Aunt Nettie Bumble, who has come all the way from her home in Peapack, New Jersey, with a cake such as she has always baked for every { Republican / Democratic } nominee—and don't ask us why! (3) The Palatka Tomcats Baseball Nine. To say nothing of more recent complications, such as Miss Americas and the miscellaneous flyers and swimmers of our larger bodies of air and water.

Little Time to Watch the Birdie

Now, on the majority of political candidates the click of a camera has a similar effect to the starter's bell on a race horse—instinctively he lays his ears back, stretches his neck, and is simply rarin' to go. But it seems to do something quite different to Herbert Hoover. It seems to do to him what it does to you, or to us, or to most regular people—which is to say that it induces all the sensations and effects of lockjaw, creeping paralysis, pernicious anæmia, and whatever the scientific term is for bagging at the knees—and the result is one of the biggest lies a camera ever told. Probably no one will ever ask Herbert Hoover what two creams he uses. Personally, we prefer our presidents, like our hippopotamuses, rather plain than otherwise, but we wish, here and now, to go on record with the statement that Herbert Hoover—himself, not a picture—is a nice-looking man! And by that we mean a man who shows in his face and manner that he has a heart and a brain and the force to have used both every day of his life. He is decidedly not a back-slapper, but he shakes your hand as if he meant it. He gives a most satisfactory impression of man's three essential dimensions—length, breadth and thickness—and above these, that rare, imponderable fourth that makes you feel you can depend upon him to do something about whatever it is that ails you. Moreover, we assure the waiting womanhood of America that, contrary to the camera's report, he most emphatically does not look as if he had a nut concealed in each cheek.

That he is not so well camera-broken as the usual presidential candidate, is more readily understood when we consider the activities of the years before the better-known period in Belgium and as Food Administrator. There is plenty of romance in developing industries in your own and half a dozen other lands; in salvaging abandoned enterprises; nursing financially sick mining properties back to life; creating opportunities for livelihoods for literally hundreds of thousands of workers; carrying American machinery and American methods and the highest standard of American business integrity around the world. But it isn't the sort of thing that registers in the click of a camera. For instance, you can't take a snapshot of the changing of a practically dead mining camp into a thriving mining district; nor of an abandoned mine becoming a prosperous community of 25,000 people. These and the hundreds of jobs he has done like them take years of heart-breaking, back-breaking labor and patience and planning. And every success only means starting all over again to tackle another. It is a kind of work that leaves one remarkably little time for watching, so to speak, the birdie.

From the standpoint of a rotogravure editor or a campaign publicity manager, it's a terrible pity Herbert Hoover couldn't have stayed down on a farm or on the sidewalks of a ward, instead of minding his business of building industries wherever he was called. Every politician knows, and properly so, the value of coal and shoes in winter for his constituents and, above all, his constituents' kiddies; to say nothing of picnics and clambakes in summer, with, of course, a photographic record of same. Breathes there a rotogravure reader with soul so dead that he expects, from now until the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November, to pick up his favorite sheet and not find it full of pictures of candidates being big-hearted with groups of tiny tots at chicken dinners and strawberry-and-ice-cream-and-ptomaine festivals of the Loyal Sons of Something-or-Other, or being handed a bunch of wilted flowers by little Miss Esther Wimpie, four-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Garnett F. Wimpie of Ocean Grove, New Jersey? Or all hot and virile in his shirt sleeves, with his collar off, showing the farmers what a devil dog he is with a reaper and a hayrick? But, we ask you, what chance has a camera with a man in a plain business suit who planned and procured and delivered sufficient amounts of food to sustain life and the future in upward of twenty million children? Why, the mere thought is enough to make a rotogravure editor break down and cry like a baby, and set a publicity manager whimpering and trying to climb walls!

And while we're on the subject of photographs, there are two, among all those never taken of Herbert Hoover and his attitude toward children, that we'll always wish might have been. With lamentable lack of political foresight, there was no photographer present one late afternoon in 1921 in the Capitol office of the Honorable Stephen G. Porter of Pennsylvania. Mr. Porter, then, as now, chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, had carefully prepared a resolution, which he was to present the following day, authorizing President Harding to send certain amounts of our surplus corn and wheat to relieve the distressed and starving people of Russia. So far so good. But just as Mr. Porter was preparing to call it a day, Mr. Hoover appeared, unheralded, at his office. We gathered, as Mr. Porter told us the story, that Mr. Hoover arrived at his point with few preliminaries.

"Porter," he said, "babies can't eat corn and wheat."

A Bright Spot in a Dull Record

Naturally the chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, although realizing that all the joy had been taken out of his resolution, agreed with the Secretary of Commerce on this indisputable factor in the care and feeding of infants, which had hitherto apparently been overlooked by the statesmen concerned. Mr. Hoover then went on to say that he knew where he could get 500,000 cases of condensed milk at cost, and so on and so forth. Whereupon Mr. Porter passed a sleepless night fitting 500,000 cases of condensed milk into a resolution that passed the House without a dissenting vote—the milk, incidentally, arriving in Russia in thirty days.

The second photograph should have been taken in 1924. There is no record of it now except in the officially printed Hearing Before the Committee on Foreign Affairs for the Relief of the Distressed and Starving Women and Children of Germany, and no one in his right mind is going to wade through an official hearing unless his idea of light reading is something in three volumes from the Scandinavian. This particular hearing is some one hundred and fifty-six pages long and its subject is one that public men at that time were not especially keen to commit themselves upon. It is pretty heavy going until, on page one hundred and thirty-something, there flashes our picture. It happens like this. Secretary Hoover is called to give what information he has. He does so. And then this:

MR. LINTHICUM: Would it be asking too much for you to say how you feel in reference to this bill?

SECRETARY HOOVER: I can only feel one way about children. . . . I can argue very heartily on the failures of adults and the misdoings and misdeeds of the governments that bring these situations about, but I cannot apply those arguments against children. . . .

There is more, of course. But this simple statement, made with no political blah or hokum or hooey, buried in a dull record no one will ever read, shows us better than a whole newsreel this fine and forceful Christian gentleman.

"I can only feel one way about children."

We can only feel one way about Herbert Hoover.

Why doesn't your wife discuss this with you?

WHY does your wife rarely turn to you for advice on this important question?

Why, on the contrary, does she freely discuss it with your friends' wives, her own friends and women in general?

The fact is, your wife knows that you know very little about this business of buying food.

You couldn't tell her where to go to get the best coffee, or what store has the choicest fruits and vegetables, or where she will get the most value for her dollar.

But ask your wife, or your friends' wives, and see how quickly they answer you.

Invariably, women will tell you that the A & P stores are the answer to every food problem.

No woman hesitates in answering such questions as these—Where can I get the popular nationally advertised foods?—Where can I get *good quality* butter, eggs, coffee, teas, etc.?—Where do food dollars go farthest? Instantly the answer comes to mind—the A & P stores.

• • •

If you think your wife is unfamiliar with the business of buying food, ask her to read this page. But be prepared when she says, "This is not news to me. I always buy at the A & P stores."

At the A & P you are sure to find the popular, nationally advertised brands of groceries.

THE GREAT ATLANTIC & PACIFIC TEA COMPANY

HERBERT C SMITH

What One Toledo Scale Service Man is doing

THE genius for "building-up" things is a dominant characteristic of Herbert C. Smith, supervisor of Toledo Scale Service at Minneapolis. Ten years ago when he joined the service department of this company, the value of periodical inspection and service was recognized by few of the users of scales in the Minneapolis territory. Today over 95% of Toledo Scale users in the territory have made regular inspection of weighing equipment a routine part of their operations.

The fourteen years Mr. Smith had spent in construction work with the largest railroads before joining this company not only revealed to him the value of service but how it should be rendered.

Recognizing the practical value of the time element in restoring to accurate operation scales rendered idle by service requirements, Mr. Smith and his men cover their territory in motor cars equipped with all tools and parts necessary to render any needed service immediately and in the user's place of business.

The capable sincerity of 227 Toledo Scale servicemen like Mr. Smith, is teaching scale users all over the country that Toledo Scale equipment means not only the most modern weighing devices available, but the continuous enjoyment of these advantages of design and construction. And that is also one reason why

Sixty-five per cent of our output is sold to Toledo Users

If you have *service* problems or *weighing* problems, write us.

TOLEDO SCALE COMPANY

TOLEDO, OHIO

Canadian Toledo Scale Co., Ltd.
Windsor, Ont.

AUTOMATIC DIAL SCALES

Scales up to 60,000 pounds capacity	Letter, parcel and mail scales
Fan-type scales for retail stores	Tank and hopper scales
Cylinder-type scales for retail stores	Counting scales
Fan-type scales for factories	Continuous-weighing scales
	Penny-in-slot scales

TOLEDO SCALES

SOMETHING THAT GOES AROUND

(Continued from Page 9)

'All it needs is mustard. Also I will make you all a barrel.' He did not, in truth, manufacture a single barrel of mustard. No doubt he forgot this promise. 'Get the principal merchants of Nozay together,' he said, 'and I will form a Rotatory. What you need first of all, in this town, is concerted effort. You need to get together. In Californie we get together. We all shove and push.'

"'Why shove and push when our relations, not thought always friendly, are at least polite?' I asked. 'Personally I detest elbowing.'

"'You will see. Get the principal men together and I will form the first Rotatory ever seen in this part of the world. I will write some songs and you can translate them into French, and we will go.' I waited for him to tell me where we should go with the songs, but he said nothing more.

"*Alors*, monsieur, I had very little hope of getting the merchants of the town together to hear the stranger's songs, but what would you? He had dropped a hint here and there that he was going to do something which would make everybody rich, and there was perfect fury to attend the first meeting of the Rotatory. My faith, we all hanker to be rich, do we not? Even the fat Charles Bouchard, who can hardly stir out of his shop, so gigantic is he in his girth, managed to walk all the way to the *mairie*, though he had, indeed, to be assisted up the steps.

"When Monsieur Smeet saw Monsieur Bouchard, he nodded to him and cried, 'The stout brother is approaching! Everybody make room! What is your name, little one?'

"I can tell you, Monsieur Bouchard blushed furiously, and not with pleasure, for he is sensitive about his weight. But he replied that his name was Charles Bouchard.

"'Very well, I will call you Charlie,' said the American. 'We will all call each other by our first names. That makes it like pepper. You can call me P. K. My name is Peter, but P. K. is like the noise of a whip. Charlie, shake hands with Simon Rayneval and call him Sim.'

"In vain I shook my head at the American. He was going too strong, I assure you. And especially in asking Monsieur Charles Bouchard to shake hands with Monsieur Rayneval and call him Sim, because they were lifelong enemies.

"'I shall certainly not shake hands with that monsieur,' said Monsieur Bouchard. 'My family has not spoken with his family for three hundred years.' Monsieur Bouchard declared himself with both indignation and pride, and it was true. There was a matter of a strayed cow between the two families in the reign of Louis XIII.

"But was Monsieur Smeet confounded? I assure you not. He remarked that three hundred years was nothing. He said that there were people in the States-United that had never spoken with Jules César, and he had been dead longer than that.

"'But these Americans never knew Jules César,' protested Monsieur Bouchard.

"'No, and you never knew the man your ancestor quarreled with,' said Monsieur Smeet.

"Both Monsieur Rayneval and Monsieur Bouchard scratched their heads and admitted that it was so. But they did not shake hands at that time. Yet they were undeniably impressed; though for myself I did not quite receive the force of the analogy."

"But the songs—what of the songs?" I asked.

"Ah, yes, the songs. I was forgetting those. Imagine you, dear monsieur, the powerful personality of Monsieur Smeet, to make us sing his songs, we business men, who moreover had no true voices and not much sense of rhythm. I still have in my desk the English original of one of Monsieur Smeet's songs. Would you like to view it?"

"Assuredly."

Monsieur Thibaut brought out a dog-eared sheet of paper, written in pencil in the hand of the departed booster, with many corrections and interlineations, as though poetry had proved a difficult side line for him. I read the first verse:

THREE CHEERS FOR NOZAY

Everybody's boosting for our busy little town!
Your town, my town, the finest ever known.
Everybody wants to come this way and settle down,
In our hustling, bustling city on the Rhone.
Give 'em a hearty welcome, boys, show 'em how we grow!
We'll be another Paris the first thing you know!
Glad-hand the visitors to Nozay-le-Château!
Three cheers for N-o-z-a-y!

"Myself, I considered this, when translated laboriously into our French language, to be a trifle boastful and not altogether truthful," remarked Monsieur Thibaut. "We are, as a matter of fact, not situated upon the Rhone, but seven miles distant. Also, in verity, I could not see any chance to become another Paris. But the music to which we put this song was very catchy, and what would you? We came to sing it with a will. Even the gamins of the street learned it. I will now sing it to you in French."

"Must you, papa?" inquired Mademoiselle Julie.

"I pray you will spare us that derangement," suggested madame.

"It is not to deprive you of pleasure, monsieur," went on Julie, turning to me. "The fact is papa has no more voice than a bullfrog, and it saddens us to hear him."

"Then I will not," said the mayor to me, with a display of pique. "At least, not now. Perhaps later, when we are alone, I will show you."

"We will bow to the wishes of the ladies," said I to my host. "What followed the singing of the songs?"

"Everything followed with rapidity," replied Monsieur Philippe. "My faith, monsieur, it is marvelous what an energetic American can do when he becomes Rotatory! We thought that Monsieur Smeet was full of what you call in your language le bluff. Not so, veritably! Almost before we knew that we were something that went around, visitors began pouring into our little town looking for the ruins. It seems that Monsieur Smeet had begun advertising Nozay-le-Château in the Paris edition of several American and English newspapers. My faith, they swarmed down from Paris in a cloud, like locusts! By train, by automobiles and by motor-buses, they swept upon us until the enlarged inn of Rivet was overflowing and rooms were going in private houses at thirty francs the night. All these visitors clamored for a room with bath, as though their very lives depended upon wetting their skins daily, though Doctor Faucher has told me that it is inimical to health to expunge the natural oil of the skin by frequent ablutions. It is true that my family possesses a unique iron tub which we place in the kitchen when necessary—and this tub was so wildly emported from house to house for the use of the English and Americans that we never knew where it was, ourselves.

"Likewise and moreover they swarmed upon the ruins of what I assure you was merely a brickyard, declaring with loud acclaim that it was a fortress of the time of Charlemagne or an abbey of the Middle Ages; and one old English lady, in her ambition to seize upon a piece of curious brick, fell down a well and was rescued happily by a grappling hook which brought her up feet first.

"The water being urged out of her vitals and consciousness returning to the old lady, imagine you her sang-froid when she sat up and said, 'My cigarettes are all wet. Who has a dry one?' These English are indeed imperturbable."

"It must have brought some money into town, at least," I suggested.

"I swear to you it did. Never had so much currency been seen in Nozay. Petitjean, who owned the ancient brickyard, erected a barrier around it and collected five francs a head from those who entered, and a small sum for the privilege of emporting bits of brick. Rivet, the innkeeper, waxed so fat and audacious that he got his prices up to sixty francs a night. The Americans and English began to knock at doors to view antiques. Never had we realized our antiquity until these strange tourists began to seize, with outcries of ill-suppressed joy, broken picture frames, chairs with broken legs, flowerpots and even chinaware, badly nicked. My faith, we were in danger of losing all our furnishings!

"Day after day this went on, with money flowing in with the tourist swarm and our heads being turned from honest work toward unloading something worthless upon the visitors as antiques. Why, the very urchins, who would have shown you all through the town a year ago and been delighted with a sou for tip, set themselves up as professional guides. We had, indeed, become Rotatory. These signs at either entrance to the town on the Route Nationale were erected by Monsieur Smeet—I wish to say those signs which you have seen us demolish completely today. We had begun to go around.

"And the merchants—how they rolled in their new wealth! Their heads were completely turned. No longer did they adjourn to the inn to play the usual game of backgammon or a hand of piquet or to taste an *apéritif* in the shade of the acacias while talking over the affairs of the week. My faith, there was no time! They must needs rush out and grasp a sandwich hastily and swill it down with a glass of Alsatian beer, and back again to the shop to see that their apprentices did not toss each franc into the air to see whether it belonged to employer or employe—for I must tell you that the sudden inflow of currency was beginning sadly to dull our old-time sense of mine and thine. Nor did the artisans any longer ply their tools with their accustomed slow earnestness. Wages mounted, the merchants majorated their prices of meats and vegetables and we householders found ourselves paying five francs for a simple *botte* of asparagus, in the height of the season for that succulent vegetable, which had hitherto sold for seventy-five centimes. Our servants lost their reason and began associating with the young tourists. *Hélas!* We were going around!

"Meanwhile, Monsieur Smeet, whose gratitude had caused all this change, was a man of tremendous gyration. He was as nimble as a cat, being here, there and everywhere, plotting new devices for entertaining the tourists, new amusements for the populace, new businesses, new songs for the Rotatory. Monsieur Rayneval and Monsieur Bouchard, whose ancestors had quarreled over a cow, found themselves so prosperous that they publicly shook hands in the Place de la République and wept copiously upon each other's necks—being, I fear, at the moment something under the influence of brandy. Several days afterward Monsieur Rayneval kicked Monsieur Bouchard viciously, however, on the front of the leg, claiming that Monsieur Charles had spirited away some of his customers by false representations. Thereafter, both gentlemen having taken to liquor as a result of their sudden prosperity, they kissed each other in reconciliation on one day and quarreled violently the next. What a hubbub! I felt my mind giving way, because nearly all the vexing

(Continued on Page 106

Super Suds

works twice as fast as chips ... *prove it to yourself by this simple test*

Fill a pan full of warm water. Take two strainers. In one a tablespoon of chip soap. In the other, the same amount of Super Suds.

Plunge both strainers into the water. Stir both briskly with spoons while you count ten. Then—lift both strainers!

In one strainer, half of the chips still there. In the other, Super Suds all gone! . . . . Quick-dissolving Super Suds saves dishwashing time, makes clothes whiter.

A SOAP that dissolves *twice as fast* as the speediest soap you ever saw!

"Impossible," you say—unless you have tried Super Suds, the amazing new soap discovery—*beads* of soap!

Try Super Suds under the hardest conditions. Go into your own kitchen. Take down the package of chips you like best. Make the easy test we show above, and see for yourself just how the tiny hollow beads of Super Suds dissolve faster and work better.

Why Super Suds is better

Super Suds is made by a revolutionary new process to dissolve instantly. It is unbelievably thin—four times as thin as chips—the thinnest soap ever made.

Every housewife knows how important it is to have a soap that dissolves well. And now, in Super Suds, you have a soap that dissolves *instantly* and *completely*. Super Suds goes farther. No soap wasted. It works well in washtubs. A fine washing-machine soap, too. Super Suds means quick, thorough rinsing, and no chance for yellow clothes or soap stains.

New soap sweeps the country

Super Suds has taken the country by storm because it has brought women something new and something better. Women by thousands have changed to Super Suds as they have learned how fine it is for laundry work, and for dishes, too.

Have you tried Super Suds yet? Please do. Full directions on every package, and a valuable Octagon coupon, too—our discount to you! Ask your grocer for Super Suds and he will hand you the giant red package—the largest box of soap you ever saw for 10 cents.

CLOTHES WHITER—

Quick, strong suds . No more soap stains... Gentle on clothes . . Saves one rinsing . . . Saves hands . . A whiter, sweeter wash.

Product, process, and apparatus covered by U. S. Letters Patent Nos. 1,051,441; 1,090,740; 1,600,503; 1,634,940; and Reissue No. 16,749.

BIGGEST box of soap for 10¢

(Continued from Page 104)

situations which arose were for me, the mayor, to settle. Verily, I had no time to eat or to sleep, and my charming wife and daughter were almost strangers."

"Too much sudden wealth," I suggested.

"That is the just word! *Alors*, monsieur, greater things were to come! Monsieur Smeet was as popular as a schoolboy with a rosy apple. He was sitting, as he himself said, on the top of the universe. But whenever anyone congratulated him for what he had thus far accomplished, he would smile mystically and reply, 'The thing has not yet begun. Observe my smoke.' This was a favorite saying with Monsieur Smeet—to observe his smoke—but though we watched him closely, he never emitted any fumes. My word upon it, Monsieur Smeet could have been elected president of the republic at that moment if the votes of Nozay-le-Château had been sufficient.

"'He is a man of enormous gratitude!' said everybody. 'And his brains are the greatest of what there is in America.'

"And now the time had come for the great stroke—the blow of state, as we say. For several days Monsieur Smeet was seen to walk around in deep thought. It was known that he was sending off messengers with packets of letters in all directions. We marveled, but dared not ask him what was shortly to arrive. He was a man who kept his own counsel till he was ready—and then, bang!

"But at last came the day when the word was passed that all the members of the Rotatory were to gather at noon in the town hall, where Monsieur Smeet would address them. Assuredly there was no merchant absent. Every word of the young American from Californie had become as pearls and sapphires. Great was the enthusiasm as he stepped upon the little platform at one end and lifted his hand.

"'Let's have a song, first!' he announced. '*Trois vivats pour Nozay!*' This was the song which I have shown you. We roared it with mighty tones, till the very walls shook. Then Monsieur Smeet took up the discourse.

"'I promised you I would make this town like pepper,' said the young American. 'I told you gentlemen I would bring money into Nozay. Have I done so?'

"'You have!' we agreed in one voice.

"'Well,' proceeded Monsieur Smeet, 'we have not yet started. The great performance, the *cirque* of three rings, is about to commence. This which I have performed was only to exercise my muscle. We are now about to have a boom!'

"We all looked at each other. A boom? What, then, was a boom? Without doubt, from the sound, it was a great noise. But a great noise is not productive of wealth. We were puzzled. However, if Monsieur Smeet had told us that we were going to contract smallpox, we should have been happy, so great was our faith in him.

"'Yes, we are going to have the biggest boom ever seen in these regions!' shouted Monsieur Smeet.

"'But where shall we get the cannon?' asked Hilaire Rivet hungrily. 'I think in the whole town there are only some small fowling weapons.'

"Monsieur Smeet laughed. 'You do not receive me well,' he said. 'When I say boom, it is not signified a cannon. I mean prosperity.' We who had begun to roll in riches licked our chops at this, no doubt. Such is human frailty—it wants more and more. 'I mean,' continued Monsieur Smeet, 'a real-estate boom The time has come to sell Nozay to the world.'

"But if we sell Nozay, where shall we live?' I inquired, a good deal perturbed, for my ancestors have lived here for many generations and I would be miserable anywhere else.

"'Ah, for that, I do not mean we should sell the whole of Nozay,' replied Monsieur Smeet. 'I mean, we should sell the outlying sections and such as you do not want yourself. The hour has struck for Nozay. For miles around, the people have watched our prosperity and they are hungry to join us. They can't join us unless they buy land in Nozay. So we shall part with some of our holdings at a fair price—as we shall say what a fair price is. I have closely examined the land on all sides of the town. It is good land for a development. We will have the biggest land auction ever seen outside the department of Californie, and sell lots. Do you see what I mean? We will call the development Parc de Paradis.'

"We did not, in truth, see clearly what Monsieur Smeet meant, but we cheered mightily. Parc de Paradis is a very romantic name, and it did the American much credit to think of it. But why anybody should want to come from elsewhere to buy land in Nozay-le-Château we could not see. But that was because we did not think with the mind of Monsieur Smeet. In short, Monsieur Smeet informed us as to the mighty plan and we were thrilled. His idea was no less than to buy this land, which was not valuable except for growing legumes and such, and cut it into tiny parcels and sell the parcels at a handsome price to people from elsewhere, for them to build houses on.

"I do not remember what profit Monsieur Smeet said we should make, after all expenses were paid, but it was so many thousand per cent that our brains reeled and several of the more avaricious merchants broke down and wept hysterically at the mere contemplation of their gains.

"'But how shall we then go about this affair?' inquired Jean Berti. 'It is that we do not own the land in the environs, no? How then shall we cut it into fractions and sell it?'

"'We shall form a combination, we men of the Rotatory, and acquire the land at once,' replied Monsieur Smeet. 'Understood?'

"'Perfectly,' said a dozen voices. 'I will take my share! And I! And I!'

"Like flashes of lightning was the combination effected, monsieur. There were, it is true, certain dissenting voices—those of the timid and those who wished to sit back and profit by the efforts of others. There were also those who had been making more money than they had ever made, but had spent it as rapidly, and these spendthrifts, of course, had not the means to invest. But of investors there were more than enough. We perfected our society before leaving the hall, appointing a shrewd committee to deal with the present owners of the land, a committee of sour-faced buyers who would say discouraging things to the owners, such as to predict the fall of the franc, the impossibility of growing rich by farming and such - the object naturally being to acquire the desired land as cheaply as possible.

"'And now,' cried Monsieur Smeet, 'hop in the direction with warm feet! Get there before the news is spread that we are buyers!'

"We looked at each other in wonderment, doubting that our committee would be able to hop that far, first on one foot and then the other—but it proved that Monsieur Smeet was really intending we should go by automobile. It was merely another one of his curious American sayings, that we should hop toward our objective. The American argot is extraordinary!

"*Alors*, monsieur, the thing was accomplished! It cost, indeed, more money than we had expected, because inflated notions of values had become the rule in Nozay; but by night our combination had acquired all the property we required for our boom. At least, we had the signatures and the promises of the owners to sell whenever the papers should be properly drawn by the notaries. And now, also, the notaries were to have their day of prosperity. My faith, how the price of writing a simple document leaped! You would have thought that ink had suddenly become as rare as radium!

"When Monsieur Smeet learned that the plans had thus far gone to our wishes, he rubbed his hands and laughed that boisterous youthful laugh of his. 'I will inform the entire world,' he said, 'that we are the pajamas worn by the cat.' He said this to our amazement, as our cats in the department of Vaucluse wear nothing at all, though we have heard that poodle dogs in Paris wear some sort of garment. 'For myself,' he continued, 'I want nothing at all. When this boom is completed I shall return to my native Californie. I am merely in this affair out of my gratitude. And I now take this opportunity to state that when I return to Californie, I shall take with me as my wife that angelic daughter of my benefactor, Henri Bardac, who has saved my life. This also I will tell the world, the world being cross-eyed.'

"I assure you, dear monsieur, at this information there was such commotion as never before witnessed. Not only did we love this young American but it was a great honor that he should choose one of our Nozay girls as wife, and also we could not but think how generous he was not to demand a commission for his services. Altogether, no man in Vaucluse ever had such popularity. That very evening our local band, which blows in tune when inspired by sentiment, serenaded the home of Mademoiselle Bardac, and the vintner was forced to make a discourse from the window. How happy we were! At least, we cherished the idea that we were happy. The boom was not at the moment at its crisis."

"I assume," said I to my host, "that things did not all go as intended."

Madame Thibaut looked at Mademoiselle Julie and laughed softly. Mademoiselle returned the laugh and viewed me out of the corner of her eye with a sort of obscure satisfaction. No doubt she was thinking of Mademoiselle Bardac, who had been so greedy of the company of Monsieur Smeet, and she was secretly glad that things were as her father was about to state.

As for my host, the good Philippe suddenly took his massive head between his hands and rocked back and forth in his chair. Then he abruptly slapped his knee with his outstretched palms and exploded violently:

"*Mon Dieu*, monsieur, we French are not Americans, and that is all there is to say. The Americans are sudden, swift, electric, youthful—everything you wish. We are an older people, we other French, and you cannot teach old dogs new tricks. Monsieur Smeet was good; he was grateful; he was sincere. May the good Lord make him happy, wherever he goes. He did what he thought was good for us. But had he stayed here another year Nozay would have been a madhouse. We should have been lunatics, shouting baa-baa like the muttons.

"Consider—you! We were already Rotatory. We were already, with this vast influx of tourists, going around, like the gilded wheel with teeth in it. Now, in addition, we had a boom. This human dynamo, Monsieur Smeet, worked like seven men in a leaking ship. Never was such energy. He flew from town to town, all through our department, posting great notices everywhere of our land auction in Nozay. Monsieur, the things he printed and said about Nozay make me now blush to tell. You would have thought that Nozay was about to become the center of the world. In every newspaper in the department he printed great advertisements bidding people to buy house lots in Nozay before it was too late. One of these flaring advertisements I remember was entitled: *Trottoirs—Mais Oui!*—indicating that the new Parc de Paradis development was to have sidewalks on every street—yet we have only one genuine *trottoir* in Nozay itself. He proclaimed systems of sewerage for the new *parc*, though we have not notions of such modern equipment in our own town. He went it strong, I tell you! People were standing on their heads for excitement! Every day there was a new story to bouleverse us. And the uproar throughout the department was terrific. Sober citizens who had been for years secreting copper and silver coins in their mattresses ripped the mattresses apart with the idea of investing in a house lot in Nozay.

"The day of the auction came. Never was such a scene! From early morning—nay, from dusk of the day before—the people swarmed upon us, by farm cart, by carriage, by automobile, by bus and afoot. It was fortunately a mild night, and hundreds slept upon the ground, within the confines of the Parc de Paradis, where there was nothing but new-plowed ground, not a house, not a barn, but only stakes placed in the ground and street signs erected with grand names—Rue de Paris, Rue de Rome, Rue de Clemenceau, Rue de Théodore Roosevelt. There was, indeed, one great shelter erected. It was the office of the development society, and on a great table in the center was an enormous map of the *parc*, with all the house lots numbered.

"No expense had been spared by this American genius to infuriate the public and make their heads giddy. We had four tremendously augmented bands of music, one even coming from as far as Lyon. Coffee and light wine were as free as the air, monsieur! Monsieur Smeet even insisted that we should have nuts made of dough, called by his *concitoyens* do-nits, but as nobody knew how to make these edibles, the idea was given up. And to cap all, there were in attendance twelve notaries and three auctioneers. Imagine you! Twelve *notaires* and three auctioneers! *Mon Dieu!* I had thought that six notaries and one auctioneer could sell all France!

"There were walkers upon tight ropes, mountebanks of many kinds, dozens of booths for the sale of *berlingots*—it was no less than a menagerie! The din was appalling. Fights were as common as parsley.

"And then began the auction. It was furious, my friend. Never was anything like it witnessed. Monsieur Smeet was right—it was clear. This ordinary farm land, which we had hitherto regarded as worth very little, could be disposed of at terrible prices, once you worked the spell of mad excitement upon the populace. It is a madness of trade. One by one the miserably small plots of ground were knocked down under the hammer for six thousand, seven thousand, eight thousand francs. The bidding was imbecile. People forgot the fact that a good house in Nozay could be bought for the price of two or three crazy parcels of land. No sooner did one furious fanatic bid eight thousand than his neighbor would cry eight thousand five hundred, and so it went. Red-faced and puffing strangers clamored, after each sale, to buy the parcel just knocked down, at an advance of a thousand francs or more. Elegant ladies jostled with the common workmen and scrub women for places near the front. My darling wife Anastasie fainted and Julie was trampled upon."

"I fainted, my great cabbage, because a workman at my elbow had eaten so much garlic," explained Madame Thibaut with dignity.

"*Quelconque!*" replied Monsieur Thibaut hastily. "At any rate, I near the end of my tale, monsieur. By noon the people were so tired of this that they lay on the ground and lolled their tongues like hounds. My word upon it! And the parcels of land were all sold—every one of them!"

"Then the American was right—and you made great profits!" I cried in amazement. "I was led to believe that the boom was somehow a failure."

"It was—it was!" vociferated my host. "I have not told you yet! How can I explain? Surely you know how parochial we Frenchmen of the Midi are? You know how strong are the ties which bind us to our town and villages? How we never, never emigrate? And how it is deeply embedded in our souls—that craving for land, the ownership of our dear, sweet soil?"

"Yes, I know that, monsieur. But ——"

"Well, consider you! What happened at our auction was this: In the excitement of the moment, and because we citizens of

(Continued on Page 111)

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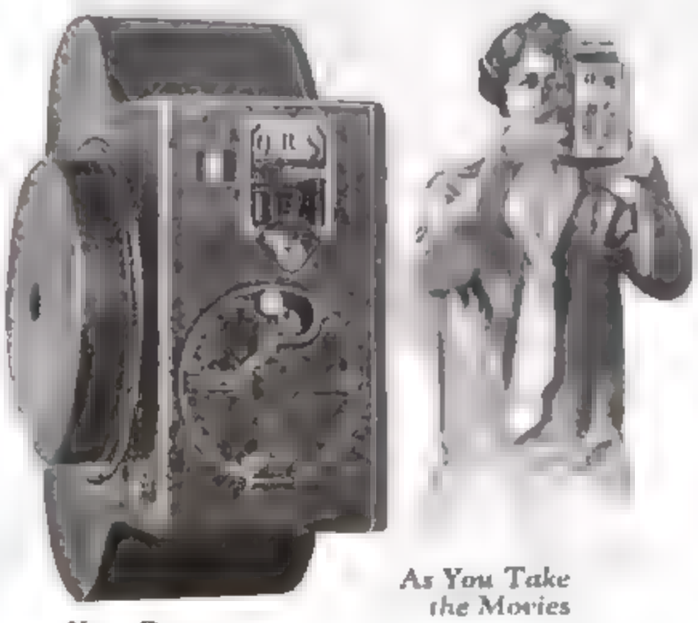

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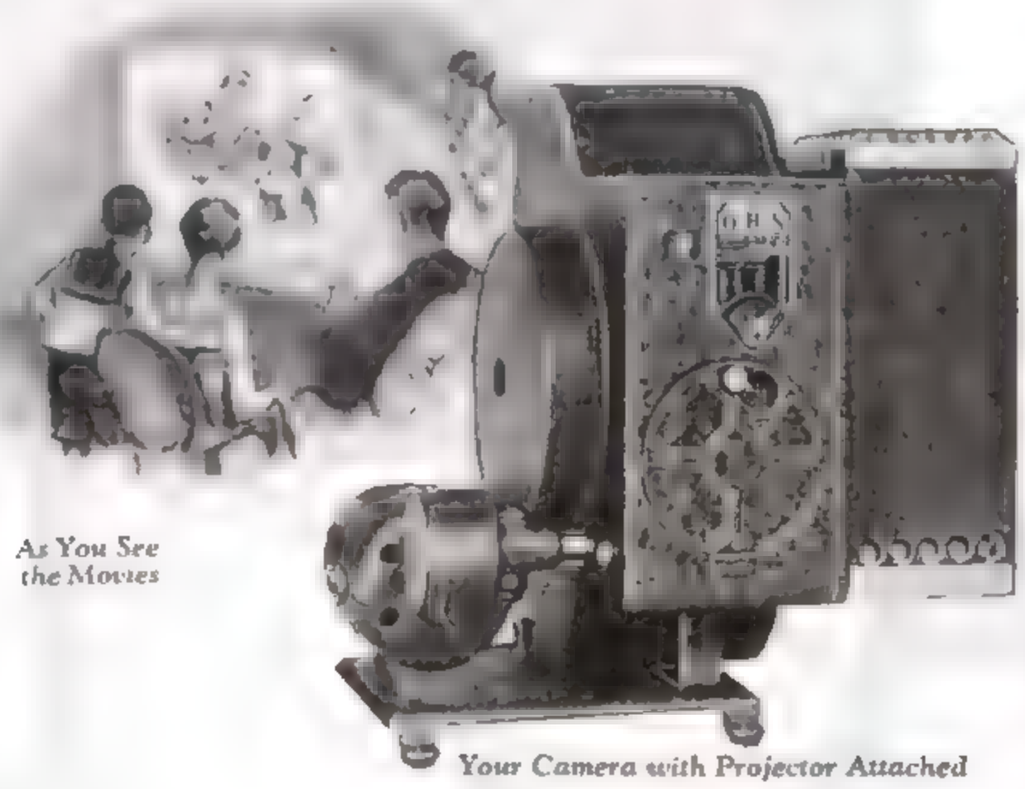

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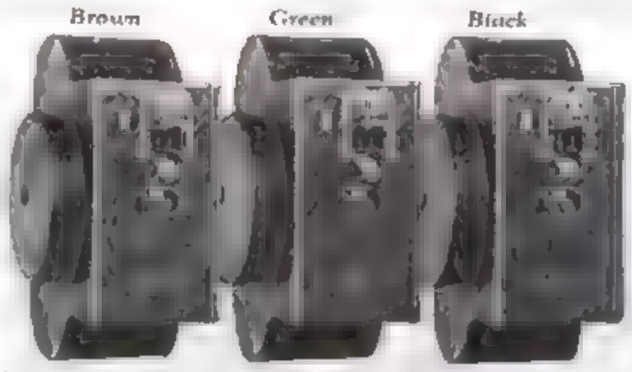

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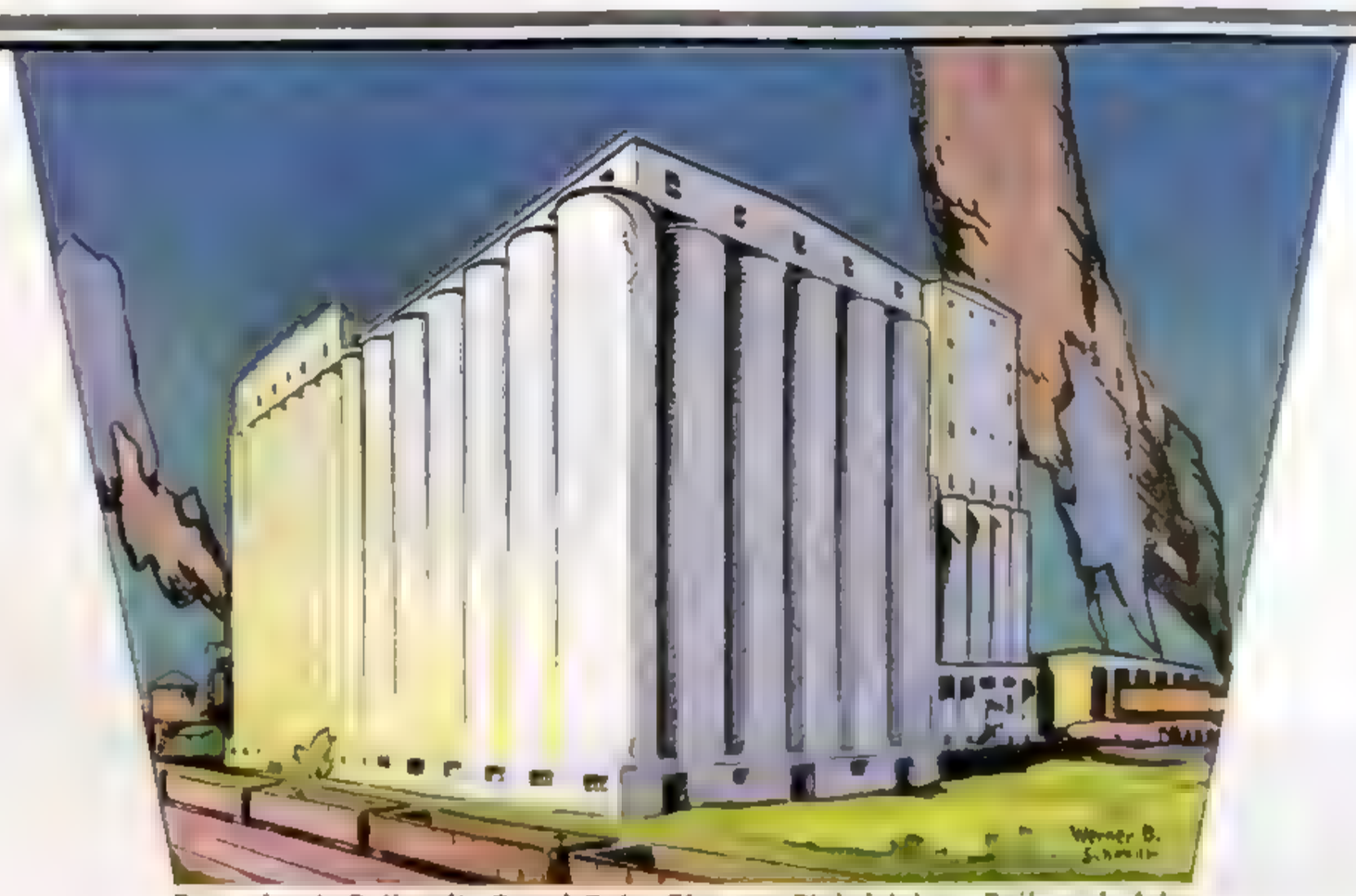

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KERAMIC TILES

(Continued from Page 106)

Nozay could not bear to see people from other parts of the department walk in and buy our land under our very noses, and because we feared strangers, and because we feared their competition, but chiefly because of our inbred hunger to own land, never to sell land, what did we do? It was human, was it not? We citizens of Nozay, especially the members of the Rotatory, bid in all, or nearly all, the parcels of land put up at auction, ourselves!"

"You did—what?" I cried in astonishment.

"Exactly. We bid in our own house lots at a great price! We could not bear to have them owned by strangers. So that, when all was over and the expenses paid we were out of pocket —— Ah, I cannot go on! It was too awful! The only ones who made any money were the notaries, the sellers of candy and the balancers on the tight rope."

"And what did Monsieur Smeet say?" I asked, trying not to laugh.

"He uttered strange noises and gave voice to words we did not understand. This was at first. Finally he burst into shrill shrieks of laughter, till we thought he was going to have a fit. At last he patted us all on the shoulder and said: 'Gentlemen, I love you. But I must leave you. There is nothing I can do for you. I cancel your Rotatory. You will be ready for a boom about the year 2654. I will be back among you about that time, weather permitting. Heads of entire ivory, I am leaving for Californie!'

"And, indeed, monsieur, you saw him and his new wife leaving, by way of Paris, as you arrived in Nozay. He is a good fellow and we love him dearly. But we wish no more booms, no more tourists, no more brickyard ruins, antiques—nothing more than our fathers and grandfathers had. We wish to live quietly and have time to play a friendly game of backgammon at the inn at midday.

"This is why you saw us destroy those signs at the entrances to Nozay-le-Château. We do not desire further to be Rotatory. We have gone around. Now we wish to be still. . . . Julie, my angel, a little of that *fine* in monsieur's glass. I have talked him into a stupor."

AYE, IN THE CATALOGUE

(Continued from Page 7)

"And you run her out to sea, come evenings. Now I wonder why?"

"Do you?" said East. "Well, mebbe I like the air."

"The night air? You're right, it's healthiest—for you"

"Yes," said East. "I'm one of the few can stand it. I've got things fixed so I can stand it. No lopsided, gumshoed hayseed's going to stop me coming and going as I please, come day or night, in case you don't know that."

East never moved those eyes of his off Abner. No, he just stood there in his wading boots, like he was looking along a gun barrel.

"And here's one thing more," said East, "to chew on, if you like: I do what I want because it's in me. I'm not cut for a farmer's boy or a lobster fisher. Lay off and leave me be, like better parties do. . . . Any more you want to say?"

"Not much," said Abner, and he said it very slow. "I don't know as I blame you, East, seeing you're made that way—but it doesn't take a pile of arguing to make out what you are. You're a rum runner taking dirty money, and everyone knows that."

"And they know," said East, "I'm not the only one who runs it. There's fifty get their cut."

"And you can do it as you please," said Abner. "I know the local police is fixed and we've got no evidence against you, so it's no affair of mine until we do, but I'll not have any dirty rum runner spending his dirty money on any girl I go with—so put that in your pipe."

East drew in his breath, but he didn't raise his voice. "So that's what brought you here," he said. "And what'll you do if I keep on?"

"East," said Abner, "you've got sense enough to see. I'll half beat the life out of you. Yes, sir—here and now."

"All right," said East, "what's keepin' you? Afraid you'll hurt your hands?"

Oh, my, but East was fast, and he was the bully boy, and the Willings were always willing for anything like that. One crack on the mouth was what Abner got before East grabbed him, but the rest came so fast that Abner never knew it. The hold East got was the sort paid wrestlers use, instead of the grips boys knew who used to fool on the road evenings before the store. It was called the flying mare. Before Abner knew, he was caught in it, brought clean off his balance. Before he had time to give a wriggle, he went spinning over East's shoulders, sprawling out in the air a good twelve feet, till he landed—splash—out in the eel grass and the mud.

East was a cool boy. He was hardly blown, in fact, being hard as nails.

"No need for corks when you're around," said East. "Go fetch him, Bendigo."

It was meat for a pup like Bendigo, you'd better believe. He commenced to bark a baby puppy bark and to go skittering up and down. Maybe he didn't exactly know how he was going to bring in a bulk like that rolling in the mud, but he tried it just the same. He jumped right in and got a grip on Abner's collar, as Abner's head came up, so Abner had to claw him off.

All Abner could do was make a gulping noise, because the wind was half knocked out of him. "Ah," says East, "got a mind to try again?"

But they never got so far as that. A motor car had drawn up in East's barnyard, all finished with nickel, you understand, and wheels to it like wheels on a racing buggy. It was Percy Stockhold's machine, you know, one of those rich young sports who summered at Clifton Point then, miles up along, where they have a place called a reading room; and you know the sort of reading which is done there, or maybe you can guess. It seemed even then like Percy and the others with him had been reading quite a bit, because they all were hollering something which was either a song or a piece of poetry—something about "Watch the wall, my darling, when the gentlemen go by."

First Percy Stockhold got out and flicked the dust off his white flannel pants—a slim, pale-faced feller, tired by hard living. After him there came maybe five or six others, just alike, because you know how they all are trade-marked, all of them talking and laughing.

"What ho!" yells Percy Stockhold. "Two of the gentlemen at fisticuffs?"

East was handsome, even in his boots, standing there by the shore, with his black hair mussed and the muscles rippling in his arms.

"'Evening, Percy," he said just like they were pals. "He's no gentleman that I know of. He's a Coast Guarder, and I was giving him a drink." Then those young sports commenced laughing something fit to die, and slapped East on the back exactly as though they were pals, though they wouldn't have let East up their front steps at home.

"I do believe," said Percy Stockhold, "that our rights are safe. What was it John Fiske said?—'Those despised pioneers of a higher civilization.' Believe me, civilization will keep up high with pioneers like our Mr. Willing."

East never knew they were joshing him along, you understand. He thought they were friends of his, and what was good enough for them was good enough for a Willing too. He commenced laughing when he recollected Abner Drew.

"He's got his wind back," said East. "What'll you bet I can't toss him in again?"

"Listen to that now!" said Percy. "And he never played a game of chance before he took me gunning."

Then Abner spoke up. He'd wiped the mud off his face, and he stood up straight and looked at them very cool.

"No," he said, "we've done enough wrestling for a day. . . . Say, East, don't you see they're making play of you and you're worth the lot of 'em put together?"

Yes, sir, Abner said just that, which you might allow was handsome after what had gone before, but the Willings always stuck to their guns—yes, sir, no matter what flag they were shooting under.

"These fellers are friends of mine," said East. "How about it, boys?"

Now you ought to have heard those rich sports yell. You bet they said they were. They called East Captain Kidd and Old Ironsides and allowed they'd stand by East until the cows came home.

"So get along," said East, "and if you're going by the post office, you tell Sally tonight's the night we go riding. Sally'll understand. And now, fellers, have you a mind to stop in the kitchen? There's something may interest you inside, and I'll play you a cold hand whether you can have it for doubles or quits. That's how I'm made, boys."

"Yoicks and away!" said Percy Stockhold, and commenced to laugh. "Really now, I don't know what I've been doing all the years I didn't know Mr. Willing. Really now, it's like a breath of pure fresh air laden with the scent of clover. How does it go? I cannot keep my mind brushed up the way I used to.

"Fine and twenty ponies, trotting in the dark;
Brandy for the parson, 'baccy for the clerk;
Laces for a lady, letters for a spy—
Them that asks no questions isn't told a lie.
Watch the wall, my darling, when the gentlemen go by."

Then he stopped and gave a jump, pretending he was afraid.

"Hello, what have we here—a wolfhound or a water rug?" said Percy.

"I'm just an ignorant feller," said East. "What's that you want to say?"

"Don't say that, old pal," said Percy, "when positively you keep the whole coast guessing. I'm referring to that creature which weaves around your boots."

"Oh, him?" said East. He looked down at Bendy, who was wriggling all over and looking up at East with his bright brown eyes. "Say, he's a mongrel water dog for hunting in the fall. . . . Hey, you, hop upstairs and get my jackknife!"

Bendy made for the house, wagging his little tail, pleased as punch to show off, the way a good dog ought to be, and Percy took a look at him, a lot more interested than he had been.

"You're bluffing," said Percy. "I've got five dollars that says he won't bring back your knife."

"You're on," said East. "What's a dog for but to mind and fetch? I'd wring his neck good and proper if he didn't."

"So?" said Percy, and he smiled in a slow sort of way and took out a gold cigarette case. "So? There speaks a scion of a hardy race—eh, what? 'Aye, in the catalogue ye go for men; as hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs, shoughs, water rugs and demi-wolves, are cleped all by the name of dogs.' Now what the deuce did I say that for? I'm hanged if I remember."

You couldn't expect East to understand such talk, because East was nothing but a poor boy. Percy had been drinking, you understand, but did he mean that dogs were men and men were dogs?

Of course, old Captain Pringle, who was local constable those days, heard what East had done to Abner. He always allowed that Abner never told, but there's lots of talk that goes around. Four or maybe five nights later the captain happened up to East Willing's house and found East in the kitchen by the stove.

"'Evening, cap," said East. "Sit down and have a drink."

Cap Pringle was a fat old party with a gray mustache and puffs below his eyes. He wore drilling pants that tied around his stomach by a rope, and you always had a thought the rope might part whenever the cap drew up beside a table. Now the cap was always oily when he had something on his mind.

"Now it's the truth," the captain said, "the licker from the boats is gettin' mighty raw—yes, sir. Sometimes I wish I was in the customs service. Yes, indeed, I do. They got real stuff in the customs, boy—yes, sir, and I guess those Coast Guard fellers ain't above takin' somethin' when they git it."

East looked at him and put his hands deep in his pockets. Now East may have pushed in a cargo now and then, but he did it straight, as lots of others did along the shore.

"Mebbe," said East, "it's good enough for grafters."

"Jehoshaphat!" yelled the captain, and slammed his glass down hard. "So that's how you act when I come here to talk reason! Boy, d'you want to see the inside of a jail?"

East grinned and teetered in his chair. "Talk sense," he said, "or go home—either one."

"Sense!" yelled the captain. "You're blank right I'll talk sense! You think you're too good for the rest of us, do you?—because you cater to the rich sports up along. Hell's bells, for a plugged nickel ——"

"Don't blaspheme!" said East. "You wouldn't touch me for a nickel—or a hundred, either—you fat old blowhard."

And now I guess that named him. Cap Pringle was no man to run afoul of East—not when he was getting money easy.

"You're gettin' too perky—that's what!" the captain yelled. "What am I to say when you strut downtown, spendin' money free, and everyone knows how you got it? Ain't I got to do something? Ain't I? By blazes, I got some authority' You stop turning on Abner or I'll turn you up. Oh, yes, I will, so help me, and glad to do it too! You don't see me gittin' in trouble with the Coast Guard for no smarties like you! What's that you're waving?"

"A bill," said East. "Now take it and go home. I pay you regular, now don't forget."

"No," said the captain easy—"no, I don't forget. But pride cometh before a fall, as my old ma used to say. Oh, yes, you think you're rolling right, you crooked duck hunter, but pride cometh before a fall, and you'll fall yet. The first time you don't pay, I'll sell you out to the Government. Yes, sir, you won't git no mercy out of me. You're too darn pert to live. Assault Coast Guarders and git me into trouble, will you? I'll make you an example. I'll —— "

East got out of his chair, and somehow the way he did it made the captain jump. "Get out!" said East without raising his voice. "Get out and hurry home! You're the sort that makes me sick. I haven't gone back on any oath like you. Spit on me to Coast Guard and let 'em try to get me but you won't as long as you get money."

That was a Willing for you. Always looking for trouble, never able to go with his mouth tight shut, always saying what he wanted, and to the devil with what happened, you understand. No wonder the

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captain did not like him, and there were lots of others too. Old parties, you understand, who had seen folks come and go, who just sat back and waited for East to take his fall; they knew he would take it. Wouldn't anybody know?

Now why it was a dog like Bendigo stood by him is enough to make you guess. It may have been the same as why a dog tags on behind a circus. You've seen 'em running when they hear the music and the noise. It would seem they like excitement, and the things Bendigo must have seen—he must have seen excitement out on the Willing farm. For all that things looked quiet on the outside, with the pens of decoy black ducks and the geese craning their necks along the shore and the sneak floats drawn up, drying in the sun, there was lots of high stepping those days on the Willing place. Nearly any night you'd see those high-priced motor cars in the barnyard and nearly any night around the kitchen table would be a lot of those rich sports with poker chips and cards, and in the autumn they'd be there still in shooting coats with guns, waiting to go out to the blinds near Boggs Inlet. Oh, yes, it was a good life for a dog.

Bendigo had got big by then, and round as a good-sized cider barrel, all covered with a mat of hair. He could strike right to the middle of the harbor and get his bird by then if East should say the word. He was always waiting for East to say the word, always watching, indoors and out, always ready to give his tail a wag when East looked toward him.

But East did not care; he had other things to think about. The time was coming, like everybody knew it would, when he got into the wind too close.

Now when was it that Sally Snow threw East over for good and all? It must have been two years later, or maybe three. Everybody knew that sooner or later Sally Snow would do it. Sally was a good girl, with good sound sense to tell her where the wind was blowing; she couldn't stand East always, for East was getting awful wild. Maybe, when you come to think of it, East was the only one who knew that Sally wouldn't stand him, because East—he took it hard when Sally swung the gate. It seemed like he slipped a little and never afterward was just the same.

It was gunning time, late in November it was, when East went high and dry—the same as everybody said he would. It all came of steering toward Boggs Inlet once too often—like the pitcher to the well. The night was what you might call thick, with one of those low northeast winds that commenced to freshen after the sun went down, driving low dark clouds ahead of it, all filled with rain and mist—a bad night for running out to sea in a dory, you might well say; and East wouldn't have gone, like as not, though he got the signal, except for his expecting a gunning party for the next day

"Hell!" said East as he hauled on his oilskins. "They're friends of mine who're coming, who want something besides birds, and I guess I need the money. I'm running sort of low."

And that was right—East had to have the money. What with cards and one thing and another, and what with paying the price and all, East hadn't more that night than the cash to buy a boatload, but Willing always liked uncertainty, and he'd been like that before.

"Not that my friends wouldn't help me out," said East—"they all know me. . . . Hey, what do you want? That dog is always underfoot."

When Bendigo saw him hauling on those oilskins, he commenced to hop around, you understand, and bark and whine, because he knew what was going on just as well as you or me. East picked up his ten-gauge duck gun, as he always did, in case there was trouble at the ship, or in case any of those lobster haulers from Jacob's Cove tried to run aboard him after he started back.

"Shut up!" said East, and gave Bendigo a jab with the gun butt. "Confound you, d'you think I got nothing to do but gun?"

Bendigo didn't let out a yelp or slink under the stove like any other dog, but just stood still and wagged his tail, and East paid no more notice to him than if he was a hairy rug.

Now East had no way of knowing the Coast Guard cutter was around that night, because the word had not been passed. The weather was that thick that East only knew the cutter was around along toward one in the morning, when he was making back for shore with a stiff wind on his quarter.

First thing East saw was her searchlight, like a white knife in the black. Though they hadn't picked him up with it, East gave the engine all the gas she'd take and veered over from the regular harbor mouth, where he was running, to the inlet we call Boggs Inlet, where the duck blinds are. Now Boggs Inlet is a ticklish place to navigate, for the sand is always shifting. It is nothing but a salt-water creek from the marshes, you understand, which somehow or other managed to cut its way through the dunes to the ocean instead of banding into the harbor like a salt creek should. Right out of the marsh it winds, twisting like a snake, with all kinds of little brooks flowing into it, then clean through the sand dunes to the ocean. There's a powerful run of tide there in the inlet. At the ebb there's a boiling and a rushing and the currents twist like angry snakes. Yes, sir, the current's swift and ugly when the tide is ebbing, and it pushes out to sea for pretty near a mile, so strong that even a power boat has heavy work against it.

The tide was ebbing, but East, he drove straight for the inlet, since he knew once he got inside and up the creeks he could play a winged duck to any Coast Guard boat and sneak off clean. He was coming on toward land, and above the wind he could hear that swirling of the water, when the searchlight picked him up. It gave East a powerful start to find everything as bright as day all in a quick snap, just like that; and any fool could see that East was not out just for the evening air. Soon as the light hit him, they hailed him to heave to. In half a minute they commenced to shoot with one of those one-pounders. First they put one across his bow, and then splash—one fell short and East gave up the ship. He whipped off his oilskins and kicked off his rubber boots; he was just looking for the plug so he could haul it out and sink the dory, when another shot came right aboard and it got too hot to stay. East took a turn on the tiller rope and left the engine running full ahead, and went over the side to leeward. He thought they'd sink her anyway; there was no use his waiting around, East thought.

And then he was in the water; he had forgotten that the water would be so awful cold. He could see the shore maybe two hundred yards ahead and he struck out for it overhand. Seeing as East had always been a pretty swimmer, he had no doubt he could make it, when all of a sudden he saw he wasn't moving, and now that's an awful thing. Have you ever tried to strike for shore and find, as hard as you can strike, that the shore will get no nearer? All of a sudden East remembered he was in the current of the inlet and going out to sea, but East was a cool hand. He quartered over toward the left and commenced swimming on his side, and soon he saw things were going better. But the water was so cold it was taking all the feeling out of him, and all the fight. He was just getting where it hardly seemed worth keeping trying when something hairy got under his hand. At first he didn't know what it was, till all of a sudden it came to him—it was Bendigo.

Bendigo had followed him out, you understand, and was waiting on the shore like he often did at nights, and he'd heard the shots. Maybe he thought East was shooting—you can't tell. Anyway, Bendigo was out in the water and East laid a hand on his neck, easy so as not to bear him down, and it was just enough to help. When he got up

on the beach his knees were fit to give way under him, he was as tired as that. He stood for a minute shaking in the knees and Bendigo commenced running around him barking.

"Shut up!" said East. "Shut up, you cow-brained fool!" And that was all he said and that was all the thanks he ever gave.

But he knew he couldn't stay there long in case the cutter saw him and sent a boat. He started stumbling and running along the inlet, where the water was roaring, with the dog trotting close behind him, over toward where he had his duck blinds, where there was a sneak float that he knew would take him home.

He got there. He got into his kitchen after all, with his face as white as chalk. He got over by the stove and pulled off his shirt and grinned.

"They cleaned me out," he said, "but they ain't got me yet!"

You see, he thought that they had sunk his boat where they would never get it, and that's where East was wrong. They hadn't sunk his boat at all.

No, sir, they hadn't sunk his boat at all, because along toward six in the morning, just when East was lighting up the fire and setting the coffee on to boil, in came old Cap Pringle without bothering to knock. East had only to see the cap to know that things weren't right. His eyes were puffier than ever and he had a smile on his face that wasn't right. He never liked East, you understand, since East had that talk with him quite a time ago.

"Feeling better?" the captain said.

"Yes," said East, "always feeling better, every day and every way."

"Lucky you are," the captain said. "They got your boat last night."

Now it gave East a turn to hear that, but he had a poker face. "They don't know I had it out," he said. "I can say it was someone else."

"Don't stall!" the captain spoke right up, and gave an ugly laugh. "Your duck gun's aboard her, and two dozen of whisky too. I know your gun if they don't."

East walked over to the stove, put his hand on the side of the coffeepot and then he turned around.

"Is this an arrest?" he said, and he and the captain looked at each other a minute before the captain spoke.

"No," he said - "no, not yet."

And East commenced to grin in a sort of go-to-the-devil way. "I didn't guess it would be," said East. "How much do you want?"

The captain licked his lips. "East," he said, "it's going to come powerful high. I'm obliged to lie to the Coast Guard. I'm obliged to tell 'em some other party borrowed your boat last night and you complained it was missing. I'll have to do a powerful lot of talkin'. Those Federal fellers are gittin' awful down on me."

"Belay the talk," said East. "How much?"

The cap licked his lips again. "I guess," he said, "four hundred will be enough to shut it up—four hundred and we keep the liquor."

East whistled and looked at the cap. He knew he was in a hole, you understand. "When?" said East.

"Now," the captain said. "We don't do business on a credit basis."

"You're a bloodsucker," said East, "which is why you get so fat. You get it tomorrow. Come sunup. I got some friends coming down to gun tonight. They'll fix me up all right. Have a cup of coffee, cap. It's getting cold outside." The captain drank his coffee.

"Ain't it wonderful?" he said. "Ain't it wonderful to have friends? The money at sunup, or I go to the Coast Guard station, boy."

Now Percy Stockhold, for all his being wild, knew where his bread was buttered. Sometimes it seems like Percy's kind always know that much, and if East had not been so young he would have known it too, and he would not have been surprised. No, he would have taken it for granted that Percy would do exactly what he did. Along toward seven in the evening, when it was pitch-dark outside, sure enough Percy and that gunning crowd showed up. Handsome, noisy fellers, every one of them, all out for a good time, you understand, and carrying imported English guns. To look at their shooting coats and cartridge belts, you'd think that those fellers were going exploring instead of taking a day's gunning on a marsh. East had fixed supper for 'em on the big kitchen table; he had steak and coffee and potatoes—a good supper that made the dogs sit up and lick their chops.

"Well, well, my boy," said Percy, "haven't you forgotten something?"

"Forgotten what?" said East.

"From past experience," said Percy, "it should have dawned on you we aren't Anti-Saloon League altogether."

"Sure," said East—"sure I know that."

Percy commenced to laugh. "Well," he said, "the boys in the open spaces will have their fun, but, East, old pal, the joke's gone far enough. We've been five hours motoring from the city. Come on, East, with the drinks."

"There's maybe some cider," said East.

"Cider!" said Percy, and commenced to laugh again, and all those other fellers commenced to laugh. "There's the rustic humor!"

"Well," said East, "there isn't nothing else."

"Isn't nothing else!" said Percy, imitating him. "Has Canada gone dry?"

East rubbed the palms of his hands along his belt. He knew he'd have to tell the story sometime and now was as good as any.

"They got my boat last night," he said. "The Coast Guard got it."

Percy took his cigarette he was holding in the corner of his mouth and tossed it at the stove.

"My poor friend!" he said. "The Coast Guard cutter got your boat? Now how did they do that?"

And East told 'em how. Percy looked at East for a while without speaking; he seemed to be thinking hard. He stroked his shooting coat with his long thin fingers and commenced to whistle very low.

"So they got your boat," he said. "Of course you can buy it back if the hayseed police are in it too."

East gave a sort of cough and his face got a little red, because he was proud, you understand, like all the Willings.

"The cap wants four hundred dollars," he said, and his voice did not sound right, "and things have gone so I haven't got it handy. He's giving me till tomorrow. I kind of said ——" East stopped a minute and looked at Percy. "I kind of said I guessed you and the others would help me out."

Percy gave a kind of jump and commenced to stroke his coat again. For a minute nobody spoke; for a minute everybody looked at one another.

"My dear fellow," said Percy, "did you actually insinuate that possibly I and the rest of us might get up a purse to bribe the local constable to lie to the Coast Guard, and a feeble lie at that? Think fast now! Is that what you told him?"

East's face got a little redder, but he answered up quick enough. "Sure!" he said. "Why not? You'll help me from going to jail, won't you? I'd do the same for you."

They were quiet again for a moment; they all looked at one another and Percy gave a cough and a comical little laugh. Then he took out another cigarette and lighted it; his hand was shaking just a little.

"It looks," said Percy, "as if you'd made a bad mistake."

"A bad mistake?" said East. "How's that?"

"Now look here," said Percy, "this is a rotten business. I don't know just how to say it, but you haven't got much to lose. Look here! People in our position can't be

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mixed up with bribing. Things like that come out, you know, and where would we be if it came out? Don't you see? We can't afford to do it. Why, man, it's selfish of you to have expected it. Look at it sensibly. We can't give you four hundred dollars."

East stood still in the middle of the kitchen, and maybe he was thinking of all the times they had been together.

"So you're letting me down," said East, and then he looked out from the window, but the window was black as ink. "I guess, somehow, I never thought of that."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Percy; then he tried to act as if nothing had happened, you understand. "Don't talk such rot! We're not letting you down, man. There're just some things we can't do, of course. Look here, maybe we'd better not stay tonight. We'll just take a bite and go right on."

"Oh!" said East. "And not stay for the gunning in the morning?"

"Well"—Percy scowled as though he was trying to think hard—"well, you see, old man, there might be trouble."

"There won't be any trouble till you're gone," said East. "I promised to take you gunning and I do what I say."

"I am awfully sorry, old man," said Percy—"we all are, you know." And maybe they were as sorry as fellers like that could be.

"Oh, that's all right," said East. "I should of known, I guess. Don't you bother to be sorry."

"There," said Percy, "that's the spirit that wins. Who knows?—we may think of something after all."

The Willings had good stuff in them, as you must know by now. East never said another word that was out of the way that night. He gave them steak and potatoes and fried clams and coffee. He even laughed and talked and told about the birds that were coming in. There had been a lot of pintail and teal settling in the coves back of Boggs Inlet. As everybody began to talk, you could see that maybe those parties felt ashamed a little bit, because they all tried to be as nice to East as men like that could be.

East, he wasn't feeling right. His throat was hot and dry. He knew that all the things that he'd believed were wrong as wrong. In spite of the way they laughed and talked, he knew that they were not friends of his at all; he wasn't any more to any of them than their butlers or chauffeurs; he wasn't any more to them than a hunting dog caught in a chicken pen. What was it that Percy had said that summer long ago?—"Aye, in the catalogue ye go for men." They'd go away tomorrow morning just as though nothing had happened, and let him go to jail.

East was sitting by the stove with his corncob pipe in his mouth as he thought of it, and Bendigo must have known that things were not just right, although the guns were out and gear was all over the kitchen floor and everyone was talking. Dogs have a way of knowing—that is, good dogs. He waddled up like a fat old hairy barrel, wagging his tail, and rubbed his head against East's hand. East gave him a box on the ear, good and hard.

"Get out!" said East. "Lay down!"

Maybe it reminded East that he, too, was a hunting dog, you understand—yes, just a hunting dog.

You had to admit—yes, sir, though East may not have cared for gunning—he knew how to get his parties in among the birds. When East was in the blind with the callers or handling the sculling oar of a float, he was just as good in his way, I guess, as a college professor may be in his. You had to admit it, and Percy Stockhold himself—maybe he had to admit it, too, that morning. Maybe Percy felt mean and sorry for what he had said that last night and took his own way of showing it. Maybe the way he took was not so much his fault, either, because how could you expect Percy to act considerate toward other people, let alone a dog?

Now East, he had a blind up by Boggs Inlet, like I said, near a point where the creek curved in and made a shallow cove, and East had dug away at the edge of the creek a whole lot more, making a good-sized pond of maybe an acre. It was a good feeding ground, setting in the marsh right behind the dunes, with the inlet and the ocean not a hundred paces off. Looking over to the right, once you were under cover, facing the decoys, were the sand dunes; to the left, two miles off perhaps, were the houses of the harbor; and in back, maybe another mile, was the Coast Guard station tower.

It was prime gunning that morning over to East's blind. The wind was fresh to the northeast, carrying squalls of rain along in it and driving the birds inshore. An hour after daylight the dogs were tired with bringing in the birds and Bendigo was panting as if the day was hot. Along toward seven in the morning a flock of maybe a hundred black duck swung in across the inlet, passed right over the blind and lit a hundred yards farther up the creek. When East saw they would not swim in to the decoys, he put out in his sneak float with Percy Stockhold in the bow. It was ticklish work, because the tide was running out, so East had to scull against the current; that was where East was good, you understand. They got among them and Percy got two shots as the flock went up, and East he didn't bother to shoot at all. Bendigo got two birds and they paddled and picked up two more. Percy turned toward East, because, you see, he had to admit East was a prime man in a float. They were out there all alone in the creek, with the rain driving in their faces.

"East," said Percy, and gave a little cough, "are you still sore at me?"

"No," said East; he wasn't paddling, for there was enough current to take the float back to the blind. "No, I ought to have known you and all them others were not any friends of mine."

"I don't know as I blame you," said Percy, "but I won't let you down quite so cold as you think. I'll send you the best lawyer in Boston, East, and you know how sharp those Boston lawyers are."

"Don't bother," said East. "I don't want no lawyer." And he took a look at Percy and grinned. "Maybe," said East, "he'd double-cross me too."

"East," said Percy, because maybe after all he liked him—"East, don't be so sore. . . . What do you see behind you?"

"Nothing," said East. "Sit down; you spoil the trim." It wasn't true that East saw nothing. East had a prime pair of eyes, and up on the dunes by the Coast Guard station he saw the captain and two Coast Guarders and Abner Drew. They were coming toward the duck blind; it was along toward eight in the morning then.

"No," East said, "there's nothing – only you fellers better put for home."

Percy drew in his breath and drummed his fingers on his shooting coat, which was all wet by the rain. "Let's go over by the inlet, East," he said. "I want to watch the tide. Don't worry, East; we'll think of something yet."

"I'm not worrying," said East. "I can sail my boat alone, I guess. I always have." Yet East was worrying just the same; he felt sick and tired. It was not often the Willings were arrested, you understand, and East guessed that was what the captain was coming for. East landed the float down the creek a piece, because the current got too strong to handle her out toward the dunes. Percy stepped out, then Bendigo, then East, and they walked along the shore. They walked along almost to the ocean, over toward where the tide was boiling and roaring and going out to sea, and East didn't say a word. All the while he kept scowling and biting his lower lip, all the while Percy kept drumming on his shooting coat with his fingers and Bendigo kept trotting at their heels.

"Gad!" said Percy. "Look at that water run! I'd hate to be out in that."

"I was out in it last night," said East.

"East," said Percy, "I'm awfully sorry, 'pon my word I am." And East he didn't answer him; he just stood on the shore looking at the water.

Then a thing happened—one of those things which sometimes do—a lone black duck came scaling out of the rack over the sea. He was flying high—almost out of gunshot. Percy saw him and East saw him, both at the same time.

"East," said Percy, "can you bring down that bird?"

"Sure," said East, "if I were shooting, but I'm not shooting any more today."

"I've got ten dollars that says you can't."

Now East was always the feller to take a chance, you understand; maybe for just a minute he forgot that the captain was coming along the dunes.

He tossed his gun to his shoulder, quick and steady, the way a good shot does. It hardly seemed he had time to get the bead before he fired.

"There she goes," said East. He had hit the bird all right. Up in the air, the duck stopped like a hand had grabbed him; she fluttered and began to drop, landing sitting up, right where the waters of the inlet were boiling out to sea.

"Shucks!" said East. "I only winged her after all."

"Yes," said Percy, "you'll never get that bird."

And of course he would not. The duck was swimming with the current out to sea. Then Percy looked ahead of him and East looked too.

Bendigo had heard the shot; he had marked the duck down like a good dog should; he had run right down to the edge of the sand where the tide was running, wagging his tail and cocking his head to one side, looking back at East.

"By gad," said Percy, and the tired look left his face, "there's a sporting dog, even if he is a cur! By gad, he wants to get that bird!"

"Sure," said East in a dull sort of voice. "Ain't that what a bird dog's for?"

"I'll bet he wouldn't do it if you told him," said Percy. "He knows he'd drown out there in that water." And maybe Bendigo did know, because the tide was lashing something awful and pulling out to sea, and the waves were high out there, what with the northeast gale; yet Bendigo cocked his head to one side and looked at East and wagged his tail.

"My dog will do it if I tell him. Ain't that what dogs are for?"

Percy looked at Bendigo and smiled, and then he must have had an idea, and maybe it was a generous idea, as far as Percy knew.

"I'll bet you four hundred he won't," said Percy. "He knows too much. He doesn't want to die." Of course East understood it then: Percy was trying to be decent, trying to fix everything up all right, perhaps the best way he knew how, and of course East needed that four hundred. The captain and three men were coming along the dunes.

"The devil he won't!" said East. "My dogs do what I tell 'em and this one likes it. Hey, Bendigo!"

Bendigo commenced to bark and wag his tail. East took a step down toward him, down to the edge of the water.

"Hey, Bendigo!" he said. "Go out and get that bird!"

And Bendigo went in just like he was a little puppy swimming for a cork near East's back yard at home. He went right out in the current and a rip of the tide took him and turned him halfway over, but Bendigo went right on, out to where that wounded duck was swimming out to sea. A wave went over Bendigo's head, but Bendigo went right on.

"By gad!" said Percy. "By gad, he did it!"

Maybe East didn't hear him; he was standing in the sand, looking out where Bendigo was swimming, and Bendigo was going right clean out to sea. East didn't even notice that the captain and Abner Drew and two other Coast Guarders were standing right beside him. Bendigo was going right clean out to sea. Now that bird must have been hit harder than East had thought, for Bendigo got up to her, when his head and the bird seemed pretty near as small as corks bobbing on the water. Bendigo got the bird in his mouth, just as a wave went over them both. Bendigo's head went under, but up he came again with the bird tight in his mouth, and struck in for the shore.

"By gad," said Percy, "but that's a good, game dog!"

Yet East didn't seem to hear him. He was looking out there in the waves where Bendigo was swimming. Now of course Bendigo couldn't make it against that push of tide, what with the sea and all. He must have seen he could not make it swimming straight, for he commenced to quarter over. Right in the trough of the waves he was swimming, and another wave went over his head, and then another.

East did a funny thing right then which you'd hardly have thought he'd do. He dropped his gun right in the sand, halfway in the water, and took a step out so the waves commenced to wash around his boots.

"Bendigo!" he yelled. "Hey, Bendigo, come home!"

Now Bendigo must have heard him, you understand, for his head came out of the water again and the bird was in his mouth and he still was swimming, when another wave went over him.

"Bendigo!" yelled East. "Bendigo, drop that bird! Hey, Bendigo, come on home!"

But of course Bendigo he couldn't come. Maybe he tried to; he wasn't making headway, you understand; he was breathing too much water. He must have heard East, even away out there, because he gave his head a shake and kept on striking in until another wave got him, and then Bendigo stopped swimming. East waded out another step until the water was around his waist.

"Bendigo!" he yelled. "Hey, Bendigo!"

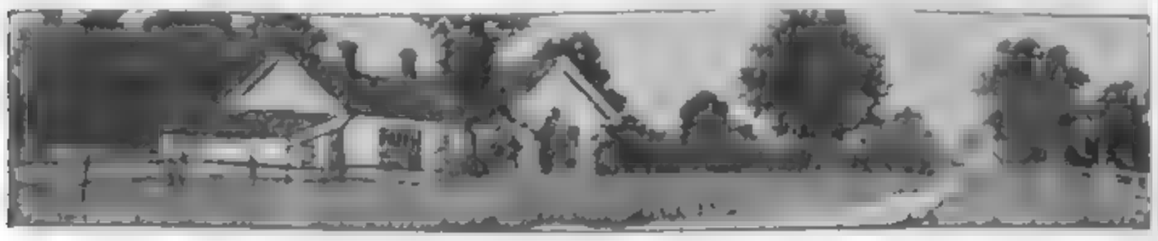
But Bendigo was not swimming, and then East turned around and walked ashore. His face was as white as the scud out on the waves. You see, he had cared for Bendigo when it was a whole lot too late. Now why did it take him that way then and never once before? His face was white; he was biting his lower lip. He didn't seem to see the captain or Abner Drew or the other two men with them. It seemed like he didn't notice Percy either until Percy walked right up to him and put some bills into his hand.

"Here, East," said Percy, and there was a shake in his voice. "You won it. He was a good dog."

It seemed like those bills burned East Willing when they touched his hand, because he gave a shiver and straightened up very tall and thin and white, and then he did a funny thing, which only a Willing might have done in all Boggs Harbor. He threw those bills right clean into Percy's face—right clean, you understand.

"Take 'em back and keep 'em!" said East. "I guess he was a damn sight better dog than you."

Then he turned around to the captain and Abner Drew, and even then he tried to grin—tried, but couldn't. "You looking for me, cap?" he said. "All right, I'm ready to go along."



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Will common colds sap this energy next winter?

Modern Science Warns You Against an Overheated Home

IN too many homes, the start of the heating season means one cold after another. How discouraging it is to see children's cheeks lose their summer bloom, and the entire family "slow up" after a season of outdoor enjoyment!

But today you can largely prevent winter colds. The chief cause has been discovered. It is not too much cold outdoors, but *too much heat in the house.*

Experiments by noted public health authorities have confirmed in a remarkable way the conclusion that we catch cold chiefly because we live in a dry, overheated atmosphere during the winter months. These authorities say that overheating weakens the tissues of the nose and throat, so they cannot stand the shock of sudden temperature change in going outdoors.

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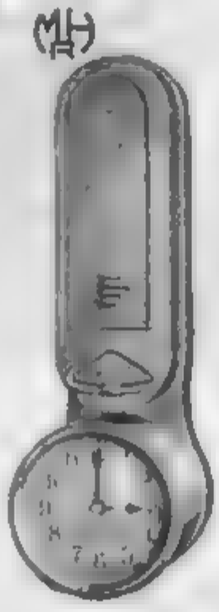
There is only one sure way to prevent overheating: Equip your home heating plant with an automatic heat regulator. The Minneapolis-Honeywell Heat Regulator keeps a steady, even temperature without anyone ever touching dampers or drafts—thus providing real heating comfort. And clock control rouses the fire in the early morning while you are still asleep, so you have warm rooms to dress in.

The Minneapolis-Honeywell also saves money, on any fuel. Install it now, pay through the winter on our Budget Plan. Our interesting booklet, "The High Cost of Overheating," explains the ever-present danger of illness in an overheated home, presenting opinions of medical authorities. Sent free on request.



Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Company [Also manufacturers of Jewell Temperature Regulators] Executive Offices: 2803 Fourth Avenue South, Minneapolis. Factories: Minneapolis, Minn., and Wabash, Ind. Branch offices in principal cities. *Agencies in almost every city.*

MINNEAPOLIS
HEAT REGULATOR
HONEYWELL

PARDON MY GLOVES

(Continued from Page 15)

She said, "The man that would dare lay his five thumbs on me, I'd knock fire out of him!"

I waited the walyo out and Miss Cronin and I walked back to the hotel.

She said to me: "His father is Mr. Miranda and they got all kinds of money. Don't you think he got glorious brown eyes?"

"I would like them better if they were black or blue, or even both," I said.

"Oh, no, Mr. M'Cool," she said. "Blue eyes are so ordinary. They are not got the romance and passion. And hasn't he got the gorgeous shoulders and figure? He is like a Greek satire of the woods. I hear he is a wonderful athlete. They say he is the best boxer in Bermuda."

"Is that what he does?" I said. "He is a professional pug?"

"Oh, no, Mr. M'Cool," she said, disgusted. "Nothing so ordinary. Mr. Miranda is a gentleman through and through, and he only boxes for silver cups. You can see by his actions that he is not that low type that goes around fighting. I detest anything so ordinary."

"Well, what does he do," I said, "besides sit on that root and yodel? Has he got a job?"

"I don't wish you to apply that word 'job' in relation to Mr. Miranda," she said, getting warm. "He is a gentleman and he don't do anything."

"The way you go on about him, you make me jealous," I said, jollying her.

"Mr. M'Cool," she said, "there is no call for you to be jealous of him or anybody else, please understand."

Well, I did not think I was getting as solid with her as that, and I was certainly very much pleased. It just goes to show you. I do not let on to be a wonder at handling dames, but I can come pretty near figuring out what they like, and they do like a gentleman all the time. There is nothing in rough stuff, you take it from me. That's been tried.

I put one over on the walyo the next day. I came out of breakfast and there I saw him sitting on the porch, and there he had tied to the hitching post a swell trap and high-stepping cob of the kind that was all the rage in Central Park on a Sunday afternoon in 1898. I saw his game, so I laid for Miss Cronin and got her out the back door and to the rowboat that was tied behind the sun parlor for guests that were too cheap to pay a dollar and a half to look in the water. The walyo saw me pulling lustily out into the stream and he ran out on the fish pound and hollered to us; but I got Miss Cronin's back to him and I burst into a sea song entitled My Father Was a Grand Old Man that I heard on the boat coming down from New York. The walyo hollered, too, and finally Miss Cronin saw him and asked me to please shut up, but I was not half through my song.

"What is he saying?" she said when we were away off and the walyo was still saying it.

"Oh," I said, "he says he cannot see you today because his uncle in Hamilton got trouble with the whistle of his peanut stand and Gil is the only one in the family that understands music."

"You got fine ears, Mr. M'Cool," said Miss Cronin.

"If they were any better," I said, "I would see a doctor."

"And if they were any bigger," she said, "he would pay you a dime to look at them."

So that was all right, and we had a very nice day looking at sea gardens, while the walyo took himself for a nice drive around Harrington Sound. You want to grab that rowboat. You can look right down through the water and see the bottom. There are caves where the water goes under the rocks, and you can back the boat in, so as to start fast if one of these big devilfish reach for you. Explain about that to your passenger and the first thing you know some of these big green-and-red crabs that live high up on the walls will begin scuffling and she will let out one whoop and be tame for hours.

"Oh, Llewellyn," said Miss Cronin, "that gave me such a turn. Thank you, Mr. M'Cool."

But the next morning it was not so good. I looked up from my native fish and omelet and steak and hot cakes and I saw the walyo parked on the hatrack outside the dining room. So I thought I would escort Miss Cronin out through the kitchen and the alley, and I said to her, arising and bowing:

"Miss Cronin, how would you like to see how they cook these delicious dishes?" You try saying that. "Every girl that's thinking of getting married wants to know how to cook."

"Mr. M'Cool," she said, "in some ways you speak very ordinary. A girl is never thinking of getting married. And besides, it is only the lower classes that expect their wife to cook. And besides, Mr. Miranda is going to take me for a ride on a horse."

"You'll fall off that horse, mark my words," I said. "You better sit back in the buggy with me and let Mr. Miranda sit on the horse if he wants to. All right, I'll go. I guess I can make it. I will now go out and fix it up with Mr. Miranda."

I went out to the walyo and found him dressed up in riding clothes. I said to him, "Pardon me, Mr. Miranda, but Miss Cronin had a serious accident. She sat down on one of these sea urchins in bathing yesterday after, and she is not riding any horses today so you can notice it. So she says put the horses back in their cribs and maybe some other time ——"

He stepped up to me close, and he said, "And who are you? Are you Miss Cronin's sare-vant?"

I said, "You bet your bottom thruppence. I am her faithful colored attendant."

He handed me a quarter and walked in the dining room, and I was saying to myself, "One—two—three—four—five" when he came out with Miss Cronin. She gave me a nasty look, and I figured the walyo was just ordinary enough to tell her about the sea urchin. These sea urchins got quills like a porcupine, and a girl wouldn't want anybody know she didn't know enough not to sit on one, even if she did, which Miss Cronin didn't.

So, having nothing to do, and the boat not starting for Brooklyn for another week, I went into Hamilton to buy something nice for mom for a souvenir. And that's when I saw the notice of these boxing bouts and got two tickets. I got mom a solid silver and ivory mug holding about a quart; when you filled it up and tipped it, it would play Drunk Last Night. It cost me fifty dollars, thruppence, ha'penny, but it was just what mom wanted and I had to have it. She is let drink only one cup of coffee in the mornings on account of getting hot flashes, and she could not get a big enough cup to hold her coffee in Brooklyn.

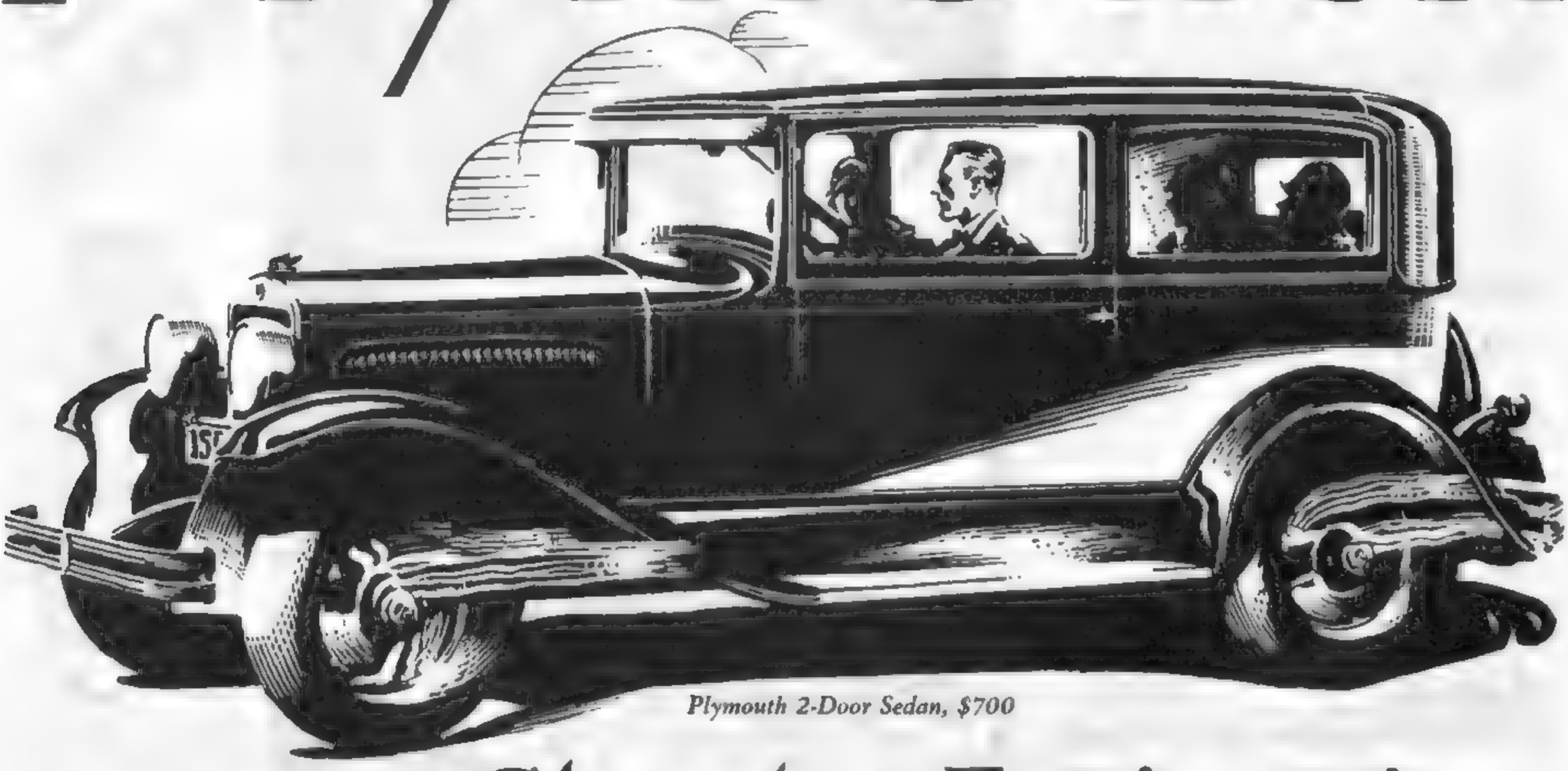
Well, that was all right, and I went back with my mug, walking in the middle of the street, so these East Indians couldn't get me. Well, they are not Indians at all, but that's what they call themselves to take in strangers. They had heard about this mug, and they tried to hypnotize me from their store doors, putting the evil eye on me. I don't cotton to these phony Indians; their bite may not be poison, but they don't look just right. I got no prejudice, and any American or Canuck is my pal, so long as he comes from Brooklyn. In my business a man can't be offish, and he does not know who he is going to throw his arms around and not take no for an answer. So I went back to Flatts Village, but I was feeling lonely, and if it was not the American plan I probably would have passed up lunch and got cheated.

There was a tea dance in the afternoon. In that country they have their three

(Continued on Page 121)

CHRYSLER

Plymouth



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fire burns up-hill

COAL ROLLS DOWN

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Men are careful about taking a big rock from the bottom of a slope. Bottom support removed may cause a landslide of all above. Fuel in a Spencer Magazine rolls down because fire takes fuel away from the bottom of a slope to make more roll down by gravitation.

That's why this convenient Gable-Grate can work 12 to 24 hours without attention

You don't need a camp fire and landslide to tell you that fire burns up-hill and heavy things roll down.

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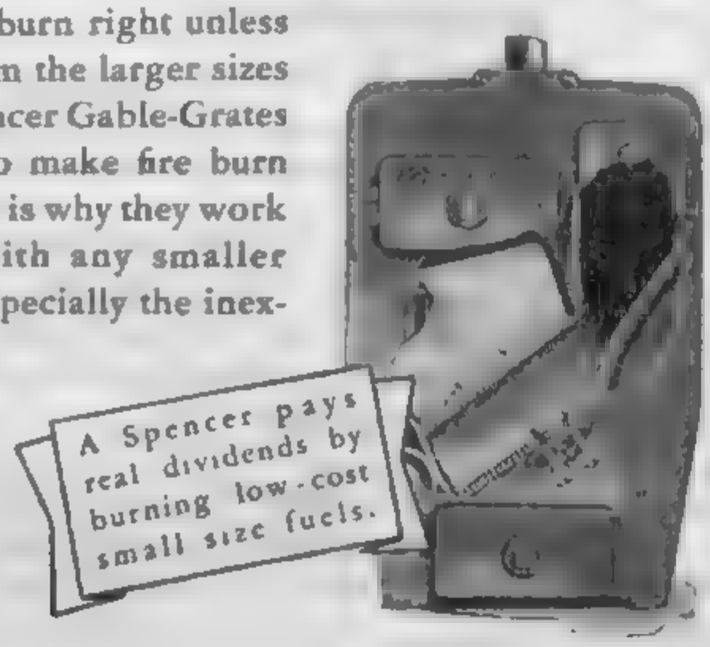

These fuels have just as much heat value as larger sizes, so you require no more tons. That's why you know how much a Spencer saves. It is the exact difference in cost between large-sized fuels and low-cost smaller sizes. Using No. 1 Buckwheat anthracite saves about half your annual heat cost, and other fuels like by-product Pea coke make proportionate savings.

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SPENCER
steam, vapor or hot water
HEATERS

(Continued from Page 118)

American meals, and then, coming onto four o'clock, or ha'f ahftah, as they say—meaning about a quarter to five—they have tea and cake. I was a little cheered up by hunger by now, and I had a few portions of this light refreshment, and then I went into the sun parlor to see the hoofing—that is to say, this dancing.

The first person I laid my living eyes on was Miss Cronin. There she was, sitting all by herself against the wall, and everybody else welting the floor like good fellows. I went right up to her, and I bowed and I said, taking her hands and raising her up:

"Miss Cronin, might I have the honor of having this dance with you, may I inquire?"

And there we were doing While the Band Played On. No, that is not the name of a new tune; it is the name of the old one; Bermuda is only two days out of New York, but you would be surprised how slow news travels. There is not a car on the island yet, I give you my word, except one or two trucks that the government sneaked in and that operate at night, when the colored fellows got their heads under the bedclothes. All right, don't take my word for it.

I saw this Gil Miranda coming in the door with an armful of light refreshments and casting a wild look around, and then I let him slide. Miss Cronin was a sweet dancer. Say, I learned more about that girl out there on the floor than I could get if I hired a lawyer to cross-examine her.

"Mamie," I said, forgetting myself, "you certainly shake a wicked dog. That is to say, you certainly can dance something elegant. I know where you learned, because that is where all the best dancers come from."

"What dancing school would you think, Llewellyn?" she smiled.

"On a muhicipal amusement pier," I said smilingly.

"Mr. M'Cool," she said, getting warm, "I would thank you to know that I never was on one of those nasty free amusement piers in my life. So that's the cheap kind you think I am, dancing with common riffraff. I want you to understand I am a lady, and superior to such environment."

She stopped dancing.

"Oh, come, Miss Cronin," I said. "Take a joke, can't you?"

"Not when it is an insult," she said. "I will thank you to know, Mr. M'Cool, that I was never on any kind of a pier in all my days."

"Then you must have swam out to the ship," I said, trying to laugh it off. "Come on and let's step."

I was standing there, holding her arm in a perfectly gentlemanly way, when this Miranda horned in.

He said "Let her go."

"Listen," I said. "You're butting in. Butt out."

He grabbed my hand to throw it away, and I let it go to save Miss Cronin.

I said, "Listen; please don't treat me like this. I'm a gentleman and hope to be treated like one."

And I stepped up, not expecting a thing, but just expecting to step in between him and Miss Cronin and apologize if I hurt her feelings.

And do you know what he did then? Well, I could hardly believe it, and I almost got mad; I almost lost my patience. He hauled off and slapped me right in the face. And then he jumped back like an acrobat, instead of following.

Then everybody stopped dancing. They looked at me very sternly and I had a kind of a feeling that I was on trial. I stood dead-still and shook.

"Mr. M'Cool!" cried Miss Cronin.

I said to myself, "One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten. Ten—nine—eight—seven—six." And then my head cleared.

I stepped back and bowed a little bit, and said, "Well, I guess it is all right. I guess I am a gentleman and no rowdy, and always hope to conduct myself as such."

There was one nice lady there that said, "Shame, you big burly ruffian, to strike that poor boy." But most people didn't say anything, which is always a good way and don't get anybody in trouble. I kind of bowed again, and I walked out, and everybody just moved out of my way and looked at me, and I guess they were saying, "Well, now, there's a gentleman for you." But I felt rotten.

I went out and sat on the piazza—in a chair on the piazza—and looked down into that blue water. I wasn't having a good time. I just sat there in the chair and looked at that blue water. It's wonderful water down there; you want to see that water when you go. Even in near the shore it's blue; like this washing blue mom used to put in the tubs when she used to do our washing. But I don't think they put anything in it.

Well, I was sitting there and looking at this water when Miss Cronin came out of the sun parlor. She looked pretty red in the face, and I looked over at the house across the water. There was a house across this water.

She said "Llewellyn."

I didn't say anything. I didn't feel like saying anything.

She said, "What are you crying about?"

I said, "Who's crying? Where do you get that stuff? Why would I be crying?"

"Why, you big baby," she said, sitting down on the arm of my chair. "Crying because a man slapped his face. Don't be such a baby, goodness me. You ought to have heard what I told him, the big coward. Never mind, Llewellyn."

"Oh, leave me be," I said, even when she tried to put her arm around my neck. "I guess I got what was coming to me."

She thought about that, and she said: "Well, you certainly take it very nicely. I must say it was the gentlemanly thing to do. But still and all, goodness knows."

So I got up and I said, "Well, I guess I will take a little walk for myself."

She said, "Are you taking me for a little walk, Llewellyn?"

I said, "No, I guess I will just take a little walk by myself."

So I walked off the piazza, down the steps, and down into the village. I had a talk with the chambermaid that morning and she told me where there was some fine brain coral in the fisherman's house, and I thought mom would like to have one of these brain corals, because she is a great hand for queer things. A brain coral is round like a sponge, but it is heavy and hard, and it will not break if somebody gives it a knock cleaning house. I gave the fisherman three dollars for one as big as my head. "And with more brains in it, too," said mom later.

When I came back to the hotel I saw this Miranda and Miss Cronin sitting on the piazza—in chairs on the piazza—and having a great talk. He left her there and came down and brushed by me and got in his trap and dashed away.

I said to Miss Cronin, "I guess you are all dated up for the evening, are you not, Miss Cronin?"

She said, "Well, I was thinking I might go to the bouts down in Hamilton."

"With this certain party?" I said.

"Oh, no," she said. "He can't escort me tonight."

"Well, might I have the honor of having you to escort to the bouts tonight?" I inquired. "I bought tickets when I was down in Hamilton this morning."

"For boxing bouts?" she said. "Do you go to boxing bouts, Mr. M'Cool?"

"Well, I have been," I said. "It is a low sport," I said, "but I have been to some in my time. It is not really so brutal as maybe you think—not unless you get in the ring. I was just wondering if you would like to see a boxing bout, and I am glad to hear I am not insulting you."

"It is not brutal at all, even if you are in the ring," she said. "Mr. M'Cool, if you can't beat a man fair, don't beat him foul. You know that Gil Miranda is going to be in the ring tonight."

"Him in the ring?" I said. "He better look out who he slaps if he is in the ring. He might make some party angry."

"He don't have to look out for anybody," she said. "Everybody knows he is the best boxer in Bermuda. Maybe he is the best boxer in the whole world; I shouldn't wonder. He got many offers to be a professional boxer, but he would not demean himself."

"He would make money," I said, "being that he is his own press agent. He would have some fine rep too." I was certainly getting a bad break. Here I thought I would show Miss Cronin what a gentlemanly sport this boxing is, and I find out that we have got to watch this walyo. But I was booked for it. Well, a fellow can always be a gentleman, if he can't be anything else, and he don't want ever to run out on a lady.

I put on my Tuxedo and pants, and we grabbed a bus and went in to Hamilton—the local inhabitants call it 'Amilton. I got my own Tuxedo because I am always in pretty good shape and it always fits me; some fellows swell up when they are not working, and they got to have different Tuxedos.

There are a great many foreigners in Bermuda, including English soldiers and sailors, but there is no hard feeling against foreigners there and they are allowed to get together and have a good time. They show appreciation, too, and the first thing they did was the band played My Country, 'Tis of Thee. I give them credit, even if they would naturally have to watch their step, because these bouts were being held by the Bermuda veterans. They were pulled off upstairs on the big pier where the boats come in, and I want to say everything was very gentlemanly.

The referee was the announcer, too, and he wore his Tuxedo, or whoever's it was, and they had three judges and all in Tuxedos. The announcer announced he would give everybody but the audience a silver cup—the winners and the losers. Well, I could see where he could do that and make money, if he took the gate, because they had about five hundred Americans and Canucks there from the hotels.

The first bout was between two Highlanders named Argyle and Sutherland, and Sutherland won the bout in good style. And then they put on a Highlander and an English sailor off a ship in the port, and then they had a sailor and a Bermuda veteran. That was a good bout, and I forgot where I was and thought I was at a fight, and I hollered, "Go on, kid; he can't hurt you! All the time, kid—all the time!" Because I am a veteran myself of the Tim Mahone Post in Brooklyn. Miss Cronin pulled my Tuxedo and said she was never so ashamed in her life, and an usher came over and told me to pipe down. They got a rule down there that nobody is to open their trap during a bout, and if these fight clubs in New York hear about it they will adopt the same and put on some phooey bouts and get away with it. I asked the usher could I write the veteran a letter of congratulations when I got back to Brooklyn, and he said he could not answer that from not knowing what tuition I had, but wait and see for myself. Down there the referee is not in the ring, and I guess that is why they don't want rooting.

The main bout featured the walyo; being a light heavy. He came down the aisle in a striped red-and-yellow robe and they gave him a big hand. Well, he looked good when he took this robe off.

A foreigner next to me said, "A bully boy, what? And deuced clever too. If he wasn't a gentleman he would be the champion of the world. We have by far the best boxers, don't you know, if they would enter the professional ring. He'll make short work of this other chap—a common marine, don't you know."

"Fifty bucks he can't," I said. I used to be a marine myself.

But this Miranda did rather victimize this marine when they went to it. The marine outweighed him fifteen pounds, but

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he was just one of these big good-hearted fellows. Miranda put him down three times in the first two minutes, but the marine was all heart and he kept on getting up. I could see now where it was a good idea not to have the referee in the ring, because this marine didn't know who was hitting him, and it was best to save arguments. This marine did not know what it was all about; all he had was health. It was no fight and I did not do any cheering. I was talking to Miss Cronin when the marine's seconds decided that even they had enough and threw in the white flag.

It's hard to tell about a woman. Miss Cronin's eyes were shining like a wolf.

"Oh, what strength and manly beauty," she said, "and how gracefully he socks that other fellow. Oh, Mr. M'Cool, admit to it: Don't you think he's grand?"

"I think it is a brutal and degrading exhibition, Miss Cronin," I said, "and I better escort you out of here. So get your hat. I will not have anybody that I hope to make my future wife beholding such low tactics as fighting."

"Oh, he is like a hero of old," she said. "What was that last, Mr. M'Cool?"

So, letting my thoughts slip out, I was booked, and I had to go through. I said, "Mamie, I did not expect to put the proposition up to you under such low conditions as a prize fight, but I want to say that I want you to be my future wife."

"Oh, Mr. M'Cool," she said nicely, "I am so sorry, but that can never be. I do not say I do not like you, and you are certainly a perfect gentleman."

"Well, why not, Mamie?" I said, holding on.

"Well, if I will have to tell you," she said, turning colors, "it is because you take things too nicely. I could not be proud and happy with anybody who takes things too nicely."

"You mean, Mamie," I said, "because I let these stewards take my jack?"

"Well, not that so much, Llewellyn," she said. "It was what happened at the tea dance. Llewellyn, I went upstairs and laid down on the bed and cried, because I could see you were getting interested. But no, it could not be. I could not marry such a weakling and a coward."

"So maybe it will be this Miranda, hey?"

"Well, he's asked me," she said, looking at him where he was doing plastic poses. "You need not speak about him in such a horrid and ungentlemanly tone of voice."

Well, as I said, this marine was headed for his ship, and that sort of put on the damper and people were getting their hats. I got up. I got right up.

"What are you going to do, Llewellyn?" said Miss Cronin.

"You mind your own blamed business," I said to her. "Close your trap," I said to her. "You said your piece," I said to her. And I said, "Worship, so as not to disappoint the crowd who paid their good money to see a fight, what is the matter with me going up there and stepping a round or two with this caveman?"

The audience wanted to hear this.

His worship said, "And who are you, sir, pray?"

I said, "I used to be a marine when a certain party was selling bananas and eating the good ones himself; although I am not now in the service."

"Where were you stationed?"

"Parris Island."

"Ah, in the Mediterranean, I take it south of France?"

"That I cannot say, worship," I said. "I have not seen it in three years. But be that as it may "

"Absurd," said a judge, looking at me with one glass eye.

"Let him fight if he wants!" hollered the audience. "Let him get his chump knocked off! Sit down again, everybody! This will be good!"

"But if Mr. Miranda cares to indulge the chap in his extraordinary wish," said another judge, looking at me with the other glass eye. They had only one each, and that is the custom.

This Miranda smiled with all his teeth and winked both of his glorious eyes at Miss Cronin, who I was holding down easily with one hand. And he leaned over the ropes and made friends with the crowd.

So I slipped under the ropes and hung my Tuxedo on a post and yanked the marine's sweater down over my head; I only wore that shirt this once and I didn't want it mussed. The referee wanted me to go in the dressing room and strip, but I told him I was catching a train. The marine wanted me to take his shoes, but I am only a welter and they were so big I could do a clog in one of them, so I just took off my patent-leather kicks and took a reef in my pants. I pulled on the mitts with my teeth and the marine buttoned them up.

Everybody was standing up to see the fun. They said it was going to be a novelty, and one party said he seen it in a New York night club and it was good.

"But you can't box like that, don't you know," said the referee.

"You'll be surprised," I said, walking out to shake hands. "Declare the season open."

So they took me at my wish, and Miranda and I shook and broke.

I got a clipping from the Colony Bazoo and Bermuda Courier for March thirty-second, and if you don't believe it was March thirty-second I can prove it by the paper. Well, don't blame the paper; March is a perfectly delightful month in Bermuda and the best in the year. This clipping don't give me any the best of it. Give a look:

An odd and breath-taking silence fell upon the audience when this comic figure moved into action. People stopped laughing. The chap was no longer a comic. No one could laugh and look into those pale blue eyes, icy eyes, and into that face where the thin lips were retracted in a soundless snarl. Like one of his own native wolverines—the chap proved to be a well-known American ringman—he shambled forward, knees bent, feet flat on the canvas, right hand drawn back so as to leave his body entirely open, left hand loosely extended.

Miranda, a finished boxer, danced away lightly, set himself, and drove a stiff left to the chap's forehead, feeling him out, as it were, seeking to straighten him for a right. Unfortunately, however, the jab failed of its calculated effect; the chap came right on through it as if he had not been hit, and hurled into Miranda's stomach a perfectly ripping uppercut. Miranda doubled right over the chap's forearm. "By Jove," said I to a friend, "the chap seems rather a bomber than a boxer, what?"

"One—two—three—four—five six—seven " said the timekeeper.

"Get up, you Greek satire," I said. He wasn't hurt—only in the legs; that's what happens to guys when you throw one in their pail.

He got up. I let him get up. I wanted a perfectly healthy specimen of manhood. He shook the dope out of his props and rushed me, wanting to swap one and hang on. That's no way to do. If you're hurt, you want to keep away from where you got it. That's where he ought to have done this eccentric dancing. Run, run—that's your ticket. Well, I wouldn't let him hang on; if he couldn't stand, I wasn't going to carry him around. I hooked him right between his glorious eyes and put him up on his feet, where he belonged. I seen where he was liable to break and I laid off. I was giving him twenty pounds.

"Slap guys, will you?" I said. And I socked him. "Try this one on your guitar, you maiden's dream." And I socked him. "You're a manly beauty, ain't you?" And I socked him. "You got to show a poor guy up for nothing but a pug, don't you?" And I socked him. Oh, he hit me plenty, but he didn't know how to throw his punches so they would go through and explode inside. That's just what he was—one of these wonderful boxers. And he would get more and more wonderful if I let him. They rang the bell. The bell didn't save him. He wasn't out. I wasn't putting him out. I wanted him. I was real angry with him. I wanted to ruin him. He ruined me with one grand girl. I knew I was all through there. And I got my feelings like anybody else. I got

Continued on Page 126

Distinguished ...by its Performance

We invite you to drive the Graham-Paige straight eight. For only personal experience can convey to you an adequate appreciation of its beauty, smoothness, swiftness—and the distinguished performance of its four-speed (standard gear shift) transmission.

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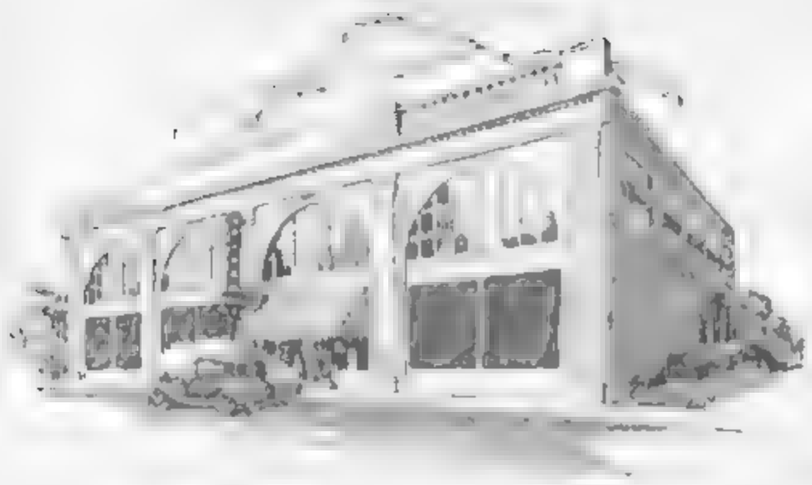

We have pledged ourselves that Graham-Paige owners shall be served by dealers who possess Character, Capability, and Capital. Illustrated is the Graham-Paige Company of Texas, our branch at Dallas.

Five chassis—sixes and eights—prices ranging from $860 to $2485. Illustrated is Model 835, Coupe with rumble seat, and 4-speed transmission, (standard gear shift) $2485. All prices f. o. b. Detroit.

GRAHAM-PAIGE

. . . down the boardwalk she came

. . . as Graceful as a cresting wave
as light as breeze-blown foam

THERE had been many women on that shore that morning—it was the bathing hour . . .

Idly I had watched them—vivid splashes of color in the sun—beautiful women beautifully gowned—they passed and repassed—a pleasant panorama . . . languidly I looked

And then *she* came . . instantly my idling apathy became attention!

Long before I saw her face (for her gay beach parasol cast confusing shadows) I was *grateful* for the beauty that was hers!

And ours, who watched her . . . a figure from a Greek frieze—reanimate—joyously alive! Thus Daphne might have walked the Ægean strand!

"Odd!" I thought, "that in all this beachful of beauty there should be only one woman *completely* beautiful . . ." * * *

And so that night, at the Casino, I asked The-Woman-Who-Tells-Me-Things about it. She knew, of course, and made the whole matter plain at once.

"If you had been rude enough to ask," she told me, "your Daphne would doubtless have explained that the bodily grace you so much admired had its beginning down in her smart little pumps! For, from your description of her fluid walk and lovely bearing, I imagine she *must* have been wearing Red Cross Shoes.

"To be free-footed," she elucidated, "is to *walk* freely, buoyantly, with natural grace; and Red Cross Shoes, you know, are just foot-freedom translated into lovely leathers and lovelier lines . . .

"For they fit the feet *perfectly* in action as well as repose . . . wearing them, one forgets one's feet—a natural walk becomes second nature, so to speak—perfect poise, a graceful bearing, the poetry of motion become *habitual*."

* * *

AFTERWARDS I learned a lot about Red Cross Shoes.

I learned, for instance, that every pair is shaped over the famous, exclusive "Limit" lasts, derived from averaging the measurements of thousands of active feminine feet—*so they can't fail to fit!*

Then, too, they have the exclusive Arch-Tone support—*exactly* the *right* support, they tell me, for flexing instep . . . and the Natural-shaped heel that hugs so cozily, without rubbing or chafing.

Clothe such advantages as these in the Parisian *chic* that only French designers can create, and you have Red Cross Shoes—marvels of modishness and marvels of ease, whether for street, sport or formal wear.

The very smartest shoe store in town will show you Red Cross Shoes, at prices ranging from $10 to $14.50. There are also Sub-deb models from $6.50 to $8.50, and Junior models from $3.50 to $6.00.

ARCH-TONE
Red Cross Shoe
FITS THE FOOT IN ACTION AND REPOSE

"WALK IN BEAUTY" *is the title of this interestingly illustrated booklet, which gives the views of prominent educators on the subject of correct posture, and also tells how easily many lovely women have acquired the charm of a graceful carriage. Send for your copy. Address Dept P-8.*

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(Continued from Page 122)

a pride in being always a gentleman and conducting myself in all places and under all circumstances, and I never hit a man out of the ring in anger yet.

I heard Miss Cronin hollering down there and saying "Sock him! Sock him!" Well, she could holler and we would see who would sock most. But it hurt me to have her hollering like that.

They washed this Miranda off and fanned him good, and then they rang the minute bell, and then we were out in the ring. He hit me half a dozen and started an old cut over my left eye while I was walking after him.

He kept right on boxing. Well, this boxing is a very good thing to negotiate with, but what is wrong about it, if you try and depend on it, is that it depends too much on the other fellow. And you never want to depend on the other fellow; maybe he won't come through. For instance, Miranda—he jabs me. Well, that is to stand me up, so he can jump off or throw in his haymaker. But suppose I push along through it. He got to bring over the right, and if I can take that, he got to take one too.

So that's what happened and put him in wrong in the first.

So I flat-footed right after him, taking all he could deliver without getting set, and holding a slug in my right and figuring he would jump in a corner the first thing he knew, and then we would trade. Which he did; I took his left and slipped his right and put this slug right on the button.

I turned away and went back to put on my shoes and give the marine his sweater. I didn't bother with him after socking; he was going to stay socked.

"His worship," said the announcer to me where I was talking to the marine about this and that, "would like to present you with the cup, sir."

"Never mind about the cup, worship," I said, going over to lean down and shake hands with him. "Give it to Miranda, and when I get back to Brooklyn I will send him a saucer and spoon. He won it off this marine, and this fight was just a private affair. I am much obliged for the use of your apparatus and I hope everybody liked the show. If there is any not going home happy, I will now take on a couple of stewards and a batch of hackmen. I certainly want to say I was treated white, and no home-town decision."

I went in the dressing room with my friend the marine and ducked the crowd. They had to turn the lights out. Then I went downstairs and was just grabbing a hack to take me back to the hotel when somebody who was waiting by the door said "Llewellyn!"

"Why, hello, Mamie," I said. "Going back to the hotel? Pile in. Or maybe you are waiting for a certain party."

"I was waiting for you, Llewellyn," she said.

"On the level?" I said, not believing my ears. "Then don't call me Llewellyn that's one thing I got against mom. My name is Lew."

She got in. I got in after her. We turned down the Happy Valley road. "Mamie," I said, "I want to tell you something you don't know. I want to tell you I'm a pug. I make pretty good money. Last year I make forty-two thousand dollars, but my manager got to get his half and that leaves me sixteen thou. But I suppose you would not listen to a pug."

"I think it is a very romantic business," she said. "And it don't say a fellow can't be a perfect gentleman if he wants to, does it?"

"Mamie," I said, "you sunk me for ten the first time you laid your eyes on me. Mamie, I love you."

"You really and truly love me?" she said.

"Honest."

She burst right out crying.

"Mamie," I said, "what is biting you?" I drew her head over on my shoulder and began to wipe her eyes with my handkerchief.

"Not like that, Lew," she said. "You are smearing my make-up. Let me. But, no, I can't marry you. Oh, everything is spoiled."

"What is spoiled?"

"Lew, I'll tell you. I'll tell you, Lew. I really came down to Bermuda to find a husband. I know girls went away on trips and found a husband. And you really love me. Don't you see how that spoils everything? I was looking for a husband, Lew; and you really and truly love me, and I love you, Lew. I loved you right away, even when I wouldn't marry you for being such a coward. Everything could have been so lovely, but it is all spoiled"

"You didn't get the husband you were looking for—is that it?" I asked. "Well, Mamie, let's make the best of it."

"I did get him, Lew, and that's why," she said. "Oh, you simpleton. You don't know a thing about girls. You don't know how to make a girl love you."

"But you do love me, Mamie, don't you? And would you love me more if I knew how to make you love me?"

"Oh, no, Lew. I'd hate you. I hate men like that."

Can you figure that?

The hack turned down the Valley Road that was all splattered with black-and-white moonlight from the rustling palm trees.

DRAWN BY DONALD MCKEE

Clytie is Afraid of Thunderstorms, But It's Hard on the Deacon, With His Wife Present and All

Over-indulgence

is no crime, and it is folly to suffer for every little indiscretion. Every man, woman, and child must occasionally over-indulge. Who can live without sometimes over-doing? Who would *want* to?

Hearty eaters can easily counteract acidity with one spoonful of Phillips Milk of Magnesia. Smokers have long since learned the same perfect anti-acid neutralizes nicotine; and brings back a sweet taste; guards the breath. Take it whenever an excess of acid calls for correction. And when children have over-eaten—or have any little digestive upset—give them the same, pleasant-tasting and milky-white Phillips Milk of Magnesia! Get *Phillips* Milk of Magnesia *in perfect suspension;* a less perfect product does not act the same.

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FOR just one month's spare time work we have paid E. R. Macomber, of Maine, $61.50. He made this extra money right in his community by caring for our present subscribers and enrolling new readers for *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman.*

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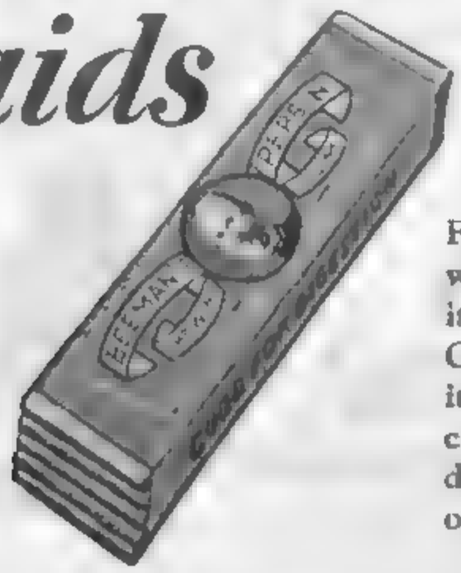
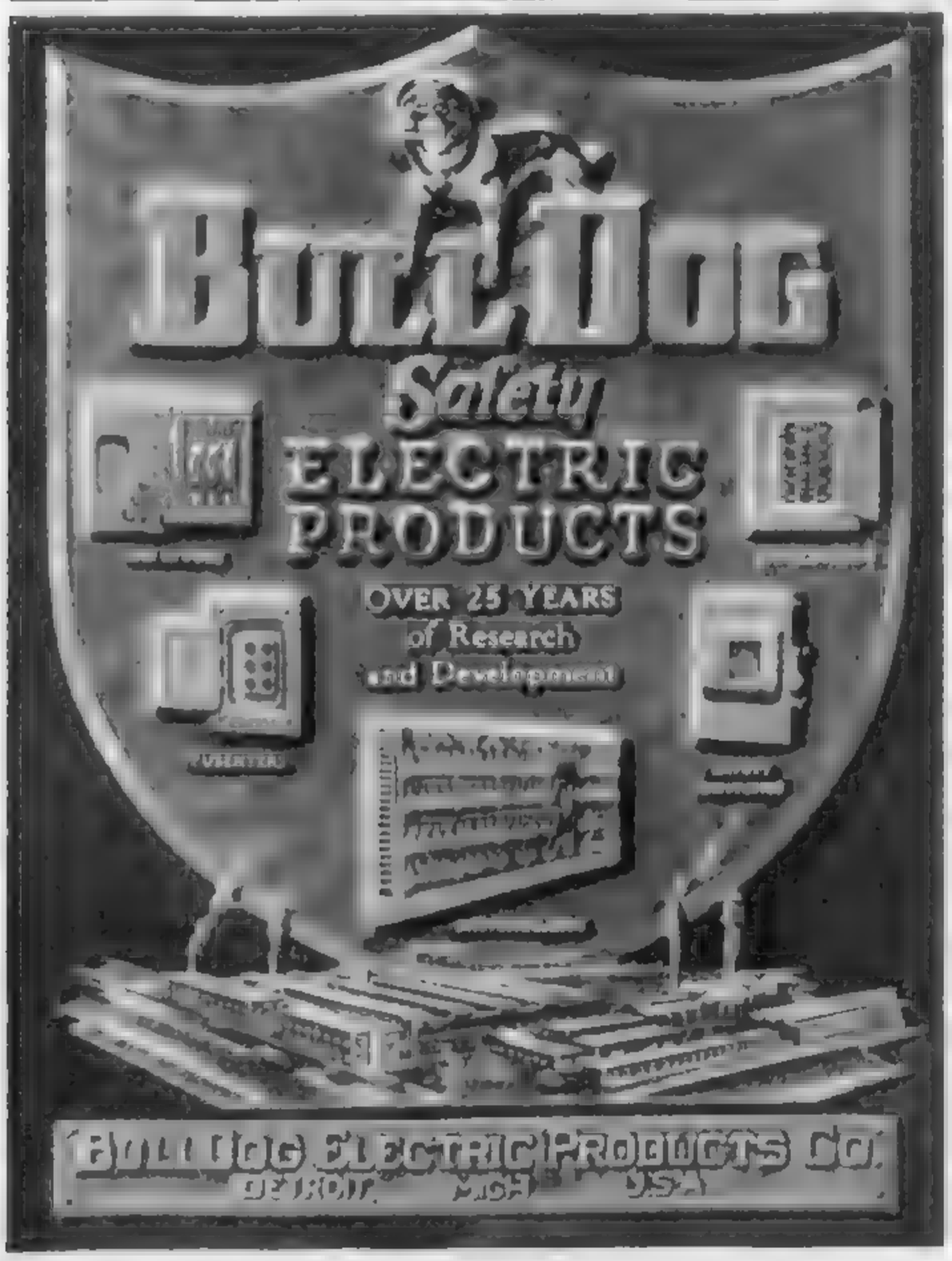
aids digestion



For over 30 years, people who know what they want and why they want it have preferred Beeman's Pepsin Gum: Because of its smooth quality and refreshing flavor—and because Beeman's Pepsin Gum aids digestion. Don't forget your stick of Beeman's after meals!



LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD

(Continued from Page 13)

the doctrine of reincarnation, to which he subscribes, is a Texas oil millionaire, and does well to be the latter. The venture is supposed to have cost him $1,000,000 to date. Lincoln A. Wagenhals came from Lancaster, Ohio; Stuart Walker from Augusta, Kentucky; Charles Wagner from Charleston, Illinois.

George White arrived in New York on a freight train at the age of twelve, a runaway from his Toronto home, and put on the Postal Telegraph Company's messenger-boy uniform. He produced three Scandals without bothering to open an office or even renting desk room, made a profit said to have approximated $800,000 and lost it betting on slow horses.

John Emerson, president of Equity, who preferred the brunet Anita Loos of San Diego, was born in Sandusky, Ohio, which also is Daniel Frohman's home town. Sime Silverman, whose weekly, Variety, is Broadway's old-home paper, came from Cortland, New York. Robert Milton, director of the Theater Guild, was born Ivan Davidoff in Moscow. Reuben Mamoulian, who directed the Guild's production of Porgy, is an Armenian, born in Tiflis.

Eugene O'Neill and Robert E. Sherwood are the only sons of the sidewalks of New York among the playwrights. Mr. Sherwood gets in from New Rochelle, but not only was Mr. O'Neill born in Manhattan but on Broadway at Times Square in the Cadillac Hotel, while his father, James O'Neill of Count of Monte Cristo fame, was playing in the city. Though he is the only known native of Times Square, he knows less about it than the newest arrival from Sleepy Eye, Minnesota. On his last visit he asked Robert F. Sisk of the Theater Guild to show him about. After Princeton and Harvard, O'Neill roamed over the United States, Central and South America, spent two years at sea and for a time was reporter on the New London Telegraph. In recent years he has divided his time between Bermuda, Provincetown and France. He is wealthy, having inherited approximately $500,000 from his father, mother and only brother.

Not One From Kamchatka

George Kelly is one of three famous Philadelphia brothers. George Abbott was born in Salamanca, New York, and lived in Cheyenne, Wyoming, and Kearney, Nebraska. George S. Kaufman is from Pittsburgh, his sometime partner Marc Connelly, from the neighboring McKeesport. Owen Davis came from Portland, Maine. Augustus Thomas was born in St. Louis, was a page to the Forty-first Congress and ran a weekly journal in Kansas City. Jesse Lynch Williams is from Sterling, Illinois. Zoe Akins was born in, of all places, Humansville, Missouri; Rachel Crothers in Bloomington, Illinois; Edna Ferber in Kalamazoo, and was a reporter in Appleton, Wisconsin, and Milwaukee. Sidney Howard came from Oakland. Cleveland was Avery Hopwood's birthplace. A. E. Thomas is from Chester, Mass. Hartley Manners was English born. Channing Pollock comes from Washington. The Nugents still pay taxes in Dover, Ohio. Robert Edmond Jones is from Milton, New Hampshire. Joseph Urban is a Viennese. Adolph Klauber, who is husband to Jane Cowl, is a Louisville man.

The picture business has two capitals and it frequently is difficult to say whether a specific executive lives in Hollywood, New York or in a compartment on Santa Fe Number 4. Adolph Zukor came to the United States from Hungary in 1888 and was in hardware, upholstery and furs before he entered pictures in 1904. Jesse Lasky is a native of San Jose, California, was in Alaska during the Klondike fever and played in the Royal Hawaiian Band before he turned to producing vaudeville acts. Like Zukor, William Fox is a Hungarian, while Carl Laemmle was born in Laupheim, Germany. Mr. Laemmle spends most of his time on the coast and the Cochran brothers of Wheeling, West Virginia, are the active heads of Universal. Among the first fourteen executives in the New York office there is no New Yorker.

Joseph P. Kennedy, president of F. B. O., lectured on a sight-seeing bus and then was head, at twenty-six, of the Columbian Trust Company in his native Boston. Nicholas M. Schenck, who succeeded the late Marcus Loew as head of Loew's, Inc., and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, was born in Russia; and the vice president and treasurer, David Bernstein, is from Utica. Winfield Sheehan is a former Buffalo reporter. The vice president and general manager of First National, Richard A. Rowland, is from Pittsburgh, and all the other executives are outlanders. The money behind Tiffany-Stahl pictures is that of L. A. Young, head of the L. A. Young Spring Wire Company of Detroit. Will Hays is housed on the top floor of the Ritz Tower in luxury and an Indiana accent.

Roxy, as S. H. Rothafel prefers to be known, was born in Stillwater, Minnesota, served a hitch in the Marine Corps and contrived his first cathedral of the motion picture in Forest City, Pennsylvania, out of a vacant storeroom and a drayload of folding chairs borrowed from an undertaker. Hugo Riesenfeld is from Vienna. Major Edward Bowes is a San Franciscan.

Only Two Natives in Park Row

The only New York newspaper published by a New Yorker, to the best of my knowledge, is the Herald-Tribune. Ogden Reid and his editor, Arthur S. Draper, are natives. Mrs. Reid, however, who is active in the management, was born in Racine, Wisconsin. The managing editor, Armistead R. Holcombe, is a Mobile man. Howard Davis, business manager, is from Scranton and George Auer, advertising manager, from Schenectady via Atlanta.

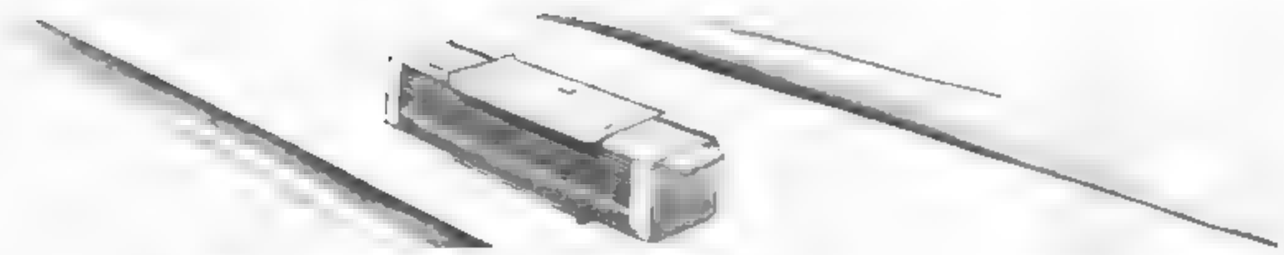
Cincinnati, Knoxville and Chattanooga knew Adolph Ochs before he came to New York to transform the Times. Louis Wiley, business manager and veteran first-nighter, is from Hornell, New York, by way of Rochester. The editor, Rollo Ogden, was born in Sand Lake, New York, and was a Presbyterian missionary and minister in earlier life. Carr Van Anda, news genius of the paper, came from Georgetown, Ohio, with stops at Cleveland and Baltimore. Ray McCaw, news editor, is a native of Lincoln, Nebraska. Dr. John H. Finley was born in Grand Ridge, Illinois.

The Pulitzers are from St. Louis and so are Herbert Bayard Swope, executive editor and brother of Gerard Swope, head of General Electric, and the business manager, Florence D. White. The only New Yorker high in the counsels of the paper is Walter Lippmann, chief editorial writer. William P. Beazell, the active news head, is from St. Clairsville, Ohio.

Mr. Hearst, of course, is a San Franciscan; Arthur Brisbane is from Buffalo. Col. Frank Knox, the new general manager of the twenty-five Hearst newspapers, is from Boston, was a Roughrider in '98, an artilleryman in the World War. His predecessor, Solomon Carvalho, was Baltimore born. Moses Koenigsberg, former head of International News Service and other Hearst enterprises, was born in New Orleans and worked in San Antonio, Houston, Fort Worth, Kansas City and all points on the M. K. & T. William Bradford Merrill is from Salisbury, New Hampshire; George d'Utassy is from Philadelphia. Chester R. Hope, editor of Universal Service, is a Cleveland man.

Frank Munsey was from Maine and his successors were born no nearer. William T. Dewart is from Fenelon Falls, Ontario;

(Continued on Page 128)



1. These blades are superkeen, infinitely sharper
2. They load inside the razor handle, 20 in a clip
3. Not one blade is ever touched until it touches face
4. The razor itself is perfectly balanced
5. Blades are changed in 1 second by a pull and a push of the plunger . . .
6. Results: Marvelous shaves in half the time

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THE day's work starts with a shave. The bath and the tooth brush are incidents, but the shave is labor—painful labor still to thousands of men.

Schick removes this labor marvelously. That is why men cheerfully pay $5 for this modern instrument which takes off the beard so smoothly, so perfectly, so quickly.

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The Schick is new, different, better. It does all the things that a razor should do. It balances in your hand as such a tool should. It shaves of its own weight—no honing, no pulling, no tearing. It works in around nose and mouth and chin. It shaves with or against the grain—a smooth easy shave always.

Schick carries its own supply of blades—20 of them in the handle. A fresh blade is always there, ready, instantly available. A single second makes the change—just a pull and a push of the plunger.

No other shaves like the Schick

But it is the Schick blade that does the shaving. A new blade, made differently, superkeen, of different steel, and honed to a sharpness beyond the skill of human hands. Schick blades give a shave without sensation—noiseless, smooth, even, safe, painless. You do not know the blade is shaving unless you feel with your fingers in its path.

Schick Blades are the secret

There is no scraping, not even a scraping sound. There is no pulling, no stretching of the skin. It is this thicker, keener blade that makes men enthusiastic friends of Schick. The secret is the right steel perfectly machined for this one use in this one razor that has brought the world of men a new comfort, a new efficiency, a new saving of time and temper.

They fit no other handle

Schick blades are for Schick razors only. They cannot be used in any other razor. They are intended for no other purpose than to give a smooth shave quick with a Schick.

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* * * *

Or write us direct with $5 for a silver-plated model with 20 superkeen blades. (The gold model costs $7.50.) Schick blades are better but cheaper—only 75c for a clip of 20. In Canada: Silver models with 20 blades, $6.50; (gold-plated, $10)—Extra clip of 20 blades, $1.00. Magazine Repeating Razor Company, 285 Madison Avenue, New York. Canadian distributors: T. S. Simms & Co., Limited, Saint John, N. B., Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver.

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(Continued from Page 126)

Richard H. Titherington from England; Fred A. Walker from Berwick, Maine, and Keats Speed, editor of the Sun, from Louisville via Atlanta. The Evening Post is the property of Cyrus H. K. Curtis, of Philadelphia, and is edited by a Chicagoan, Julian Mason.

The Telegram is the New York member of the Scripps-Howard chain, which is interlocked with the United Press Association. Roy Howard, head of both, was born in Gano, Ohio. W. W. Hawkins, next in command, comes from Springfield, Missouri. Clarence W. Barron, publisher of the Wall Street Journal, is a Boston man who still lives there. Russell R. Whitman, publisher of the Commercial, was born in Louisville and used to live in Kansas City. The Brooklyn Eagle is published by Herbert F. Gunnison, native of Halifax, Nova Scotia, and the editor, Arthur M. Howe, comes from Prince Edward Island. The Block chain of newspapers has no member nearer than Newark, but Paul Block, born in Elmira, spends much of his time in New York and is the boon companion of Mayor Jimmy Walker.

Among the tabloids the Daily News is Chicago-owned, an offshoot of the Chicago Tribune. Col. Robert McCormick gives his time to the Tribune, while his cousin, Capt. Joseph Medill Patterson, runs the News and Liberty. Hearst has sold his Mirror to Alexander Moore of Pittsburgh, Madrid, and now of Lima, Peru. The Graphic is the property of none other than Bernarr Macfadden, your old physical-culture friend of Mill Springs, Missouri, who also publishes a string of confession magazines.

The Democratic keynoter at Houston, Claude G. Bowers, is an editorial writer on the Evening World. He is a Hamilton County, Indiana, man, former secretary to Senator John W. Kern and the author of Jefferson and Hamilton and other solid works. Kent Cooper, general manager of the Associated Press, is another Indianan, born in Columbus. His first mate, Jackson S. Elliott, is from La Salle County, Illinois, and there is no New Yorker among the first fifteen executives in the city.

The Kansas City Star alumni require the ballroom of the Waldorf for their sporadic reunions; there are seventy-eight of them in Greater New York, and thirty-seven more in the vicinity, not counting M. Ernest Hemingway of Montparnasse, Paris, France.

From China and Way Stations

Protracted search has uncovered two magazine editors who were born in the city. One is Matthew White of Munsey's, the other Briton Hadden, one of the two editors of Time. The other editor of Time, Henry Luce, as if to equalize matters, arranged to be born in Teng-chow, China. Harkness money, for the most part, financed this new and successful weekly, and Edward S. Harkness, who, among his other great holdings, is the largest individual stockholder in the Southern Pacific Railroad, came from Cleveland.

Regard, if you will, the enormously successful and hotsy-totsy New Yorker, another youngster, which newcomers from Pocomoke City, Maryland, carry ostentatiously in their outer pockets to indicate that they know their way about. Fleischmann money out of Cincinnati backed this venture, and Harold W. Ross is its creator and editor. Mr. Ross is first to be discerned in his native Aspen, Colorado, on the Frying Pan River, amack under the Continental Divide, and San Francisco, New Orleans, Atlanta, Panama, Denver, Salt Lake City and other—many other—cities knew him before the war ended, the Stars and Stripes was demobilized and Mr. Ross, debarking at Hoboken, crossed the Forty-second Street ferry to Manhattan and remained. If the truth were known, which it rarely is, Mr. Ross probably prefers one or more of his former loves to Gotham, but Gotham prefers Mr. Ross.

True, that older sophisticate among magazines, Vanity Fair, is published by Conde Nast, a New Yorker, but Frank Crowninshield, the editor, was born in Paris and is much at home in London. Ray Long, head of the Hearst magazines, came from Lebanon, Indiana, by way of Indianapolis, Cincinnati and Cleveland city rooms. Merle Crowell, editor of the American Magazine, and no relation to the Crowells of the publishing company, is from North Newport, Maine. William Frederick Bigelow, long editor of Good Housekeeping, is a native of Milford Center, Ohio. Robert Bridges came from Shippensburg, Pennsylvania, and Bob Davis from Brownsville, Nebraska, via Carson City, Nevada. William L. Chenery, editor of Collier's, was born in Caroline County, Virginia. Painesville, Ohio, was the birthplace of Thomas B. Wells of Harper's. Hewitt H. Howland, editor of Century, came from the Bobbs-Merrill house in his native Indianapolis. Gertrude B. Lane, who edits the Woman's Home Companion, is from Saco, Maine.

Editors Who Have Been Around

One of the nine editors of Literary Digest is a New Yorker. Three were born outside the United States. The editor in chief, William Seaver Woods, is a native of Bath, New York. Carl Dickey of World's Work comes from Boulder, Colorado; Henry B. Sell from Whitewater, Wisconsin; Sewell Haggard from Lebanon, Tennessee; Edgar Sisson from Alto, Wisconsin. Arthur S. Hoffman, formerly of Adventure, now of McClure's, is a Columbus, Ohio, man. William C. Lengel of Smart Set was born in Durango, Colorado, and used to be a Kansas City lawyer. Sheppard Butler of Liberty arrived from his native Chicago in 1926. Washington is Robert Underwood Johnson's home town. Charles Hanson Towne was born in Louisville; Arthur T. Vance in Scranton, Pennsylvania; Harry Burton in Cleveland. Arthur McKeogh, New York editor of Red Book, is from Troy. Norman Anthony of Judge is from Buffalo. Marlen Pew is a native of Niles, Ohio.

Among the Doubleday-Doran group, Harry E. Maule of Frontier was born in Fairmount, Nebraska; Leonard Barron of Garden and Home in Chiswick, England; Reginald T. Townsend of Country Life in Newport, Rhode Island; Ralph H. Graves of Personality in Chapel Hill, North Carolina; Willis Wing of Radio Broadcast in Findlay, Ohio. George F. Thomson, editor of St. Nicholas, comes from Craig, Missouri. George Martin, editor of Farm and Fireside, is a native of Nebraska. Sumner N. Blossom of Popular Mechanics is a Kansas Citian. Ray P. Holland of Field and Stream comes from Ed Howe's Atchison, Kansas. Bruce Bliven, editor of New Republic, was born in Emmetsburg, Iowa, and used to run the school of journalism at the University of Southern California. His associate, Robert Littell, is a Milwaukeean. The publisher, Robert Hallowell, who is a painter of note, is from Denver.

James R. Quirk, publisher of Photoplay and Opportunity, who took over McClure's and Smart Set from the Hearst interests in April, began as a Boston reporter, once sold irrigated land in Wyoming and was in the advertising business in Chicago when the owners of the water-logged Photoplay invited him to the helm. Bertie Charles Forbes has held more jobs than Quirk. Born in Aberdeenshire, Scotland, and a printer's devil and reporter on the Dundee Courier in his teens, he went to South Africa in 1901, tramped the streets for work and eventually had a hand in the founding of the Rand Daily Mail at Johannesburg. But in 1904 he took passage to New York and after vain efforts to find a job went to work on the Journal of Commerce without pay and rose to be its financial editor. Seward Collins, who bought the Bookman from Doran last year, is another of the Syracuse colony. Oswald Garrison Villard of the Nation stems from Boston, but was born in Wiesbaden, Germany, while his parents were abroad

James H. McGraw, head of the company which publishes sixteen trade papers, fourteen of them in New York, was born in Panama, Chautauqua County, New York, and used to teach school upstate. His son Hack—James H., Jr.—who was captain of the 1919 Princeton eleven, now is vice president and treasurer of the company. Of the seventeen major executives, twelve are from afar and twenty-two of the thirty editors employed in New York did not originate there. In the business office, twenty-one of forty-five executives were born elsewhere.

The other great trade-journal house, the United Publishers Corporation, is headed by A. C. Pearson of Coffeyville, Kansas, as chairman. The president, Fritz J. Frank, is from Emporium, Pennsylvania; the treasurer, Frederick C. Stevens, from Ann Arbor, Michigan. A. I. Findley, director and editor of Iron Age, was born in Monmouth, Illinois.

The only New Yorker in the Crowell Publishing Company is the treasurer, Albert E. Winger. Lee W. Maxwell, president, is from Ohio and once played on Stagg's Chicago Maroons. Thomas H. Beck, vice president, is a Californian who stopped at Cincinnati on his way East. Alfred D. Mayo, secretary, is a Kansan. The president of the American Book Company, Louis M. Dillman, was born on a farm near Camden, Ohio. The vice president and treasurer, William W. Hill, is from Milwaukee. William W. Livengood, secretary, is a native of Hillsboro, Indiana, and the editorial chief, George W. Benton, came from Albion, New York.

The three Doubledays, Frank N., Nelson and Russell, are the only New Yorkers among the twenty-four principals of Doubleday-Doran & Co. George H. Doran came from Toronto. There is no local man among the Century Company executives. The president, W. Morgan Shuster, who tried to reorganize the finances of Persia before the war and was checkmated by Russia and Great Britain, is a Washingtonian. George P. Brett, of Macmillan's, was London born, as was Frank H. Vizetelly, editor of the New Standard Dictionary. Frank E. Hill, of Longmans, Green & Co., is a Californian from Leland Stanford.

Horace B. Liveright was born in Osceola Mills, Pennsylvania, and was a margin clerk in a Philadelphia brokerage house before he turned to publishing. Alfred Harcourt comes from New Paltz, New York. Frederick Roy Martin, formerly of the Associated Press, now general manager of Appleton's, was born at New Stratford, New Hampshire. Commander Fitzhugh Green, of Putnam's, arrived from St. Joseph, Missouri, via the Navy and the Arctic. Pitts Duffield is a Detroiter.

Be an Artist and See the World

When you have named Norman Rockwell, James Montgomery Flagg, May Wilson Preston, Percy Crosby and Nelson Harding you have just about exhausted the town boys and girls among the cartoonists and illustrators. Even for the prosecution, it is possible to admit that this is a select if meager group, but consider the outlanders.

The scornful and Parisian Ralph Barton is a Kansas Citian, one of the numerous distinguished graduates of Harry Wood's Kansas City Star pantograph school of art. John Held, Jr., brought his flappers all the way from his native Salt Lake. Harold Webster was born at Parkersburg, West Virginia, and worked in Denver, Cincinnati and Chicago before New York discovered his poker hands. Clare Briggs' Skinnay *et al.* rattled the picket fences of Reedsburg, Wisconsin, before Briggs moved on to St. Louis, Chicago and New York. Fontaine Fox brought his troupe of entertainers from Louisville via Chicago. George McManus' father managed a theater in St. Louis.

Bud Fisher was Chicago born, but he invented the comic strip as a one-best-bet racing attraction for the sport pages of the San Francisco Chronicle. Rube Goldberg is a San Franciscan and T. A. Dorgan—Tad—came from that south-of-the-slot neighborhood that graduated Jim Corbett, David Warfield, Belasco, W. O. McGeehan, Hype Igoe and no one knows how many other typical New Yorkers. Seven years ago the heart specialists sentenced Tad to virtually solitary confinement in his Great Neck, Long Island, home and there he has continued to draw his daily sport-page cartoon out of his memories.

Art Young was born on a farm near Monroe, Wisconsin, and his fellow veteran, Ryan Walker, came from Springfield, Kentucky, via Kansas City. E. W. Kemble is from Sacramento, son of the founder of the historic Alta Californian. Charles R. Macauley is a native of Canton, Ohio. Rollin Kirby, of the World, was born in Galva, Illinois; Oscar Cesare in Sweden. Boardman Robinson is a Blue Nose from Somerset, Nova Scotia. Robert Ripley, believe it or not, is a native of Santa Rosa, California. Jefferson Machamer drew a cartoon for the high-school annual of Belleville, Kansas, that attracted attention in the Kansas City Star office and started him on his way to Judge. W. J. Enright used to teach free-hand drawing in Armour Institute, Chicago.

Gothamites With Alien Accents

Among the illustrators, Henry Raleigh was born in Portland, Oregon, and reached the Beaux Arts Building via San Francisco. Philadelphia and Lancaster both claim Frederic Gruger. Neysa McMein got her mail at Quincy, Illinois. Dean Cornwell is from Louisville. Franklin Booth was born on an Indiana farm. W. H. D. Koerner began in Clinton, Iowa, and tarried in Chicago. Charles Dana Gibson came from Roxbury, Massachusetts; Howard Chandler Christy from a Morgan County, Ohio, farm; Penrhyn Stanlaws from Dundee, Scotland. J. C. Leyendecker was born in Germany and emigrated to Chicago. W. T. Benda was born in Poznan, Poland; Tony Sarg in Guatemala of German and English parents. Willy Pogany is a Hungarian. Alice B. Winter is from Green Ridge, Missouri; Clarence Underwood from Jamestown, New York; R. M. Crosby from Grand Rapids; Harrison Cady from Gardner, Massachusetts; George Wright from Fox Chase, Pennsylvania. If you fail to find your favorite illustrator or cartoonist in this field, it is most likely that he or she has not joined the New York colony; some excellent ones in both fields never have surrendered.

The same is true of the painters, etchers and sculptors. As one with no encyclopedic knowledge of the higher forms of art, it is possible that the writer overlooks some local worthies, but Rockwell Kent, who was born a little way up the Hudson, Frederick MacMonnies, of Brooklyn, and Charles Keck are the only discoverable natives in this group.

Joseph Cummings Chase is a Maine man, Eugene Speicher came from Buffalo, Jules Guérin from St. Louis. Robert Henri was born in Cincinnati and arrived by a long detour through the Far West. Both John Sloan and George Luks are Pennsylvanians, one from Lock Haven, the other from Williamsport, and William H. Singer and Augustus Tack both are natives of Pittsburgh. Everett Shinn is from Woodstown, New Jersey.

The exotic-sounding Ben Ali Haggin is a Kentuckian, grandson of James B. Haggin, silver and copper millionaire and Thoroughbred-horse breeder. The Ben Ali is a legacy from the original American Haggin, one of a troupe of Arab acrobats who came to America in the 20's of the past century and fell in love with an Ohio farmer's daughter at a well by the roadside. James B. Haggin was their son. After practicing law at St. Joseph and Natchez, when both were on the frontier, he joined the gold rush to California in '49 and made his first million there. Harry W. Watrous is a San Franciscan, Hobart Nichols a Washingtonian. John C. Johansen, portrait painter, is a Dane from Copenhagen. Jerome Myers, painter of city streets, was

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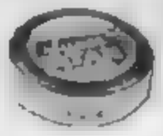

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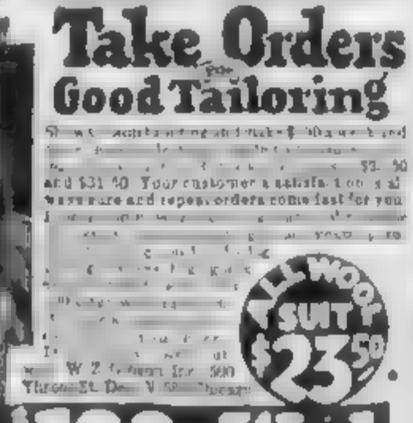

Pays $100 a Week

born in Petersburg, Virginia, and peddled notions to oyster boatmen in Baltimore, among other jobs. Frank De Haven was born in Bluffton, Indiana. Paola, Kansas, claims Henry Hubbell. Gardner Symons is from Chicago, Cullen Yates from Bryan, Ohio, Childe Hassam from Boston.

Pennell was a Philadelphian, Bellows from Columbus, Ohio; and the newest figure of interest among the etchers, John Taylor Arms, was born in Washington and was a sailor on a destroyer during the war. Everett L. Warner is a native of Vinton, Iowa. W. B. Van Ingen is a Philadelphian.

Cecilia Beaux, possibly the ranking American woman artist, with the death of Miss Cassatt, like the latter is a Philadelphian. Grace Ravlin comes from Kaneville, Illinois. Emily N. Hatch was born in Newport, Rhode Island.

Among the sculptors, Daniel Chester French is a Yankee from New Hampshire, and George Gray Barnard was born in Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, a region apparently favorable to artistic impulse. New York is only one of Gutzon Borglum's homes, but Idaho is his sole birthplace. Augustus Lukeman, who succeeded Mr. Borglum at Stone Mountain, Georgia, is from Richmond. Paul Manship was born in St. Paul. Mahonri Young, as his first name suggests, is of Mormon family, native of Salt Lake. Janet Scudder, like Theodore Dreiser, came from the banks of the Wabash at Terre Haute. Herbert Adams is from Concord, Vermont. Both Emil Fuchs and Isidore Konti are natives of Vienna, while F. W. Ruckstull is an Alsatian, Albert Weinert from Leipsic and Adolph Weinman from Karlsruhe. Anton Schaaf was born in Milwaukee.

Fitzroy Carrington of M. Knoedler & Co., dealers, who founded and edits the Print Collector's Quarterly and is a great authority, was born in Surrey, England, farmed in Minnesota and dragged a chain on the Great Northern Railway survey in the Northwest before he became a clerk in a Minnesota art shop.

Sir Joseph Duveen, whose interest is rather more in dead artists than live ones, and who has paid as high as $875,000 for a painting—Raphael's Madonna and Child, from the collection of Lady Desborough—was born in England of Dutch ancestry. The present Duveen Brothers' shop on the Avenue at Fifty-sixth Street grew out of a delftware shop founded by an uncle in Maiden Lane in 1878

The Prix de Rome prizes in painting and sculpture annually are carried off by strange boys from out of town. Donald M. Mattison, who won the painting award this year, is from Winston-Salem; the winner in sculpture was David K. Rubins, of Minneapolis.

An Imported Clergy

In music, Deems Taylor, Reinald Werrenrath, Jerome Kern and Sophie Braslau are the only New Yorkers that come to mind. The musicians who make the city headquarters are, for the most part, foreign born.

Today, however, there is a considerable sprinkling of native blood in Mr. Giulio Gatti-Casazza's Metropolitan Opera House. The three newest recruits are Grace Moore, of Jellico, Tennessee; Mary Lewis, of Hot Springs, Arkansas, and Marion Talley, of Nevada, Missouri. Edward Ziegler, former music and dramatic critic, who manages the opera house, is a Baltimorean.

Cardinal Patrick J. Hayes is one of the few well-known clerics in New York who were born there. Both Bishop Manning and Dr. S. Parkes Cadman are natives of England. The Rev. William Norman Guthrie is a Scot from Dundee. Dr. Henry Howard of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, comes from Adelaide, Australia. Dr. George MacDonald of the Madison Avenue Baptist, and Dr. Robert Norwood, rector of St. Bartholomew's, were born in Nova Scotia. Rabbi Stephen S. Wise was born in Budapest. Rabbi Nehemiah Mosessohn, editor of the Jewish Tribune, was born in Russia. He and his two sons, David N. and Moses D., both lawyers, came from Portland, Oregon, in 1918 and the two sons rose to leadership in the garment industry within the next five years.

Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick is a Buffalo man. Both Dr. Caleb R. Stetson, rector of Trinity, and Dr. Albert Parker Fitch, new pastor of the Park Avenue Presbyterian Church, were Boston born; and the Rev. Charles Francis Potter, Unitarian, came from Marlboro in the same state. The Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis was born in Magnolia, Iowa. The Rev. John Haynes Holmes is a Philadelphian; John Roach Straton a native of Evansville, Indiana. Bishop Ernest M. Stires is from Norfolk. The Rev. Charles E. Jefferson and the Rev. Christian F. Reisner are from Cambridge, Ohio, and Atchison, Kansas, respectively, and the latter once was a newspaperman in Kansas City, Kansas. Dr. Minot Simons was born in Manchester, New Hampshire. The Little Church Around the Corner has as rector Dr. Randolph Ray, native of Madison County, Mississippi, who tried journalism in New York after college, then studied for holy orders and first was rector of the Bryan, Texas, parish, then dean of the Dallas Cathedral. The honor of the most remote birthplace goes to Sidley L. Gulick, Congregationalist, who was born in the South Pacific at Ebon, in the Marshall Islands.

Unstationary Engineers

Engineers live such restless lives that it is difficult to pin them down to a definite address, but a stone thrown through the windows of the Engineers Club in West Fortieth Street is unlikely to hit a New Yorker. Clifford M. Holland, for whom the new vehicular tube under the Hudson River is named and who died at forty-one, before it was completed, was a native of Somerset, Massachusetts. Eight years after his graduation at Harvard, he was, at thirty-one, tunnel engineer of the New York Transit Commission, in charge of four tubes being bored under the East River. When he died, his friend, Milton H. Freeman, a former school-teacher and engineer from the University of Michigan, took over the work and died within five months. Ole Singstad, who was born in Norway and came to New York in 1905 after graduation, stepped in and finished the job.

The engineer of the new Hudson River Bridge now building, the first to span the North River at the city, is a Swiss, Othmar H. Ammann. George R. Dyer, chairman of the State Bridge and Tunnel Commission, comes from Providence. Harry C. Sanford, who died April twenty-second, was chief engineer of much of the city's subway construction; he was born in Mantua, Ohio. Lee De Forest is a native of Council Bluffs. Nikola Tesla was born in Croatia, his father a priest of the Greek Catholic church. Charles H. Herty, adviser to the Chemical Foundation and former president of the American Chemical Society, is from Milledgeville, Georgia. Charles F. Herreshoff was born in Nice, France, son of the eldest of three famous brothers of Bristol, Rhode Island.

Having been born in Elizabeth, New Jersey, and spent all but his student life on Morningside Heights, Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, qualifies as a New Yorker. William F. Russell, who succeeded his father, Dr. James E. Russell, as dean of Teachers College, Columbia, this spring, was born in Delhi, Delaware County, New York. Dr. Elmer

(Continued on Page 134)

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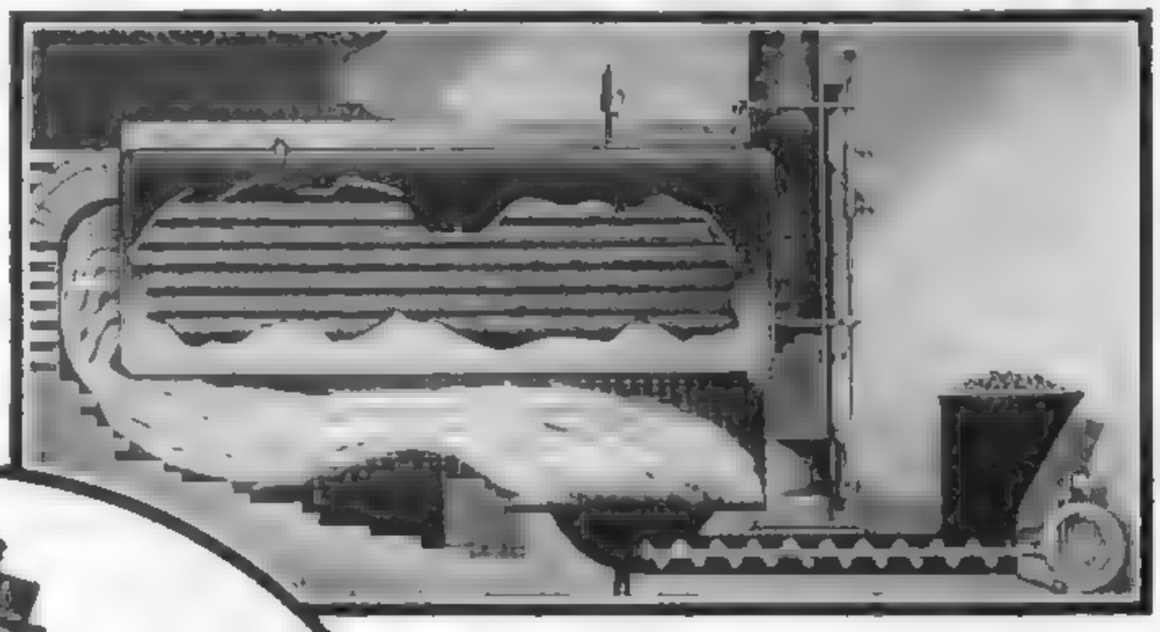

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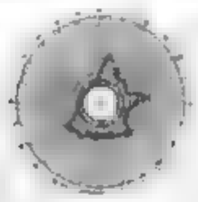
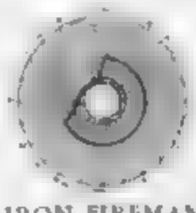
Thousands of users report fuel savings of 15% to 50%, and in addition a substantial reduction in labor costs. They fear no anti-smoke ordinances, because their stacks are free from smoke. They have even, unvarying heat and steam pressure—more comfortable homes.



Hand Firing

A registering pressure gauge kept this record of the results of hand firing. A steam pressure of 100 lbs. was desired but could not be maintained. Notice the variations in pressure.



IRON FIREMAN *"forced underfiring"*

The same instrument recorded the results after an Iron Fireman was installed. See how the steam pressure rose to the desired point and was automatically kept there by Iron Fireman controls.

Installation easy and simple. A trained Iron Fireman engineer in your community—backed by the largest manufacturers in the field.

The Iron Fireman is easily installed in old or new boilers or furnaces, from home sizes up to 200 h. p. Iron Fireman dealers are located in principal cities and towns of America. Your local dealer is equipped and ready to serve you. Experts will analyze your heat and power problems and render a report, without obligation on your part.

If you burn coal for heat or power the Iron Fireman will make money for you. Its dependability, its cleanliness and the steady, even heat or pressure it automatically maintains will please you. Send coupon for full story.

Iron Fireman Manufacturing Company, Portland, Oregon. Factory Branches at Cleveland and St. Louis. Dealers throughout the United States and Canada.

The IRON FIREMAN *Automatic* COAL *Burner*

IRON FIREMAN MFG. CO., *Portland, Oregon*

Send catalog about Iron Fireman automatic "forced underfiring" for the type of furnace or boiler checked below.

☐ Industrial h. p. Type of building

☐ Residential: Hot Water Warm Air

Vapor System .....Other

Name

Address

ÆTNA
I earnestly request my wife and my children and descendants that they steadfastly decline to sign any bonds or obligations of any kind as surety for any other person or persons.
- Elbert H. Gary

Suretyship

Bonding is a business — not a matter of personal friendship. Ætna Surety Bonds are guarantees of responsibility, backed by tremendous and continuing resources.

The Ætna Life Insurance Company • The Ætna Casualty and Surety Company • The Automobile Insurance Company • The Standard Fire Insurance Company • of Hartford, Connecticut, write practically every form of Insurance and Bonding Protection.

ÆTNA-IZE

SEE THE ÆTNA-IZER IN YOUR COMMUNITY—HE IS A MAN WORTH KNOWING

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

QUESTION

How Can I Make More Money?

If you have the will, here's the way

ANSWER

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 703 Independence Square, Phila., Penna.

Please tell me how, as your subscription representative in this locality, I can earn up to $1.50 or more an hour in my spare time.

Name _____ Age

Street

City... State

Must this paper last ..80 years or ...80 minutes?

THERE is an internationally famous company that has manufacturing plants at various inland cities and its own tide-water shipping terminal in the port of New York. It also has a purchasing agent who is recognized by those who know as one of the most capable buyers in the country.

Sitting in this man's office one afternoon, a representative of the Paper Users' Standardization Bureau heard him place orders for a dozen different necessities of his business, ranging all the way from lead-pencils to a sea-going tugboat. His judgment was swift and keen. He knew what he wanted and got it.

When he finished, he turned to the paper expert with a smile. "There's one thing all my experience hasn't taught me how to buy," said he. "Until I got this report from your Bureau I was making the same mistakes in buying *paper* that a lot of other people do.

"Take this matter of permanent, semi-permanent and temporary forms, for instance. . . . I never before classified our business papers that way. . . . I've been guilty of using sulphite for a record that was supposed to last 80 years . . . and 35-cent part-rag bond for a checker's memorandum that was thrown away in 80 minutes. Even if I found out just what service was expected of each form, I didn't have the testing equipment to pick the right paper for the job. That's why I want to congratulate you on this survey. It reduces our paper purchases to an exact science. From my standpoint it's a great piece of work."

In the past year the saving to that firm, through our standardization of its business papers, has amounted to very nearly $3000. And office detail has moved more smoothly all along the line, through using the right paper for the purpose.

★ *The paper you buy—have it analyzed and grouped in this way*

The service of the Paper Users' Standardization Bureau covers the standardization of paper for all the letterheads, forms, ledger sheets and card files which you employ. It includes a thorough analysis of your individual paper problems and provides you with a comprehensive report which establishes quality standards, fixes price limitations and simplifies buying procedure. Because of the scope of this service it can be rendered only to a limited number of corporations this year.

It is made without charge or obligation of any sort.

AMERICAN WRITING PAPER COMPANY, INC.
Holyoke, Massachusetts

EAGLE A PAPERS

THE RIGHT PAPER FOR THE PURPOSE

Eagle-A Bond Papers

Coupon. Agawam. Persian. Contract. Airpost. Chevron. Acceptance. Norman. Telephone.

Eagle-A Ledger Papers

Brunswick Linen Ledger. Account Linen Ledger. Extension Ledger. Massasoit Ledger.

Other Eagle-A Business Papers

include Covers, Books, Offsets, Bristols, Mimeograph and Manifold Papers.

LOOK FOR THE EAGLE-A MARK IN THE PAPER YOU USE

No Movie Hero Can Compete With Your Countenance

© 1928 M A I

PERHAPS about all you have in common with a movie hero is a sweet expression around the ears. But just the same there's Someone who isn't registering any complaints. She says movie heroes are all right in their place. But their place just doesn't happen to be in her heart. ... A photograph of you would mean as much to *her* as her photograph means to *you*.

PHOTOGRAPHS *Live Forever*

THIS emblem is the mark of a master photographer; a craftsman who embraces new-fashioned ideas, old-fashioned ideals

Photographers Association of America International

VISIT YOUR FAMILY PHOTOGRAPHER ONCE A YEAR

(Continued from Page 130)

E. Brown, chancellor of New York University, is a native of Kiantone, a Western New York village. LeRoy E. Kimball, controller of the university, is from Flint, Michigan, and once was city editor of the Albion Recorder.

The head of the New York Public Library and keeper of the stone lions is Edwin H. Anderson, of Zionsville, Indiana, while Frank P. Hill of the Brooklyn Public Library comes from Concord, New Hampshire. Three Boston men, Edward Robinson, Henry W. Kent and Joseph Breck, run the Metropolitan Museum of Art, with the aid of Huger Elliott, of Sewanee, Tennessee, and Charles O. Cornelius, of Sewickley, Pennsylvania. Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn of the American Museum of Natural History took his middle name from the Connecticut village in which he was born. William H. Fox, curator of the Brooklyn Museum, is a Philadelphian. William T. Hornaday of the Bronx Zoo is from Plainfield, Indiana. Frederick W. Hodge, ethnologist of the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, so far up Broadway that few visitors ever hear of it, is an Englishman.

The chief executive officer of the Port of New York Authority is a Hoosier, John E. Ramsey. Capt. C. A. McAllister, vice president of the American Bureau of Shipping, was born on the other side of New Jersey at Dorchester. Dr. Isaiah Bowman, director of the American Geographical Society, is from Waterloo, Ontario. Lee Keedick, the lecture manager, was born in Mt. Vernon, Iowa. Robert Whitten, city planner, comes from South Bend. A Bostonian, Joseph Brown Thomas, originated the cooperative apartment in New York. Harriot Stanton Blatch was born in Seneca Falls. Doctor Rosenbach is a Philadelphian and still makes his headquarters there; his chief competitor in rare-book auctions is Gabriel Wells, native of Hungary. Dr. Frank Crane was born in Urbana, Illinois, and was a Methodist minister of acclaim before he took to syndicated editorials.

When Thaw shot Stanford White on the Madison Square Garden roof, Tex Rickard, later to be proprietor of the old Garden and now of the new one in Eighth Avenue, was operating the Northern bar at Goldfield, Nevada, and about to take on a larger significance by promoting the Nelson-Gans fight. Mr. Rickard was born near Leavenworth, Kansas, and drifted to Texas as a cow hand, whence the disappearance of the George L. and the substitution of the nickname. Neither of the managers of the New York baseball teams is a home-town boy. Miller Huggins of the Yankees is a Cincinnatian. John McGraw, who has been master-minding the Giants for twenty-eight years, was born in Truxton, New York.

For years McGraw has searched for a Jewish player worthy of a place on his team. There are 1,000,000 Jews in greater New York and one of their race might prove a box-office attraction rivaling Babe Ruth, Baltimore foundling and home-run king of the Yankees. Mr. McGraw finally has found his man in young Mr. Andy Cohen of the University of Alabama.

Voice from the gallery: "How about Gene Tunney?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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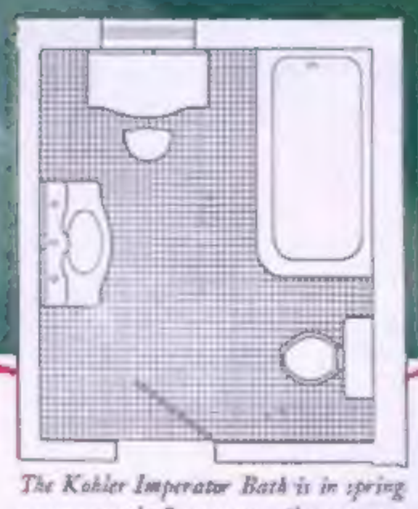
A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly) 10c the copy, $1.00 the year (U. S. and Canada), and *The Country Gentleman* (monthly) 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00 (U. S. and Canada). Foreign prices quoted on request

A KOHLER bath in green enamel, refreshing as a forest pool . . . Or you may choose some other Kohler color—ivory, lavender, blue, gray, brown, or black. But you can not see Kohler Colorware without profoundly realizing that color-beauty in the bathroom *now* starts with color in the fixtures themselves. . . . *Color means Kohler.* Write to Kohler Co., Kohler, Wis., for their color booklet.



The Kohler Imperator Bath is in spring green enamel. Lavatory, toilet, etc., are furnished in color to harmonize

© 1928, Kohler Co.

KOHLER OF KOHLER

Plumbing Fixtures

LOOK FOR THE KOHLER TRADE MARK ON EACH FIXTURE

Face your mirror with these facts···

Ten seconds with your mirror today may save you hours in the dentist's chair tomorrow

ARE your teeth worth a few moments' study? Not care . . . you give them that now. But careful thought about the tooth brush you use twice daily.

Do you know that dental arches (teeth and gums) differ . . . that no one tooth brush can suit all types? Do you know that today Pro-phy-lac-tic makes a different tooth brush for every type and condition of dental arch—that it's as easy as ABC's to know exactly which Pro-phy-lac-tic is right for you?

Tell your own health fortune

Ten seconds . . . a mirror . . . and this important knowledge of dental arches—and you can assure yourself of sparkling white teeth, firm healthy gums—good health for the years that are to come.

Your mirror quickly reveals that you have one of three types of dental arches. Yours, like most, may be full-formed, as shown by a face and mouth of average size. It may be small, tending toward the oval. Or still a third condition may prevail—that of teeth and gums that call for special brushing care.

Whatever type you have, Pro-phy-lac-tic now makes a brush that exactly suits your needs: the Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic for the full-formed dental arch; the Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic for the smaller, more sharply oval dental arch; the Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic for dental arches—either large or small—that need massage as well as cleaning action to restore teeth and gums to a normal, healthy condition.

Small face and mouth show small, sharply oval dental arch

Full-formed face and mouth indicate large dental arch

YOUR DENTIST *will tell you that dental arches (teeth and gums) differ in shape and condition. Here you see two types of heads. Each has a different size dental arch requiring a different type of brush. There is still a third type. Pro-phy-lac-tic makes a special brush for each. Read above how easily you can tell your type . . . know exactly which Pro-phy-lac-tic to use.*

Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic—the brush that's right for those who have a medium or large size dental arch.

Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic — scientifically designed for the special requirements of the small or more sharply oval dental arch.

Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic—Try this brush if your gums and teeth need special care . . . It massages as it cleans.

Pro-phy-lac-tic

TOOTH BRUSHES

different in shape and size—alike in quality

Dentists gave aid freely

All three Pro-phy-lac-tics have been carefully designed in the light of advanced dental science. They represent vast improvements in manufacturing details based on fifty years of experience. They have been thoroughly tested and heartily approved by the country's leading dental clinics.

And—though different in shape and size, all Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes are alike in one respect—quality—the same high standard of workmanship and materials that has made the name Pro-phy-lac-tic world-famous.

Make the simple mirror test today. It's easy to do—and vital to your health. Then try using the type of tooth brush your dental arch requires. A month from now, look into the mirror again . . . if you want to see a flashing new beauty of teeth and gums you perhaps never dreamed would be yours. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co., Florence, Mass., U. S. A. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co. (Canada), Ltd., Montreal.

* * *

See this display cabinet now at your local store. It shows all three Pro-phy-lac-tic Brushes . . . new transparent handles in color . . . contains mirror to help you choose brush that exactly suits your dental arch.

Within every mother's reach

RUGGED HEALTH . . .

Sturdy growth and bounding happiness come to baby through food that is always pure and safe and wholesome. That joy is within the reach of every mother in America.

PET MILK IN BABY'S BOTTLE . . .

So surely rich in all the food elements of milk that sturdy growth *must* come—

So pure and safe that illness *can't* result—

So easily digested that it can never cause the disturbances which so often come from ordinary milk—

These qualities of Pet Milk give positive assurance of your baby's health, and happiness, and sturdy growth.

IT CANNOT FAIL . . .

Pure, fresh milk, concentrated, homogenized, and sterilized in sealed containers, Pet Milk comes to your pantry or nursery as pure and fresh as when it left the farm—as safe as if there were no sickness in the world—as easily digested as the milk which Nature designed for baby. It is the richest, safest, most easily digested form of milk for baby, for children, for everybody, for every use.

LET US SEND YOU . . .

Without cost, our booklet entitled "Baby's Milk." It will tell so clearly and convincingly the story of Pet Milk that you'll *know* it means health and happiness for your baby.

PET MILK COMPANY
(Originators of Evaporated Milk)
821 Arcade Building, St. Louis, Mo.

An Adventure in Simplified Baking

That 238 women took with a 99% score of success

. . . may we send you the recipe?

An Utterly New-Type Flour—*"Kitchen-tested"*

Mixing Time: This Simplified Recipe—5 minutes.
Tested Results: 236 Perfect Results by 238 Housewives Trying It.

Now baking, like most other things in the modern woman's life, has been simplified—amazingly.

To prove to yourself just how much, won't you let us send you the recipe for the very wonderful, yet astonishingly simple, Cream Puffs illustrated here?

Of 238 women who first tried it, 236—or 99%—met with perfect success! The 2 disappointments were due to oven temperature.

The Reason

The reason is that Gold Medal experts—the leading milling experts of the world—have taken the guesswork out of baking. Have made it possible for you to know before you start baking just what result to expect.

Causes of failures were sought out and traced. Over 50% of all baking disappointments in the home were traced to lack of uniformity in the flour used, not to lack of skill on the housewife's part.

It was found that while two sacks of the same brand of flour might be identical by every scientific test at the mill, in the home oven they often differed widely in results.

Thus women's recipes varied greatly in results. Few recipes acted the same way twice. Disappointments were frequent and many. One could never be certain of success.

Then "Kitchen-tested" Flour

To meet that situation, home kitchens were installed in Gold Medal mills. And the famous cooking expert, Betty Crocker, engaged to direct them.

There, under exactly the same conditions as in your own home oven, every batch of Gold Medal Flour is tested daily for uniformity of result. Tested on cakes, pastry, bread, rolls—on every kind of baking. Checked point for point against home recipes.

If results vary even slightly, that batch is held back. And never goes to you. Last year over 5 million pounds were turned back for that reason. And tens of thousands of women thus spared baking disappointments.

Today, you know before you start baking EXACTLY How your recipe will come out. You don't guess, you don't worry. You bake in the SIMPLEST WAY cookery yet has known. Your recipes act the same every time. Think what this means to you.

That is why saying Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour to your grocer—instead of just "flour"—is the most important thing in the world, if you expect unvarying results. Why, too, buying a special flour for any special purpose is a needless expense. Millions of women will tell you this. Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour is tested for ALL baking, from bread to Angel Food cake.

For Southern Housewives

Gold Medal Flour (plain and self-rising) is milled in the South at our Louisville mill from soft winter wheat. It is all "Kitchen-tested" with Southern recipes.

Copyr. Washburn Crosby Co., 1928

WASHBURN CROSBY COMPANY

General Offices: Minneapolis. "Kitchen-tested" mills at
MINNEAPOLIS, BUFFALO, KANSAS CITY, CHICAGO, LOUISVILLE, GREAT FALLS, KALISPELL, OGDEN, PASCO

Special Offer

"Kitchen-tested" Recipes: Recipes we use in testing Gold Medal Flour are rapidly becoming recognized standards. We have printed these "Kitchen-tested" recipes on cards and filed them in neat wooden boxes. Handy for you in your kitchen and last forever. We shall be glad to send you, anywhere in the U. S. A., one of the new Gold Medal Home Service Recipe Boxes, complete with recipes, for only $1.00 (less than this service actually costs us).

If you prefer to see first what the recipes are like, we shall be glad to send you selected samples, including Cream Puffs, FREE. Check and mail the coupon for whichever you desire.

SEND COUPON NOW
A New Delight Awaits You

MISS BETTY CROCKER,
Gold Medal Flour Home Service Dept.,
Dept. 350, Minneapolis, Minn.

☐ Enclosed find $1.00 for your box of "Kitchen-tested" recipes.

☐ FREE—please send me selected samples of "Kitchen-tested" recipes—including Cream Puffs.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____